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THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
FELICIA HEMANS



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OF  
FELICIA HEMANS

INTRODUCTION  
BY  
WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI

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## FELICIA HEMANS

SENTIMENT without passion, and suffering without abjection—these, along with a deep religious sense, and with the gifts of a brilliant mind taking the poetical direction through eager sympathy and some genuine vocation, constitute the life of Mrs. Hemans. Whatever may be the deservings of the poems in other respects, they do not fail to convey to the reader a certain impression of beauty, felt to be inherent as much in the personality of the authoress as in her writings: they show as being the outcome of a beautiful life, and in fact they are so. The impression which the reader will thus have received from perusing the poems is not only confirmed but intensified when he knows the events of the writer's life.

Felicia Dorothea Browne, born in Duke Street, Liverpool, on the 25th of September 1793, was daughter of a merchant of considerable eminence, a native of Ireland, belonging to a branch of the Sligo family. Her mother, whose maiden name was Wagner, was partly Italian and partly German by extraction, her father having held the post of Consul at Liverpool for the Austrian and Tuscan Governments. The surname Wagner was in reality a corruption from the illustrious Venetian name Veniero, borne by three Doges, and by the Commander of the fleet of the Republic at the great battle of Lepanto. Felicia was the fifth child in a family of seven, of whom one died in infancy; she was distinguished, almost from her cradle, by extreme beauty and precocious talents. "The full glow of that radiant beauty which was destined to fade so early" is one of the expressions used by the poetess's sister in describing the former at the age of fifteen. This reference to "early fading" appears to be intended to apply rather to the death of Mrs. Hemans when only in her forty-second year, and to the ravages of disease in the few years preceding, than to any loss of comeliness in mature womanhood. An engraved portrait of her by the American artist William E. West, one of three which he painted in 1827, shows us that Mrs. Hemans, at the age of thirty-four, was eminently pleasing and good-looking, with an air of amiability and sprightly gentleness, and of confiding candour which, while none the less perfectly womanly, might almost be termed childlike in its limpid depth. The features are correct and harmonious; the eyes full; and the contour amply and elegantly rounded. In height she was neither tall nor short. A sufficient wealth of naturally clustering hair, golden in early youth, but by this time of a rich auburn shades the capacious but not over-developed forehead, and the lightly-pencilled eyebrows. The bust and form have the fullness of a mature period of life; and it would appear that Mrs. Hemans was somewhat short-necked and high-shouldered, partly detracting from delicacy of proportion, and of general aspect or impression on the eye. We



would rather judge of her by this portrait (which her sister pronounces a good likeness) than by another engraved in Mr Chorley's *Memorials*. This latter was executed in Dublin in 1831 by a young artist named Edward Robinson. It makes Mrs Hemans look younger than in the earlier portrait by West, and may on that ground alone be surmised, unfaithful; and, though younger, it also makes her heavier and less refined.

The childhood of Felicia Browne was probably rendered all the happier by a commercial reverse which befell her father before she was seven years of age. The family hereupon removed to Wales, and for nine years they lived at Gwrych near Abergele in Denbighshire, close to the sea and amid mountains. This was the very scene for the poetically-minded child to enjoy, and to have her powers nurtured by: a great love of nature, and in particular an affectionate delight in Wales, its people and associations, constantly traceable in her writings, followed as an almost necessary consequence. Her mother, a most amiable and excellent woman, fully qualified to carry on her daughter's education, devoted the most careful attention to this object, and was repaid by an unswerving depth and constancy of love. A large library was kept in the house, and Felicia drew heavily upon its stores: a pretty picture is presented to the mind's eye, and would be not unworthy of realization by art, in the anecdote that it was her habit, at the age of six, to read Shakespeare while seated in the branches of an apple-tree. Along with great rapidity of comprehension, she had a memory of surprising retentiveness, and would repeat whole pages of poetry after a single reading. At the age of about eleven she passed a winter in London, and was there again in the following year—never afterwards.

In 1808—age fourteen—Felicia first appears as an authoress. She published a volume of poems which got abused in some review: this was the only time that really harsh criticism befell her. The mishap so far affected the impressionable damsel as to keep her in bed some days: but she surmounted it pretty soon, and resumed writing. In the same year she wrote a poem named *England and Spain*; being then under the influence of military enthusiasm arising from the events of the Peninsular War, in which one of her brothers was serving: another of them was also in the army, and in the same regiment, the 23d Royal Welsh Fusiliers. The next year was a momentous one in the life of Felicia Browne. She met Captain Hemans, of the 4th (or King's Own) Regiment, an officer not rich in purse, but having advantages, as we are informed, both of person and education: he professed admiration of the bewitching girl, and she gave him her love. He shortly had to return to Spain; and nearly three years elapsed before they again met. Meanwhile, in 1809, the Browne family removed to Bronwylfa, near St. Asaph in Flintshire; and in 1812, for the second and last time, appeared a volume of poetry bearing the name of Felicia Dorothea Browne, *The Domestic Affections, and Other Poems*. In the summer of 1812 she married the man of her choice.

Biographers have not permitted us to know distinctly whether or

not the conjugal life of Mrs. Hemans was happy, or what Captain Hemans might possibly have found to say on the subject: at any rate, it was a short one, practically speaking. The wedded couple resided at first at Daventry in Northamptonshire, where the Captain was Adjutant to the County Militia: here they remained about a year, and here was born their son Arthur, the first of a family of five, all of whom were boys. They then went to live with Mrs. Hemans' own family at Bronwylfa; her mother was now at the head of the house, as her father, having resumed the mercantile career, had gone out to Quebec, where finally he died. In 1818 Captain Hemans resolved to go to the south of Europe "for the sake of his health"—a very inconvenient motive, or a highly convenient one according to circumstances; he had suffered much from the vicissitudes of a military life, especially during the retreat to Corunna, and afterwards through fever caught in the Walcheren expedition. He departed just before the birth of his fifth son; went to Rome; and there settled down. The parting proved to be a final one. It might have been fancied that even the shattered frame of a young officer who had survived Corunna and Walcheren would suffice for the effort of coming to Wales, England, or Ireland, at some time between 1818 and 1835, so as to behold a wife whom he had left in the bloom of youth and loveliness, and whose literary fame, for many years succeeding his departure, lent an ever-brightening lustre to the name of Hemans, and so as to get a glimpse of his five promising boys. But this was not to be: for some reason or other, not defined to us, even the charms of Bronwylfa, with a wife, five sons, and a resident mother-in-law, did not relax the tenacious grasp which Italy and Rome obtained on Captain Hemans. Or again it might have seemed conceivable that not only Captain Hemans but also his wife, the author of *Lays of Many Lands*, sensitive to the historic and romantic associations of such a country as Italy, would find it compatible with her liking as well as her duties to pay a visit to Rome, or possibly to make it her permanent dwelling-place. As to this, it may perhaps be inferred, in a general way, that the family affections of daughter and mother were more dominant and vivid in Mrs. Hemans than conjugal love: her intense feeling of the sacredness of home, which it would be both idle and perverse to contest, may have set before her, as more binding and imperative, the duties of service to her own mother, and of guidance to her own children, than the more equal, passionate, and in some sense self-indulgent relation between wife and husband. However, abandoning conjecture, it may be best here to transcribe the reticent hints on the subject which are given by the poetess's sister Mrs. Hughes, in her Memoir, and which show that the *de facto* separation between Captain and Mrs. Hemans depended partly upon general considerations of family obligation, and partly upon special circumstances not clearly indicated, but apparently reflecting more or less on the marital deportment of the Captain. "It has been alleged, and with perfect truth, that the literary pursuits of Mrs. Hemans, and the education of her children, made it more eligible for her to remain under the maternal roof than to accompany her husband to Italy. It is, however, unfortunately but too well

known that such were not the only reasons which led to this divided course. To dwell on this subject would be unnecessarily painful; yet it must be stated that nothing like a permanent separation was contemplated at the time, nor did it ever amount to more than a tacit conventional arrangement which offered no obstacle to the frequent interchange of correspondence, nor to a constant reference to their father in all things relating to the disposal of her boys. But years rolled on—seventeen years of absence, and consequently alienation; and, from this time to the hour of her death, Mrs. Hemans and her husband never met again."

With this incident of the lifelong separation between her husband and herself, anything of a romantic character in the occurrences of Mrs. Hemans' career comes to a close; although the colouring of high-toned romance in her mind and writings never died out, but to the last continued to permeate, enliven, and beautify, that other element and staple of her life, its sweet and earnest domesticity. Now we have only to contemplate the loving daughter, glad, as long as fate permitted, to escape being the head of a household, although invested with the matronly dignity proper to the motherhood of five boys. We see in her the not less deeply affectionate, tender, and vigilant mother; the admired and popular poetess, distinguished and soon burdened by applause; shortly afterwards the cureless invalid, marked out for an early death, towards which she progresses with a lingering but undeviating rapidity—calm in conscience, bright and cheerful in mind, full of faith and hope for eternity, and of the gentlest charities of life for her brief residue of time.

In 1818, before the departure of her husband, Mrs. Hemans had published a volume of poetical Translations; and about the same time she wrote *The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy*, and *Modern Greece*, and other poems which were afterwards included in the series named *Tales and Historic Scenes*. In 1820 she brought out *The Sceptic*: a mild performance which some still milder-minded disbeliever found of convincing efficacy, assuring Mrs. Hemans, in a personal interview not long before her death, that it had wrought his conversion to the Christian religion. In the same year she made the acquaintance of the Rev. Reginald (afterwards Bishop) Heber, then Rector of Hodnet—the first eminent literary personage whom she knew well. He encouraged her in the composition of another poem destined to extirpate religious error, entitled *Superstition and Revelation*: it had been begun some while before this, and was never distinctly abandoned, but remained uncompleted. Towards this time also Mrs. Hemans wrote a set of papers in the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* on Foreign Literature; almost the only prose that she ever published, and serving chiefly as a vehicle for poetic translations. She obtained two literary prizes for poems, and her ambition was equal to the composition of a five-act tragedy intended for stage-representation—*The Vespers of Palermo*. This was a work that occupied some time. At last, after she had received £210 for the copyright of the tragedy, it was produced at Covent Garden Theatre on the 12th of December 1823. No doubt the authoress' own hopes were not alto-

gether low as to the success of the piece, and her friends were in high expectancy. Young and Charles Kemble took the principal male characters : Miss Kelly appeared as Constance. The acting of this lady is said, fairly or unfairly, to have been disastrous to the piece : it proved "all but a failure," and was withdrawn after the opening night, and never reproduced in London. Not long afterwards, however, the tragedy was acted in Edinburgh, and with a considerable measure of success. Mrs. Hemans' talent was not of the dramatic kind. Perhaps there never yet was a good five-act stage-tragedy written by a woman ; and certainly the peculiar tone and tint of Mrs. Hemans' faculty were not such as to supply the deficiency which she, merely as a woman, was almost certain to evince. Even as a narrative poet, not to speak of the drama, she shows to no sort of advantage : her personages not having anything of a *full-bodied* character, but wavering between the romantically criminal and the longwindedly virtuous—poor supposititious creatures, inflated and diluted. Something better may nevertheless be said for the second of her tragedies, *The Siege of Valencia*, published in 1823 along with *Belshazzar's Feast* and some other poems. Besides the two dramas of *The Vespers of Palermo* and *The Siege of Valencia*, Mrs. Hemans began likewise two others—*De Châtillon, or the Crusaders*, and *Sebastian of Portugal* : neither of these was finished.

Soon before the production of *The Vespers of Palermo* on the stage, she had taken up with great zest the study of the German language ; and her *Lays of Many Lands*, published in 1826, were to a considerable extent suggested by Herder's work, *Stimmen der Völker in Liedern*. The same volume contained her poem of *The Forest Sanctuary*, which had occupied her in the latter part of 1824 and commencement of 1825 : this she was disposed to regard as her finest work. It is the most important of her narrative or semi-narrative poems, and, as compared with the others of that class, may reasonably claim a preference, without our committing/ourselves to any very high eulogium upon it. The *Records of Woman* followed in 1828, being the first of the authoress' works that Messrs. Blackwood published : into this series she put more of her personal feeling than into any of the others. In the summer of 1830 appeared the *Songs of the Affections*, being the last of her publications prior to her departure for Ireland.

Meanwhile the course of her private life had been marked only by such variations as removal of residence, and by one deep and irreparable affliction in the death of her beloved mother on the 11th of January 1827, followed soon afterwards by the failure of her own health. The first removal, in the spring of 1825, had been from Bronwylfa to Rhyl-lon, a house distant from the former only about a quarter of a mile : here she settled along with her mother, sister, and four boys—the eldest son being then at a school at Bangor. For a time also her second brother, Major Browne, afterwards Commissioner of Police in Dublin, and his wife, resided in the same house, on their return from Canada. Rhyl-lon, though with attractive surroundings, was a much less picturesque house than Bronwylfa ; but this brief period of Mrs. Hemans' life proved to be probably the happiest that she had passed

since childhood. Besides many sources of tranquil domestic satisfaction, and for awhile a somewhat firmer condition of her own health, she was in the enjoyment of a considerable reputation not now confined to her native country, for the fame of her poems had spread to America, and flourished there with extraordinary vigour. She was at one time invited to emigrate to Boston, and there conduct a periodical under an arrangement which would have secured her an income. Her literary correspondence became very large; and gradually the urgencies of editors of annuals, owners of albums, and other such predacious assailants of leisure and patience, besieged and waylaid her to a burdensome and harassing extent. In the summer of 1828 she paid a visit to some friends at Wavertree Lodge, near Liverpool. Her health was now exceedingly frail, with palpitation of the heart, and inflammatory and other distressing symptoms, frequently aggravated by her exceeding carelessness in all matters affecting herself. Her friends induced her to take medical advice, and she was directed to assume a reclining posture as often as practicable. Another consequence of this visit was her resolution to move to the village of Wavertree, chiefly with a view to the better education of her three younger boys: the two others, at the same time that their mother quitted Wales in the autumn, went away to Rome, to the care of their father. Mrs. Hemans' sister had married, her brother was appointed to a post in Ireland, and the cherished Welsh home was thus irremediably broken up. The residence at Wavertree, however, turned out unsatisfactory: Mrs. Hemans did not find it healthy for herself, nor its educational advantages equal to her expectations. She had some friends in Liverpool whom she liked, more especially the Chorley family: but for the most part was oppressed by the importunities of undiscerning and uncongenial neighbours, upon whom, moreover, she often failed even to produce a favourable impression. She was regarded as odd—"wore a veil on her head, like no one else" (as is shown indeed in Mr. West's portrait of her): and she, for her part, could hardly be induced to go into any general society, and would fain have got a friend "to procure her a dragon to be kept in her courtyard," as a protection against intruders. Her house was itself very small, and on her arrival comfortable: but she managed to make it comparatively elegant. She now conceived a great passion for music, and, in the winter of 1830 and ensuing spring, applied herself to the study of the art under Zeugheer Herrmann, receiving also some assistance from a well-known amateur, Mr. Lodge. She so far cultivated her faculty in music as to be able to invent airs for some of her own lyrics. Playing on the harp and the pianoforte had been among her earlier accomplishments: and her voice was naturally good, but failed in youth owing to the weakness of her chest.

The residence at Wavertree was varied by excursions to Scotland and to the Lake country. In July 1829 she paid a visit to Mr. Hamilton, the author of *Cyril Thornton*, at Chiefswood near Abbotsford, and saw a great deal of Sir Walter Scott. Two of his kindly compliments to Mrs. Hemans have been preserved in her sister's record. "I should say you had too many gifts, Mrs. Hemans, were they not all made to

give pleasure to those around you " : and afterwards at leave-taking, " There are some whom we meet, and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin ; and you are one of those." The Scotch trip included visits to Yarrow, Abbotsford, and Edinburgh, and sitting for a bust to Mr. Angus Fletcher. The excursion to the Lakes of Westmoreland took place in the following year, 1830 : the poetess went to Wordsworth's house, Rydal Mount, with her son Charles ; and, on afterwards moving to a neighbouring cottage named Dove's Nest, overlooking Windermere, was joined by her two other boys from Wavertree. Mrs. Hemans' letters show how much she liked Wordsworth, both poetically and personally : she found him more impulsive than she had expected, and greatly enjoyed his fine reading, and the frequent touches of poetry in his talk. Nor was her admiration unresponded to, as proved by the lines which Wordsworth devoted to her memory but a few years afterwards—

" Mourn rather for that holy spirit  
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep ;  
For her who ere her summer faded  
Has sunk into a breathless sleep."

She left Dove's Nest towards the middle of August, and revisited Scotland, and then re-entered Wales by way of Dublin and Holyhead.

As the experiment of Wavertree had proved disappointing, and as her brother Major Browne was now settled in Ireland, Mrs. Hemans determined to take up her residence in Dublin from the following spring. In the late autumn of 1830 therefore she saw her last of Bronwylfa, and towards the close of April 1831 she quitted Wavertree and England, never (as it was fated) to return. She passed a few weeks in Dublin ; then stayed at her brother's house, the Hermitage, near Kilkenny ; and in the early autumn was finally domiciled in the Irish capital. At first she dwelt in Upper Pembroke Street ; afterwards at No. 36, Stephen's Green ; and thirdly at a house which proved more comfortable, and in which her life came to a close, 20, Dawson Street. In Dublin, as before at Wavertree, Mrs. Hemans lived retired from society, but in familiar intercourse with a few sterling friends, among whom were Sir William Rowan Hamilton, Archbishop and Mrs. Whately, and the Rev. Blanco White. Her health was in a very shattered state, the palpitation of the heart continuing, and being attended by frequent fainting-fits. Every now and then, however, she rallied and it was still possible for her friends to flatter their hearts with hope ; and the gentle sweetness and even playfulness of her temper, mingled with tender sentiment and ever-deepening religious impressions, never failed her. She now had to pass a great part of her time lying on a sofa.

After her settlement in Ireland Mrs. Hemans published the following volumes of poetry—her prevailing tendency being at this period towards themes of a religious character. Early in 1834, the *Hymns for Childhood* were first issued from the home press, in Dublin—having previously, however, as far back as 1824, appeared in an American edition. The *National Lyrics* were collected, and produced by the

same Dublin publishers, almost simultaneously with the *Hymns for Childhood*; and were succeeded, at no long interval, by the *Scenes and Hymns of Life*, which volume obtained much applause. This was the last publication during her lifetime. She afterwards wrote *Despondency and Aspiration*, and dictated the series of sonnets named *Thoughts during Sickness*: the last composition of all was the *Sabbath Sonnet*, produced on the 26th of April, only twenty days prior to her death.

The other events of the last two years of Mrs. Hemans' life may be very briefly summarized: fatal illness, and the attentions of relatives and friends, are nearly all that the record includes. Not only her brother and his wife, but also her sister Mrs. Hughes, with the husband of the latter, were with her with more or less continuity. In May 1833 her son Claude went to America, to engage in commercial life; another son, Willoughby, was employed on the Ordnance Survey in the north of Ireland; Charles, and during his holidays Henry, tended her affectionately. The latter, shortly before his mother's death, was unexpectedly appointed to a clerkship in the Admiralty by Sir Robert Peel, who added "a most munificent donation." In July 1834 Mrs. Hemans caught a fever: she went to the county of Wicklow for the sake of her health, but here another illness, scarlet fever, assailed her. Returning to Dublin, and being ordered to pass as much time as possible in the open air, she caught a cold, through having sat out too long reading in the gardens of the Dublin Society, where an autumnal fog overtook her: the cold was followed by ague, and this, with a hectic fever which supervened, may be regarded as the final stage in her disease, now mainly of a dropsical character. At the beginning of March 1835, after spending some while at Redesdale, the seat of her attached friends the Whatelys, she returned to Dublin, having almost lost the use of her limbs; and on the 16th of May, without a sigh or movement, she ceased to live. She lies buried in St. Anne's Church, Dublin.

Mrs. Hemans, while sprightly, ~~versatile~~ and conversible, was not the less of a very retiring disposition, shrinking from self-display, and the commonplaces of a public reputation. Her character was extremely guileless. Notwithstanding her exceeding sensitiveness—which extended not only to the affections and interests of life, but to such outer matters as the sound of the wind at night, the melancholy of the sea-shore, and in especial (though there was no reason for this in any personal occurrences) to the sadness of burials at sea—she was yet very free from mere ordinary nervous alarms. "My spirits," she once wrote, "are as variable as the lights and shadows now fitting with the wind over the high grass, and sometimes the tears gush into my eyes when I can scarcely define the cause. I put myself in mind of an Irish melody sometimes, with its quick and wild transitions from sadness to gaiety." Her conversation was various and brilliant, with a total freedom from literary pretence. She had a strong perception of the ludicrous, but abstained from sarcasm or ill-nature, more especially as weapons against any who had injured or neglected her; and personal or invidious literary gossip was her aversion. She would not

permit herself to be vexed at small things : but was wont to quote the saying of Madame L'Espinasse (applying it no doubt chiefly to the severance of her matrimonial ties), "Un grand chagrin tue tout le reste." She had a keen dislike to any sort of coarseness in conversation or in books, and would often tear out peccant pages from volumes in her possession. Her accomplishments were considerable, and not merely superficial. She knew French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and in mature life German, and was not unacquainted with Latin. She had some taste and facility not only in music (as already referred to), but likewise in drawing ; and some of her sketches of localities have served for vignettes in the copyright edition of her complete works. Her poetry was often written with a readiness approaching improvisation : this she felt as in some degree a blemish, and towards the close of her life she regretted having often had to write in a haphazard way, so as to supply means for the education of her sons. Byron, Shelley, and Madame de Staël, were among the writers she was in the habit of quoting. Jealousy of contemporary female writers, prominent in the public eye, was unknown to her gentle and true-hearted nature : Miss Jewsbury (afterwards Mrs. Fletcher) was among her intimates, and she indulged herself in friendly correspondence with Miss Baillie, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Howitt, and others. The first-named of these ladies, Mrs. Fletcher (whose death preceded that of her friend by about a year), has, in her book named *The Three Histories*, described Mrs. Hemans under the name of Egeria ; and, as the faithfulness of the portrait, allowing for some degree of idealization, is attested by Mrs. Hughes, I am induced to repeat it here :—"Egeria was totally different from any other woman I had ever seen, either in Italy or England. She did not dazzle, she subdued me. Other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute : but I never saw one so exquisitely feminine. Her birth, her education, but above all the genius with which she was gifted, combined to inspire a passion for the ethereal, the tender, the imaginative, the heroic—in one word, the beautiful. It was in her a faculty divine, and yet of daily life ; it touched all things, but, like a sunbeam, touched them with a 'golden finger.' Anything abstract or scientific was unintelligible and distasteful to her. Her knowledge was extensive and various ; but, true to the first principle of her nature, it was poetry that she sought in history, scenery, character, and religious belief—poetry that guided all her studies, governed all her thoughts, coloured all her conversation. Her nature was at once simple and profound : there was no room in her mind for philosophy, nor in her heart for ambition ; the one was filled by imagination, the other engrossed by tenderness. She had a passive temper, but decided tastes ; any one might influence, but very few impressed her. Her strength and her weakness alike lay in her affections. These would sometimes make her weep at a word—at others, imbue her with courage ; so that she was alternately a 'falcon-hearted dove,' and 'a reed shaken with the wind.' Her voice was a sad sweet melody, and her spirits reminded me of an old poet's description of the orange-tree, with its

Golden lamps hid in a night of green,



or of those Spanish gardens where the pomegranate grows beside the cypress. Her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and, if in her depression she resembled night, it was night bearing her stars. I might describe and describe for ever, but I should never succeed in portraying Egeria. She was a Muse, a Grace, a variable child, a dependent woman, the Italy of human beings."

In Mrs. Hemans' poetry there is (as already observed) a large measure of beauty, and, along with this, very considerable skill. Aptitude and delicacy in versification, and a harmonious balance in the treatment of the subject, are very generally apparent: if we accept the key-note as right, we may with little misgiving acquiesce in what follows on to the close. Her skill, however, hardly rises into the loftier region of art: there is a gift, and culture added to the gift, but not a great native faculty working in splendid independence, or yet more splendid self-discipline. Her sources of inspiration being genuine, and the tone of her mind feminine in an intense degree, the product has no lack of sincerity: and yet it leaves a certain artificial impression, rather perhaps through a cloying flow of "right-minded" perceptions of moral and material beauty than through any other defect. "Balm" it may be: but the atmosphere of her verse is by no means bracing. One might sum up the weak points in Mrs. Hemans' poetry by saying that it is not only "feminine" poetry (which under the circumstances can be no imputation, rather an encomium) but also "female" poetry: besides exhibiting the fineness and charm of womanhood, it has the monotone of mere sex. Mrs. Hemans has that love of good and horror of evil which characterize a scrupulous female mind; and which we may most rightly praise without concluding that they favour poetical robustness, or even perfection in literary form. She is a leader in that very modern phalanx of poets who persistently co-ordinate the impulse of sentiment with the guiding power of morals or religion. Everything must convey its "lesson," and is indeed set forth for the sake of its lesson: but must at the same time have the emotional gush of a spontaneous sentiment. The poet must not write because he has something of his own to say, but because he has something *right* to feel and say. Lamartine was a prophet in this line. After allowing all proper deductions, however, it may be gratefully acknowledged that Mrs. Hemans takes a very honourable rank among poetesses; and that there is in her writings much which both appeals, and deserves to appeal, to many gentle, sweet, pious, and refined souls, in virtue of its thorough possession of the same excellent gifts. According to the spiritual or emotional condition of her readers, it would be found that a poem by this authoress which to one reader would be graceful and tender would to another be touching, and to a third poignantly pathetic. The first we can suppose to be a man, and the third a woman; or the first a critic, the second a "poetical reader," and the third a sensitive nature, attuned to sympathy by suffering.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

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## THE FOREST SANCTUARY

Ihr Platze aller meiner stillen Freuden,  
Euch lass' ich hinter mir auf immerdar!

So ist des Geistes Ruf an mich ergangen,  
Mich treibt nicht eitles, irdisches verlangen.

*Die Jungfrau von Orleans.*

Long time against oppression have I fought,  
And for the native liberty of faith  
Have bled and suffered bonds.

*Remorse; a Tragedy.*

[The following poem is intended to describe the mental conflicts, as well as outward sufferings, of a Spaniard, who, flying from the religious persecutions of his own country, in the sixteenth century, takes refuge, with his child, in a North American forest. The story is supposed to be related by himself, amidst the wilderness which has afforded him an asylum.]

### PART FIRST

#### I

THE voices of my home!—I hear  
them still!  
They have been with me through  
the dreamy night—  
The blessed household voices, wont  
to fill  
My heart's clear depths with un-  
alloyed delight!  
I hear them still, unchanged:  
though some from earth  
Are music parted, and the tones of  
mirth—  
Wild, silvery tones, that rang  
through days more bright—  
Have died in others; yet to me  
they come  
Singing of boyhood back—the voices  
of my home!

#### II

They call me through this hush of  
woods reposing  
In the grey stillness of the summer  
morn;  
They wander by when heavy  
flowers are closing,  
And thoughts grow deep, and  
winds and stars are born.  
Even as a fount's remembered  
gushings burst  
On the parched traveller in his  
hour of thirst,

E'en thus they haunt me with  
sweet sounds, till worn  
By quenchless longings, to my soul  
I say—  
Oh! for the dove's swift wings, that  
I might flee away.

#### III

And find mine ark! Yet whither?  
I must bear  
A yearning heart within me to the  
grave.  
I am of those o'er whom a breath  
of air—  
Just darkening in its course the  
lake's bright wave,  
And sighing through the feathery  
canes—hath power  
To call up shadows, in the silent  
hour,  
From the dim past, as from a  
wizard's cave!  
So must it be! These skies above  
me spread:  
Are they my own soft skies?—Ye  
rest not here, my dead!

#### IV

Ye far amidst the southern flowers  
lie sleeping,  
Your graves all smiling in the sun-  
shine clear;  
Save one! a blue, lone, distant  
main is sweeping

High o'er *one* gentle head. Ye  
rest not here !—  
'Tis not the olive, with a whisper  
swaying,  
Not thy low riplings, glassy water,  
playing  
Through my own chestnut groves  
which fill mine ear ;  
But the faint echoes in my breast  
that dwell,  
And for their birthplace moan, as  
moans the ocean-shell.

## V

Peace !—I will dash these fond  
regrets to earth,  
Even as an eagle shakes the cum-  
bering rain  
From his strong pinion. Thou  
that gav'st me birth  
And lineage, and once home,—my  
native Spain !  
My own bright land—my father's  
land—my child's !  
What hath thy son brought from  
thee to the wilds ?  
He hath brought marks of torture  
and the chain—  
Traces of things which pass not as  
a breeze ;  
A blighted name, dark thoughts,  
wrath, woe—thy gifts are these !

## VI

A blighted name ! I hear the  
winds of morn—  
Their sounds are not of this ! I  
hear the shiver  
Of the green reeds, and all the  
rustlings, borne  
From the high forest, when the  
light leaves quiver :  
Their sounds are not of this !—the  
cedars, waving,  
Lend it no tone : His wide savan-  
nahs laving, [river !  
It is not murmured by the joyous  
What part hath mortal name,  
where God alone  
Speaks to the mighty waste, and  
through its heart is known ?

## VII

Is it not much that I may worship  
Him  
With nought my spirit's breathings  
to control,

And feel His presence in the vast  
and dim,  
And whispery woods, where dying  
thunders roll  
From the far cataracts ? Shall I  
not rejoice  
That I have learned at last to  
know *His* voice  
From man's ? I will rejoice !—  
my soaring soul  
Now hath redeemed her birthright  
of the day.  
And won, through clouds, to Him her  
own unfettered way !

## VIII

And thou, my boy ! that silent at  
my knee  
Dost lift to mine thy soft, dark,  
earnest eyes,  
Filled with the love of childhood,  
which I see  
Pure through its depths, a thing  
without disguise ;  
Thou that hast breathed in slumber  
on my breast,  
When I have checked its throbs to  
give thee rest,  
Mine own ! whose young thoughts  
fresh before me rise !  
Is it not much that I may guide thy  
prayer,  
And circle thy glad soul with free and  
healthful air ?

## IX

Why should I weep on thy bright  
head, my boy ?  
Within my father's halls thou wilt  
not dwell,  
Nor lift their banner, with a  
warrior's joy, [who fell  
Amidst the sons of mountain chiefs,  
For Spain of old. Yet what if  
rolling waves  
Have borne us far from our ances-  
tral graves ?  
Thou shalt not feel thy bursting  
heart rebel,  
As mine hath done ; nor bear  
what I have borne,  
Casting in falsehood's mould the  
indignant brow of scorn.

## X

This shall not be thy lot, my  
blessed child !

I have not sorrowed, struggled,  
lived in vain.  
Hear me ! magnificent and ancient  
wild ;  
And mighty rivers, ye that meet  
the main,  
As deep meets deep ; and forests,  
whose dim shade  
The flood's voice, and the wind's,  
by swells pervade ;  
Hear me ! 'Tis well to die, and not  
complain ;  
Yet there are hours when the  
charged heart must speak,  
E'en in the desert's ear to pour itself,  
or break !

## XI

I see an oak before me : it hath  
been  
The crowned one of the woods ;  
and might have flung  
Its hundred arms to heaven,  
still freshly green ;  
But a wild vine around the stem  
hath clung,  
From branch to branch close  
wreaths of bondage throwing,  
Till the proud tree, before no  
tempest bowing,  
Hath shrunk and died those ser-  
pent folds among.  
Alas ! alas ! what is it that I  
see ?  
An image of man's mind, land of my  
sires, with thee !

## XII

Yet art thou lovely ! Song is on  
thy hills :  
O sweet and mournful melodies of  
Spain,  
That lulled my boyhood, how your  
memory thrills  
The exile's heart with sudden-  
wakening pain !  
Your sounds are on the rocks :—  
that I might hear  
Once more the music of the moun-  
taineer !  
And from the sunny vales the  
shepherd's strain  
Floats out, and fills the solitary  
place  
With the old tuneful names of Spain's  
heroic race.

## XIII

But there was silence one bright,  
golden day,  
Through my own pine-hung moun-  
tains. Clear, yet lone,  
In the rich autumn light the vine-  
yards lay,  
And from the fields the peasant's  
voice was gone ;  
And the red grapes untrodden  
strewed the ground ;  
And the free flocks, untended,  
roamed around.  
Where was the pastor ?—where the  
pipe's wild tone ?  
Music and mirth were hushed the  
hills among,  
While to the city's gates each hamlet  
poured its throng.

## XIV

Silence upon the mountains ! But  
within  
The city's gate a rush, a press, a  
swell  
Of multitudes, their torrent-way  
to win ;  
And heavy boomings of a dull deep  
bell,  
A dead pause following each—like  
that which parts  
The dash of billows, holding breath-  
less hearts  
Fast in the hush of fear—knell  
after knell ;  
And sounds of thickening steps,  
like thunder rain  
That plashes on the roof of some  
vast echoing fane !

## XV

What pageant's hour approached ?  
The sullen gate  
Of a strong ancient prison-house  
was thrown  
Back to the day. And who, in  
mournful state,  
Came forth, led slowly o'er its  
threshold-stone ?  
They that had learned, in cells of  
secret gloom,  
How sunshine is forgotten ! They  
to whom  
The very features of mankind were  
grown  
Things that bewildered ! O'er  
their dazzled sight

They lifted their wan hands, and  
cowered before the light !

## xvi

To this, man brings his brother !  
Some were there,  
Who, with their desolation, had entwined  
Fierce strength, and girt the sternness of despair  
Fast round their bosoms, even as warriors bind  
The breastplate on for fight ; but brow and cheek  
Seemed *theirs* a torturing panoply to speak !  
And there were some, from whom the very mind  
Had been wrung out ; they smiled—oh ! startling smile,  
Whence man's high soul is fled !  
Where doth it sleep the while ?

## xvii

But onward moved the melancholy train,  
For their false creeds in fiery pangs to die. [Spain—  
This was the solemn sacrifice of Heaven's offering from the land of chivalry !  
Through thousands, thousands of their race they moved—  
Oh ! how unlike all others !—the beloved,  
The free, the proud, the beautiful ! whose eye  
Grew fixed before them, while a people's breath  
Was hushed, and its one soul bound in the thought of death !

## xviii

It might be that, amidst the countless throng,  
There swelled some heart with pity's weight oppressed :  
For the wide stream of human love is strong ;  
And woman, on whose fond and faithful breast  
Childhood is reared, and at whose knee the sigh  
Of its first prayer is breathed—she, too, was nigh.  
But life is dear, and the free footstep blessed,

And home a sunny place, where each may fill  
Some eye with glistening smiles,—and therefore all were still.

## xix

All still,—youth, courage, strength !—a winter laid,  
A chain of palsy cast, on might and mind !  
Still, as at noon a southern forest's shade,  
They stood, those breathless masses of mankind, [wave  
Still, as a frozen torrent ! But the Soon leaps to foaming freedom ;  
they, the brave,  
Endured—they saw the martyr's place assigned  
In the red flames—whence is the withering spell  
That numbs each human pulse ?  
They saw, and thought it well.

## xx

And I, too, thought it well ! That very morn  
From a far land I came, yet round me clung  
The spirit of my own. No hand had torn  
With a strong grasp away the veil which hung  
Between mine eyes and truth. I gazed, I saw  
Dimly, as through a glass. In silent awe  
I watched the fearful rites ; and if there sprung  
One rebel feeling from its deep founts up,  
Shuddering, I flung it back, as guilt's own poison-cup.

## xxi

But I was wakened as the dreamers waken,  
Whom the shrill trumpet and the shriek of dread  
Rouse up at midnight, when their walls are taken,  
And they must battle till their blood is shed  
On their own threshold floor. A path for light  
Through my torn breast was shattered by the might

Of the swift thunder-stroke ; and  
 freedom's tread  
 Came in through ruins, late, yet  
 not in vain,  
 Making the blighted place all green  
 with life again.

## XXII

Still darkly, slowly, as a sullen mass  
 Of cloud o'ersweeping, without  
 wind, the sky, [pass,  
 Dream-like I saw the sad procession  
 And marked its victims with a tear-  
 less eye.  
 They moved before me but as pic-  
 tures, wrought  
 Each to reveal some secret of  
 man's thought,  
 On the sharp edge of sad mortality ;  
 Till in his place came one—oh !  
 could it be ?  
 My friend, my heart's first friend !—  
 and did I gaze on thee !

## XXIII

On thee ! with whom in boyhood  
 I had played,  
 At the grape-gatherings, by my  
 native streams ;  
 And to whose eye my youthful soul  
 had laid  
 Bare, as to the heaven's, its glowing  
 world of dreams ;  
 And by whose side midst warriors  
 I had stood,  
 And in whose helm was brought—  
 oh ! earned with blood !—  
 The fresh wave to my lips, when  
 tropic beams  
 Smote on my fevered brow ! Ay,  
 years had passed,  
 Severing our paths, brave friend !—  
 and *thus* we met at last !

## XXIV

I see it still—the lofty mien thou  
 borest !  
 On my pale forehead sat a sense of  
 power—  
 The very look that once thou  
 brightly worest.  
 Cheering me onward through a  
 fearful hour,  
 When we were girt by Indian bow  
 and spear,  
 Midst the white Andes—even as  
 mountain deer,

Hemmed in our camp ; but through  
 the javelin shower  
 We rent our way, a tempest  
 of despair !  
 And thou—hadst thou but died  
 with thy true brethren there !

## XXV

I call the fond wish back—for thou  
 hast perished  
 More nobly far, my Alvar !—  
 making known  
 The might of truth ; and be thy  
 memory cherished  
 With theirs, the thousands that  
 around her throne  
 Have poured their lives out smiling,  
 in that doom [tomb !  
 Finding a triumph, if denied a  
 Ay, with their ashes hath the wind  
 been sown,  
 And with the wind their spirit  
 shall be spread,  
 Filling man's heart and home with  
 records of the dead.

## XXVI

Thou Searcher of the soul ! in  
 whose dread sight  
 Not the bold guilt alone that mocks  
 the skies,  
 But the scarce-owned unwhispered  
 thought of night,  
 As a thing written with the sun-  
 beam lies ;  
 Thou knowest—whose eye through  
 shade and depth can see,  
 That this man's crime was but to  
 worship thee,  
 Like those that made their heart  
 thy sacrifice,  
 The called of yore—wont by the  
 Saviour's side  
 On the dim Olive Mount to pray at  
 eventide.

## XXVII

For the strong spirit will at times  
 awake,  
 Piercing the mists that wrap her  
 clay abode ;  
 And, born of thee, she may not  
 always take  
 Earth's accents for the oracles of  
 God ;  
 And even for this—O dust, whose  
 mask is power !



Reed, that wouldst be a scourge  
thy little hour!  
Spark, whereon yet the mighty  
hath not trod,  
And therefore thou destroyest!—  
where were flown  
Our hopes, if man were left to man's  
decree alone!

## XXVIII

But this I felt not yet. I could  
but gaze  
On him, my friend; while that  
swift moment threw  
A sudden freshness back on van-  
ished days,  
Like water-drops on some dim  
picture's hue;  
Calling the proud time up, when  
first I stood  
Where banners floated, and my  
heart's quick blood [blew,  
Sprang to a torrent as the clarion  
And he—his sword was like a  
brother's worn,  
That watches through the field  
his mother's youngest born.

## XXIX

But a lance met me in that day's  
career—  
Senseless I lay amidst the o'er-  
sweeping fight;  
Wakening at last, how full, how  
strangely clear,  
That scene on memory flashed!—  
the shivery light,  
Moonlight, on broken shields—the  
plain of slaughter,  
The fountain-side, the low sweet  
sound of water—  
And Alvar bending o'er me—from  
the night  
Covering me with his mantle. All  
the past  
Flowed back; my soul's far chords  
all answered to the blast.

## XXX

Till, in that rush of visions, I  
became  
As one that, by the bands of  
slumber wound,  
Lies with a powerless but all-thrill-  
ing frame,  
Intense in consciousness of sight  
and sound,

Yet buried in a wildering dream  
which brings  
Loved faces round him, girt with  
fearful things!  
Troubled even thus I stood, but  
chained and bound  
On that familiar form mine eye to  
keep:  
Alas! I might not fall upon his neck  
and weep!

## XXXI

He passed me, and what next? I  
looked on two,  
Following his footsteps to the same  
dread place,  
For the same guilt—his sisters!  
Well I knew  
The beauty on those brows, though  
each young face  
Was changed—so deeply changed!  
—a dungeon's air  
Is hard for loved and lovely things  
to bear.  
And ye, O daughters of a lofty  
race,  
Queen-like Theresa! radiant Inez!  
—flowers  
So cherished! were ye then but  
reared for those dark hours?

## XXXII

A mournful home, young sisters,  
had ye left!  
With your lutes hanging hushed  
upon the wall,  
And silence round the aged man,  
bereft  
Of each glad voice once answering  
to his call.  
Alas, that lonely father! doomed  
to pine [decline;  
For sounds departed in his life's  
And, midst the shadowing banners  
of his hall,  
With his white hair to sit, and deem  
the name  
A hundred chiefs had borne, cast  
down by you to shame!

## XXXIII

And woe for you, midst looks and  
words of love,  
And gentle hearts and faces, nursed  
so long!  
How had I seen you in your beauty  
move,

Wearing the wreath, and listening  
to the song !—  
Yet sat, even then, what seemed  
the crowd to shun,  
Half-veiled upon the pale clear  
brow of one,  
And deeper thoughts than oft to  
youth belong—  
Thoughts, such as wake to even-  
ing's whispery sway,  
Within the drooping shade of her  
sweet eyelids lay.

## xxxiv

And if she mingled with the festive  
train,  
It was but as some melancholy  
star  
Beholds the dance of shepherds on  
the plain,  
In its bright stillness present,  
though afar.  
Yet would she smile—and that, too,  
hath its smile—  
Circled with joy which reached  
her not the while,  
And bearing a lone spirit, not at  
war  
With earthly things, but o'er  
their form and hue  
Shedding too clear a light, too sorrow-  
fully true.

## xxxv

But the dark hours wring forth  
the hidden might  
Which hath lain bedded in the  
silent soul, [night  
A treasure all undreamt of,—as the  
Calls out the harmonies of streams  
that roll  
Unheard by day. It seemed as if  
her breast  
Had hoarded energies, till then  
suppressed  
Almost with pain, and bursting  
from control,  
And finding first that hour their  
pathway free :  
Could a rose brave the storm, such  
might her emblem be !

## xxxvi

For the soft gloom whose shadow  
still had hung  
On her fair brow, beneath its gar-  
lands worn,

Was fled ; and fire, like prophecy's,  
had sprung  
Clear to her kindled eye. It might  
be scorn—  
Pride—sense of wrong ; ay, the  
frail heart is bound  
By these at times, even as with  
adamant round,  
Kept so from breaking ! Yet not  
*thus* upborne  
She moved, though some sustaining  
passion's wave  
Lifted her fervent soul—a sister for  
the brave !

## xxxvii

And yet, alas ! to see the strength  
which clings  
Round woman in such hours !—a  
mournful sight,  
Though lovely !—an o'erflowing  
of the springs,  
The full springs of affection, deep  
as bright ! [twined  
And she, because her life is ever  
With other lives, and by no stormy  
wind  
May thence be shaken, and because  
the light  
Of tenderness is round her, and her  
eye  
Doth weep such passionate tears—  
therefore she *thus* can die.

## xxxviii

Therefore didst *thou*, through that  
heart-shaking scene,  
As through a triumph move ; and  
cast aside  
Thine own sweet thoughtfulness  
for victory's mien,  
O faithful sister ! cheering *thus*  
the guide,  
And friend, and brother of thy  
sainted youth,  
Whose hand had led thee to the  
source of truth,  
Where thy glad soul from earth  
was purified ;  
Nor wouldst thou, following him  
through all the past,  
That he should see thy step grow  
tremulous at last,

## xxxix

For thou hadst made no deeper  
love a guest

Midst thy young spirit's dreams,  
 than that which grows  
 Between the nurtured of the same  
 fond breast,  
 The sheltered of one roof; and  
 thus it rose  
 Twined in with life. How is it that  
 the hours  
 Of the same sport, the gathering  
 early flowers  
 Round the same tree, the sharing  
 one repose,  
 And mingling one first prayer in  
 murmurs soft,  
 From the heart's memory fade in  
 this world's breath so oft?

## XL

But thee that breath had touched  
 not; thee, nor him,  
 The true in all things found!—and  
 thou wert blest  
 Even then, that no remembered  
 change could dim  
 The perfect image of affection  
 pressed  
 Like armour to thy bosom! Thou  
 hadst kept  
 Watch by thy brother's couch of  
 pain, and wept,  
 Thy sweet face covering with thy  
 robe, when rest  
 Fled from the sufferer; thou hadst  
 bound his faith  
 Unto thy soul; one light, one hope ye  
 chose—one death.

## XLI

So didst thou pass on brightly!—  
 but for her,  
 Next in that path, how may *her*  
 doom be spoken!  
 All Merciful! to think that such  
 things were,  
 And *are*, and seen by men with  
 hearts unbroken!  
 To think of that fair girl, whose  
 path had been  
 So strewn with rose-leaves, all one  
 fairy scene!  
 And whose quick glance came ever  
 as a token  
 Of hope to drooping thought, and  
 her glad voice  
 As a free bird's in spring, that makes  
 the woods rejoice!

## XLII

And she to die!—she loved the  
 laughing earth  
 With such deep joy in its fresh  
 leaves and flowers!  
 Was not her smile even as the sud-  
 den birth  
 Of a young rainbow, colouring  
 vernal showers?  
 Yes! but to meet her fawn-like  
 step, to hear  
 The gushes of wild song, so silvery  
 clear,  
 Which oft, unconsciously, in hap-  
 pier hours  
 Flowed from her lips, was to forget  
 the sway  
 Of Time and Death below, blight,  
 shadow, dull decay!

## XLIII

Could this change be? The hour,  
 the scene, where last  
 I saw that form, came floating  
 o'er my mind:  
 A golden vintage-eve; the heats  
 were passed,  
 And, in the freshness of the fan-  
 ning wind,  
 Her father sat where gleamed the  
 first faint star  
 Through the lime-boughs; and  
 with her light guitar,  
 She, on the greensward at his feet  
 reclined,  
 In his calm face laughed up; some  
 shepherd lay  
 Singing, as childhood sings on the lone  
 hills at play.

## XLIV

And now—oh! God—the bitter  
 fear of death,  
 The sore amaze, the faint o'er-  
 shadowing dread,  
 Had grasped her!—panting in her  
 quick drawn breath,  
 And in her white lips quivering.  
 Onward led,  
 She looked up with her dim be-  
 wildered eyes,  
 And there smiled out her own  
 soft brilliant skies,  
 Far in their sultry southern azure  
 spread,  
 Glowing with joy, but silent!—  
 still they smiled,

Yet sent down no reprieve for earth's  
poor trembling child.

## XLV

Alas ! that earth had all too strong  
a hold,  
Too fast, sweet Inez ! on thy  
heart, whose bloom  
Was given to early love, nor knew  
how cold  
The hours which follow. There  
was one, with whom  
Young as thou wert, and gentle,  
and untried,  
Thou mightst, perchance, un-  
shrinkingly have died :  
But he was far away ; and with  
thy doom  
Thus gathering, life grew so  
intensely dear,  
That all thy slight frame shook with  
its cold mortal fear !

## XLVI

No aid ?—thou too didst pass !—  
and all had passed  
The fearful—and the desperate—  
and the strong !  
Some like the bark that rushes  
with the blast,  
Some like the leaf swept shiver-  
ingly along ;  
And some as men, that have but  
one more field  
To fight, and then may slumber  
on their shield,—  
Therefore they arm in hope. But  
now the throng  
Rolled on, and bore me with their  
living tide,  
Even as a bark wherein is left no  
power to guide.

## XLVII

Wave swept on wave. We reached  
a stately square,  
Decked for the rites. An altar  
stood on high,  
And gorgeous in the midst : a  
place for prayer,  
And praise, and offering. Could  
the earth supply  
No fruits, no flowers for sacrifice,  
of all [fall ?  
Which on her sunny lap unheeded  
No fair young firstling of the flock  
to die,

As when before their God the  
patriarchs stood ?

Look down ! man brings thee,  
heaven ! his brother's guiltless  
blood !

## XLVIII

Hear its voice, hear !—a cry goes  
up to thee,  
From the stained sod ; make  
thou thy judgment known  
On him the shedder !—let his  
portion be  
The fear that walks at midnight—  
give the moan  
In the wind haunting him, a  
power to say,  
“ Where is thy brother ? ”—and  
the stars a ray  
To search and shake his spirit,  
when alone,  
With the dread splendour of their  
burning eyes !  
So shall earth own thy will—  
Mercy, not sacrifice !

## XLIX

Sounds of triumphant praise ! the  
mass was sung—  
Voices that die not might have  
poured such strains !  
Through Salem's towers might  
that proud chant have rung  
When the Most High, on Syria's  
palmy plains,  
Had quelled her foes !—so full  
it swept, a sea  
Of loud waves jubilant, and rolling  
free !  
—Oft when the wind, as through  
resounding fanes,  
Hath filled the choral forests with  
its power,  
Some deep tone brings me back the  
music of that hour.

## L

It died away ;—the incense-cloud  
was driven  
Before the breeze—the words of  
doom were said ;  
And the sun faded mournfully  
from heaven :  
He faded mournfully and dimly  
red,  
Parting in clouds from those that  
looked their last,

And sighed—"Farewell, thou  
sun!" Eve glowed and passed;  
Night—midnight and the moon—  
came forth and shed  
Sleep, even as dew, on glen, wood,  
peopled spot—  
Save one—a place of death—and  
there men slumbered not.

## LI

'Twas not within the city—but in  
sight  
Of the snow-crowned sierras, freely  
sweeping,  
With many an eagle's eyrie on the  
height,  
And hunter's cabin, by the torrent  
peeping  
Far off: and vales between, and  
vineyards lay,  
With sound and gleam of waters  
on their way,  
And chestnut woods, that girt the  
happy sleeping  
In many a peasant home!—the  
midnight sky  
Brought softly that rich world round  
those who came to die.

## LII

The darkly glorious midnight sky  
of Spain,  
Burning with stars! What had  
the torches' glare  
To do beneath that temple, and  
profane  
Its holy radiance? By their  
wavering flare,  
I saw beside the pyres—I see thee  
*now*,  
O bright Theresa! with thy lifted  
brow,  
And thy clasped hands, and dark  
eyes filled with prayer!  
And thee, sad Inez! bowing thy  
fair head,  
And mantling up thy face, all colour-  
less with dread!

## LIII

And Alvar, Alvar!—I beheld thee  
too,  
Pale, steadfast, kingly: till thy  
clear glance fell  
On that young sister; then per-  
turbed it grew,  
And all thy labouring bosom  
seemed to swell

With painful tenderness. Why  
came I there,  
That troubled image of my friend  
to bear  
Thence, for my after years?—a  
thing to dwell  
In my heart's core, and on the  
darkness rise,  
Disquieting my dreams with its bright  
mournful eyes?

## LIV

Why came I?—oh! the heart's  
deep mystery! Why  
In man's last hour doth vain affec-  
tion's gaze  
Fix itself down on struggling  
agony,  
To the dimmed eyeballs freezing  
as they glaze?  
It might be—yet the power to will  
seemed o'er—  
That my soul yearned to hear his  
voice once more!  
But mine was fettered!—mute in  
strong amaze,  
I watched his features as the night-  
wind blew,  
And torch-light or the moon's passed  
o'er their marble hue.

## LV

The trampling of a steed! A tall  
white steed,  
Rending his fiery way the crowds  
among—  
A storm's way through a forest—  
came at speed,  
And a wild voice cried "Inez!"  
Swift she flung  
The mantle from her face, and  
gazed around,  
With a faint shriek at that familiar  
sound;  
And from his seat a breathless rider  
sprung,  
And dashed off fiercely those who  
came to part,  
And rushed to that pale girl, and  
clasped her to his heart.

## LVI

And for a moment all around gave  
way  
To that full burst of passion! On  
his breast,  
Like a bird panting yet from fear,  
she lay,

But blest—in misery's very lap—  
yet blest !  
Oh ! love, love, strong as death !—  
from such an hour  
Pressing out joy by thine immortal  
power ;  
Holy and fervent love ! had earth  
but rest  
For thee and thine, this world were  
all too fair !  
How could we thence be weaned to  
die without despair ?

## LVII

But she—as falls a willow from the  
storm,  
O'er its own river streaming—  
thus reclined  
On the youth's bosom hung her  
fragile form,  
And clasping arms, so passionately  
twined  
Around his neck—with such a  
trusting fold,  
A full deep sense of safety in their  
hold,  
As if nought earthly might the  
embrace unbind !  
Alas ! a child's fond faith, believing  
still  
Its mother's breast beyond the light-  
ning's reach to kill !

## LVIII

Brief rest ! upon the turning bil-  
low's height  
A strange sweet moment of some  
heavenly strain,  
Floating between the savage gusts  
of night,  
That sweep the seas to foam ! Soon  
dark again  
The hour—the scene ; the intensely  
present rushed  
Back on her spirit, and her large  
tears gushed  
Like blood-drops from a victim—  
with swift rain  
Bathing the bosom where she  
leaned that hour,  
As if her life would melt into the  
o'erswelling shower.

## LIX

But he whose arm sustained her !—  
oh ! I knew  
'Twas vain !—and yet he hoped—  
he fondly strove

Back from her faith her sinking  
soul to woo,  
As life might yet be hers ! A  
dream of love  
Which could not look upon so fair  
a thing,  
Remembering how like hope, like  
joy, like spring,  
Her smile was wont to glance, her  
step to move,  
And deem that men indeed, in very  
truth,  
*Could mean the sting of death for her  
soft flowering youth !*

## LX

He wooed her back to life. " Sweet  
Inez, live !  
My blessed Inez !—visions have  
beguiled  
Thy heart ; abjure them ! thou  
wert formed to give  
And to find joy ; and hath not  
sunshine smiled  
Around thee ever ? Leave me not,  
mine own !  
Or earth will grow dark !—for thee  
alone,  
Thee have I loved, thou gentlest !  
from a child,  
And borne thine image with me  
o'er the sea,  
Thy soft voice in my soul. Speak !  
Oh ! yet live for me ! "

## LXI

She looked up wildly ; there were  
anxious eyes  
Waiting that look—sad eyes of  
troubled thought,  
Alvar's—Theresa's ! Did her  
childhood rise,  
With all its pure and home-affec-  
tions fraught,  
In the brief glance ! She clasped  
her hands—the strife  
Of love, faith, fear, and that vain  
dream of life,  
Within her woman's breast so  
deeply wrought,  
It seemed as if a reed so slight and  
weak  
*Must, in the rending storm not quiver  
only—break !*

## LXII

And thus it was. The young  
cheek flushed and faded,

As the swift blood in currents came  
and went,  
And hues of death the marble  
brow o'ershaded,  
And the sunk eye a watery lustre  
sent  
Through its white fluttering lids.  
Then tremblings passed  
O'er the frail form, that shook it  
as the blast  
Shakes the sere leaf, until the spirit  
rent  
Its way to peace—the fearful way  
unknown.  
Pale in love's arms she lay—*she*!—  
what had loved was gone!

## LXIII

Joy for thee, trembler!—thou  
redeemed one, joy!  
Young doves set free!—earth, ashes,  
soulless clay,  
Remained for baffled vengeance to  
destroy.  
Thy chain was riven! Nor hadst  
thou cast away  
Thy hope in thy last hour!—  
though love was there  
Striving to wring thy troubled soul  
from prayer,  
And life seemed robed in beautiful  
array,  
Too fair to leave!—but this might  
be forgiven,  
Thou wert so richly crowned with  
precious gifts of heaven!

## LXIV

But woe for him who felt the heart  
grow still,  
Which, with its weight of agony,  
had lain  
Breaking on his! Scarcely could  
the mortal chill  
Of the hushed bosom, ne'er to  
heave again,  
And all the silence curdling round  
the eye,  
Bring home the stern belief that  
she could die—  
That she indeed could die!—for,  
wild and vain  
As hope might be, his soul *had*  
hoped: 'twas o'er—  
Slowly his failing arms dropped from  
the form they bore.

## LXV

They forced him from that spot.  
It might be well,  
That the fierce reckless words by  
anguish wrung  
From his torn breast, all aimless  
as they fell,  
Like spray-drops from the strife  
of torrents flung,  
Were marked as guilt. There are  
who note these things  
Against the smitten heart; its  
breaking strings  
—On whose low thrills once gentle  
music hung—  
With a rude hand of touch unholy  
trying,  
And numbering them as crimes, the  
deep, strange tones replying.

## LXVI

But ye in solemn joy, O faithful  
pair!  
Stood gazing on your parted  
sister's dust;  
I saw your features by the torch's  
glare,  
And they were brightening with a  
heavenward trust!  
I saw the doubt, the anguish, the  
dismay,  
Melt from my Alvar's glorious  
mien away;  
And peace was there—the calm-  
ness of the just!  
And, bending down the slumberer's  
brow to kiss,  
"Thy rest is won," he said, "sweet  
sister! Praise for this!"

## LXVII

I started as from sleep;—yes!—  
he had spoken—  
A breeze had troubled memory's  
hidden source!  
At once the torpor of my soul was  
broken—  
Thought, feeling, passion, woe  
in tenfold force.  
There are soft breathings in the  
southern wind,  
That so your ice-chains, O ye  
streams! unbind,  
And free the foaming swiftness of  
your course!  
I burst from those that held me  
back, and fell

Even on his neck, and cried—  
 "Friend! brother! fare thee well!"

## LXVIII

Did *he* not say "Farewell?"  
 Alas! no breath  
 Came to mine ear. Hoarse mur-  
 murs from the throng  
 Told that the mysteries in the face  
 of death  
 Had from their eager sight been  
 veiled too long.  
 And we were parted as the surge  
 might part  
 Those that would die together,  
 true of heart.  
*His* hour was come—but in mine  
 anguish strong,  
 Like a fierce swimmer through the  
 midnight sea,  
 Blindly I rushed away from that  
 which was to be.

## LXIX

Away—away I rushed; but swift  
 and high  
 The arrowy pillars of the firelight  
 grew,  
 Till the transparent darkness of  
 the sky  
 Flushed to a blood-red mantle in  
 their hue;  
 And, phantom-like, the kindling  
 city seemed  
 To spread, float, wave, as on the  
 wind they streamed,  
 With their wild splendour chasing  
 me! I knew  
 The death-work was begun—I  
 veiled mine eyes,  
 Yet stopped in spell-bound fear to  
 catch the victims' cries.

## LXX

What heard I then?—a ringing  
 shriek of pain,  
 Such as for ever haunts the tor-  
 tured ear?  
 I heard a sweet and solemn-  
 breathing strain  
 Piercing the flame, untremulous  
 and clear!  
 The rich, triumphal tones!—I  
 knew them well,  
 As they came floating with a  
 breezy swell!  
 Man's voice was there—a clarion-  
 voice to cheer

In the mid-battle—ay, to turn  
 the flying;  
 Woman's—that might have sung of  
 heaven beside the dying!

## LXXI

It was a fearful, yet a glorious  
 thing  
 To hear that hymn of martyrdom,  
 and know  
 That its glad stream of melody  
 could spring  
 Up from the unsounded gulfs of  
 human woe!  
 Alvar! Theresa!—what is deep?  
 what strong?  
 —God's breath within the soul!  
 It filled that song  
 From your victorious voices!  
 But the glow  
 On the hot air and lurid skies in-  
 creased:  
 Faint grew the sounds—more faint:  
 I listened—they had ceased!

## LXXII

And thou indeed hadst perished,  
 my soul's friend!  
 I might form other ties—but thou  
 alone  
 Couldst with a glance the veil of  
 dimness rend,  
 By other years o'er boyhood's  
 memory thrown!  
 Others might aid me onward: thou  
 and I  
 Had mingled the fresh thoughts  
 that early die,  
 Once flowering—never more! And  
 thou wert gone!  
 Who could give back my youth,  
 my spirit free,  
 Or be in aught again what thou  
 hadst been to me?

## LXXIII

And yet I wept thee not, thou true  
 and brave!  
 I could not weep—there gathered  
 round thy name  
 Too deep a passion. *Thou* denied  
 a grave!  
*Thou*, with the blight flung on thy  
 soldier's fame!  
 Had I not known thy heart from  
 childhood's time?  
 Thy heart of hearts?—and couldst  
 thou die for crime?



No! had all earth decreed that  
death of shame,  
I would have set, against all earth's  
decree,  
The inalienable trust of my firm soul  
in thee!

## LXXIV

There are swift hours in life—  
strong, rushing hours,  
That do the work of tempests in  
their might!  
They shake down things that stood  
as rocks and towers  
Unto the undoubting mind; they  
pour in light  
Where it but startles—like a burst  
of day  
For which the uprooting of an oak  
makes way;  
They sweep the colouring mists  
from off our sight;  
They touch with fire thought's  
graven page, the roll  
Stamped with past years—and lo!  
it shrivels as a scroll!

## LXXV

And this was of such hours! The  
sudden flow  
Of my soul's tide seemed whelming  
me; the glare  
Of the red flames, yet rocking to  
and fro,  
Scorched up my heart with breath-  
less thirst for air,  
And solitude, and freedom. It  
had been  
Well with me then, in some vast  
desert scene, [to bear  
To pour my voice out, for the winds  
On with them, wildly questioning  
the sky,  
Fiercely the untroubled stars, of  
man's dim destiny.

## LXXVI

I would have called, adjuring the  
dark cloud;  
To the most ancient heavens I  
would have said—  
"Speak to me! show me truth!"  
—through night aloud  
I would have cried to him, the  
newly dead,  
"Come back! and show me truth!"  
My spirit seemed

Gasping for some free burst, its  
darkness teemed  
With such pent storms of thought!  
Again I fled,  
I fled, a refuge from man's face to  
gain,  
Scarce conscious when I paused,  
entering a lonely fane.

## LXXVII

A mighty minster, dim, and proud,  
and vast!  
Silence was round the sleepers  
whom its floor  
Shut in the grave; a shadow of  
the past,  
A memory of the sainted steps  
that wore  
Erewhile its gorgeous pavement,  
seemed to brood  
Like mist upon the stately solitude;  
A halo of sad fame to mantle o'er  
Its white sepulchral forms of mail-  
clad men;  
And all was hushed as night in some  
deep Alpine glen.

## LXXVIII

More hushed, far more!—for there  
the wind sweeps by,  
Or the woods tremble to the  
stream's loud play; [sigh  
Here a strange echo made my very  
Seem for the place too much a  
sound of day!  
Too much my footsteps broke the  
moonlight, fading,  
Yet arch through arch in one soft  
flow pervading,  
And I stood still: prayer, chant  
had died away;  
Yet past me floated a funeral  
breath  
Of incense. I stood still—as before  
God and death.

## LXXIX

For thick ye girt me round, ye long  
departed!  
Dust—imaged forms—with cross,  
and shield, and crest;  
It seemed as if your ashes would  
have started  
Had a wild voice burst forth above  
your rest!  
Yet ne'er, perchance, did wor-  
shipper of yore

Bear to your thrilling presence  
 what I bore  
 Of wrath, doubt, anguish, battling  
 in the breast !  
 I could have poured out words,  
 on that pale air,  
 To make your proud tombs ring.  
 No, no ! I could not *there* !

## LXXX

Not midst those aisles, through  
 which a thousand years,  
 Mutely as clouds, and reverently,  
 had swept ;  
 Not by those shrines, which yet  
 the trace of tears  
 And kneeling votaries on their  
 marble kept !  
 Ye were too mighty in your pomp  
 of gloom [tomb !  
 And trophied age, O temple, altar,  
 And you, ye dead !—for in that  
 faith ye slept,  
 Whose weight had grown a moun-  
 tain's on my heart,  
 Which could not *there* be loosed. I  
 turned me to depart.

## LXXXI

I turned : what glimmered faintly  
 on my sight—  
 Faintly, yet brightening as a wreath  
 of snow  
 Seen through dissolving haze ?  
 The moon, the night,  
 Had waned, and down poured in—  
 grey, shadowy, slow,  
 Yet dayspring still ! A solemn  
 hue it caught,  
 Piercing the storied windows,  
 darkly fraught  
 With stoles and draperies of im-  
 perial glow ;  
 And, soft and sad, that colouring  
 gleam was thrown  
 Where, pale, a pictured form above  
 the altar shone.

## LXXXII

*Thy* form, thou Son of God !—a  
 wrathful deep,  
 With foam, and cloud, and tempest  
 round Thee spread,  
 And such a weight of night !—a  
 night, when sleep  
 From the fierce rocking of the  
 billows fled.

A bark showed dim beyond Thee,  
 with its mast  
 Bowed, and its rent sail shivering  
 to the blast ;  
 But, like a spirit in thy gliding  
 tread,  
 Thou, as o'er glass, didst walk that  
 stormy sea  
 Through rushing winds, which left a  
 silent path for Thee.

## LXXXIII

So still Thy white robes fell !—no  
 breath of air  
 Within their long and slumberous  
 folds had sway.  
 So still the waves of parted, sha-  
 dowy hair  
 From Thy clear brow flowed droop-  
 ingly away !  
 Dark were the heavens above Thee,  
 Saviour !—dark  
 The gulfs, Deliverer ! round the  
 straining bark !  
 But Thou !—o'er all Thine aspect  
 and array  
 Was poured one stream of pale,  
 broad, silvery light :  
 Thou wert the single star of that all-  
 shrouding night !

## LXXXIV

Aid for one sinking. ! Thy lone  
 brightness gleamed  
 On his wild face, just lifted o'er  
 the wave,  
 With its worn, fearful, *human* look,  
 that seemed  
 To cry, through surge and blast—  
 “ I perish—save ! ”  
 Not to the winds—not vainly !  
 Thou wert nigh, [agony,  
 Thy hand was stretched to fainting  
 Even in the portals of the unquiet  
 grave !  
 O Thou that art the life ! and yet  
 didst bear  
 Too much of mortal woe to turn from  
 mortal prayer !

## LXXXV

But was it not a thing to rise on  
 death,  
 With its remembered light, that  
 face of Thine,  
 Redeemer ! dimmed by this world's  
 misty breath,

Yet mournfully, mysteriously  
divine ?  
O ! that calm, sorrowful, prophetic  
eye,  
With its dark depths of grief, love,  
majesty !  
And the pale glory of the brow !—  
a shrine  
Where power sat veiled, yet shed-  
ding softly round  
What told that *Thou* couldst be but  
for a time uncrowned !

## LXXXVI

And, more than all, the heaven of  
that sad smile !  
The lip of mercy, our immortal  
trust !  
Did not that look, that very look,  
erewhile  
Pour its o'ershadowed beauty on  
the dust ?  
Wert Thou not such when earth's  
dark cloud hung o'er Thee ?—  
Surely thou wert ! my heart grew  
hushed before Thee,  
Sinking with all its passions, as the  
gust  
Sank at Thy voice, along its billowy  
way :  
What had I there to do but kneel,  
and weep, and pray ?

## LXXXVII

Amidst the stillness rose my spirit's  
cry  
Amidst the dead—" By that full  
cup of woe,  
Pressed from the fruitage of  
mortality,  
Saviour ! for Thee—give light ! that  
I may know [name,  
If by *Thy* will, in Thine all-healing  
Men cast down human hearts to  
blighting shame,  
And early death ; and say, if this  
be so,  
Where, then, is mercy ? Whither  
shall we flee,  
So unallied to hope, save by our hold  
on Thee ?

## LXXXVIII

" But didst Thou not, the deep sea  
brightly treading,  
Lift from despair that struggler  
with the wave ?

And wert Thou not, sad tears, yet  
awful, shedding,  
Beheld a weeper at a mortal's  
grave ?  
And is this weight of anguish,  
which they bind  
On life—this searing to the quick  
of mind,  
That but to God its own free path  
would crave—  
This crushing out of hope, and  
love, and youth,  
*Thy* will, indeed ? Give light ! that  
I may know the truth.

## LXXXIX

" For my sick soul is darkened  
unto death,  
With shadows from the suffering  
it hath seen ;  
The strong foundations of mine  
ancient faith  
Sink from beneath me—whereon  
shall I lean ?  
Oh ! if from Thy pure lips was  
wrung the sigh [to die—  
Of the dust's anguish ? if like man  
And earth round *him* shuts heavily  
—hath been  
Even to *Thee* bitter, aid me ! guide  
me ! turn  
My wild and wandering thoughts back  
from their starless bourne ! "

## XC

And calmed I rose ; but how the  
while had risen  
Morn's orient sun, dissolving mist  
and shade !  
Could there indeed be wrong, or  
chain, or prison,  
In the bright world such radiance  
might pervade ?  
It filled the fane, it mantled the  
pale form  
Which rose before me through the  
pictured storm,  
Even the grey tombs it kindled,  
and arrayed  
With life !—How hard to see thy  
race begun  
And think man wakes to grief,  
wakening to *thee*, O Sun !

## XCI

I sought my home again ; and  
thou, my child,

There at thy play beneath yon  
ancient pine,  
With eyes, whose lightning laugh-  
ter hath beguiled  
A thousand pangs, thence flashing  
joy to mine ;  
Thou in thy mother's arms, a babe,  
didst meet  
My coming with young smiles,  
which yet, though sweet,  
Seemed on my soul all mournfully  
to shine,  
And ask a happier heritage for  
thee,  
Than but in turn the blight of human  
hope to see.

## XCII

Now sport, for thou art free ! the  
bright birds chasing,  
Whose wings waft star-like gleams  
from tree to tree ;  
Or with the fawn, thy swift wood-  
playmate, racing,  
Sport on, my joyous child ! for  
thou art free !  
Yes, on that day I took thee to  
my heart,  
And inly vowed, for thee a better  
part  
To choose ; that so thy sunny  
bursts of glee  
Should wake no more dim thoughts  
of far-seen woe,  
But, gladdening fearless eyes, flow  
on—as now they flow.

## XCIII

Thou hast a rich world round thee  
—mighty shades  
Weaving their gorgeous tracery  
o'er thy head,  
With the light melting through  
their high arcades,  
As through a pillared cloister's ;  
but the dead  
Sleep not beneath ; nor doth the  
sunbeam pass  
To marble shrines through rain-  
bow-tinted glass ;  
Yet thou, by fount and forest-  
murmur led  
To worship, thou art blest ! to thee  
is shown  
Earth in her holy pomp, decked for  
her God alone,

H.P.

## PART SECOND

Wie diese treue liebe Seele  
Von ihrem Glauben voll,

Der ganz allein

Ihr selig machend ist, sich heilig Quäle,  
Das sie den liebsten Mann verloren halten soll.

FAUST.

I never shall smile more—but all my days  
Walk with still footsteps and with humble eyes,  
An everlasting hymn within my soul.

WILSON.

## I

BRING me the sounding of the  
torrent-water,  
With yet a nearer swell ! Fresh  
breeze, awake !  
And river, darkening ne'er with  
hues of slaughter  
Thy wave's pure silvery green,—  
and shining lake,  
Spread far before my cabin, with  
thy zone  
Of ancient woods, ye chainless  
things and lone !  
Send voices through the forest  
aisles, and make  
Glad music round me, that my  
soul may dare,  
Cheered by such tones, to look back  
on a dungeon's air !

## II

O Indian hunter of the desert's  
race !  
That with the spear at times, or  
bended bow,  
Dost cross my footsteps in thy  
fiery chase  
Of the swift elk or blue hill's flying  
roe ;  
Thou that beside the red night-  
fire thou heapest,  
Beneath the cedars and the star-  
light sleepest,  
Thou know'st not, wanderer—  
never mayst thou know !—  
Of the dark holds wherewith man  
cumbers earth,  
To shut from human eyes the  
dancing seasons' mirth.

## III

There, fettered down from day, to  
think the while  
How bright in heaven the festal sun  
is glowing,  
Making earth's loneliest places,  
with his smile,

C

Flush like the rose; and how the  
streams are flowing  
With sudden sparkles through the  
shadowy grass,  
And water-flowers, all trembling  
as they pass;  
And how the rich, dark summer  
trees are bowing  
With their full foliage: this to  
know, and pine  
Bound unto midnight's heart, seems  
a stern lot—'twas mine!

## IV

Wherefore was this? Because my  
soul had drawn  
Light from the Book whose words  
are graven in light!  
There, at its well-head, had I found  
the dawn,  
And day, and noon of freedom:  
but too bright  
It shines on that which man to  
man hath given,  
And called the truth—the very  
truth, from heaven!  
And therefore seeks he in his  
brother's sight  
To cast the mote; and therefore  
strives to bind,  
With his strong chains, to earth what  
is not earth's—the mind.

## V

It is a weary and a bitter task  
Back from the lip the burning word  
to keep,  
And to shut out heaven's air with  
falsehood's mask,  
And in the dark urn of the soul to  
heap  
Indignant feelings—making e'en of  
thought  
A buried treasure, which may but  
be sought  
When shadows are abroad—and  
night—and sleep.  
I might not brook it long—and  
thus was thrown  
Into that grave-like cell, to wither  
there alone.

## VI

And I, a child of danger, whose  
delights  
Were on dark hills and many-  
sounding seas—

I, that amidst the Cordillera  
heights  
Had given Castilian banners to the  
breeze,  
And the full circle of the rainbow  
seen  
There, on the snows; and in my  
country been  
A mountain wanderer, from the  
Pyrenees  
To the Morena crags—how left I  
not  
Life, or the soul's life, quenched  
on that sepulchral spot?

## VII

Because *Thou* didst not leave me,  
O my God!  
Thou wert with those that bore the  
truth of old  
Into the deserts from the oppress-  
or's rod,  
And made the caverns of the rock  
their fold; [dead,  
And in the hidden chambers of the  
Our guiding lamp with fire im-  
mortal fed;  
And met when stars met, by  
their beams to hold  
The free heart's communing with  
Thee,—and Thou  
Wert in the midst, felt, owned—  
the Strengtheners then as now!

## VIII

Yet once I sank. Alas! man's  
wavering mind!  
Wherefore and whence the gusts  
that o'er it blow?  
How they bear with them, floating  
uncombined,  
The shadows of the past, that come  
and go,  
As o'er the deep the old long-  
buried things  
Which a storm's working to the  
surface brings!  
Is the reed shaken,—and must  
*we* be so,  
With every wind? So, Father!  
must we be,  
Till we can fix undimmed our stead-  
fast eyes on Thee.

## IX

Once my soul died within me.  
What had thrown

That sickness o'er it? Even a  
 passing thought  
 Of a clear spring, whose side, with  
 flowers o'ergrown,  
 Fondly and oft my boyish steps  
 had sought!  
 Perchance the damp roof's water-  
 drops that fell  
 Just then, low tinkling through  
 my vaulted cell,  
 Intensely heard amidst the still-  
 ness, caught  
 Some tone from memory, of the  
 music, welling  
 Ever with that fresh rill, from its  
 deep rocky dwelling.

## X

But so my spirit's fevered longings  
 wrought,  
 Wakening, it might be, to the  
 faint, sad sound,  
 That from the darkness of the  
 walls they brought  
 A loved scene round me, visibly  
 around.  
 Yes! kindling, spreading, brighten-  
 ing, hue by hue,  
 Like stars from midnight, through  
 the gloom, it grew,  
 That haunt of youth, hope, man-  
 hood!—till the bound  
 Of my shut cavern seemed dis-  
 solved, and I  
 Girt by the solemn hills and burning  
 pomp of sky.

## XI

I looked—and lo! the clear,  
 broad river flowing  
 Past the old Moorish ruin on the  
 steep,  
 The lone tower dark against a  
 heaven all glowing,  
 Like seas of glass and fire!—I saw  
 the sweep  
 Of glorious woods far down the  
 mountain side,  
 And their still shadows in the  
 gleaming tide,  
 And the red evening on its waves  
 asleep;  
 And midst the scene—oh! more  
 than all—there smiled  
 My child's fair face, and hers the  
 mother of my child!

## XII

With their soft eyes of love and  
 gladness raised  
 Up to the flushing sky, as when  
 we stood  
 Last by that river, and in silence  
 gazed  
 On the rich world of sunset. But  
 a flood  
 Of sudden tenderness my soul  
 oppressed;  
 And I rushed forward, with a  
 yearning breast,  
 To clasp—alas!—a vision! Wave  
 and wood,  
 And gentle faces, lifted in the  
 light  
 Of day's last hectic blush, all melted  
 from my sight.

## XIII

Then darkness!—oh! the un-  
 utterable gloom  
 That seemed as narrowing round  
 me, making less  
 And less my dungeon, when, with  
 all its bloom,  
 That bright dream vanished from  
 my loneliness!  
 It floated off, the beautiful! yet  
 left  
 Such deep thirst in my soul, that  
 thus bereft,  
 I lay down, sick with passion's vain  
 excess,  
 And prayed to die. How oft  
 would sorrow weep  
 Her weariness to death, if he might  
 come like sleep!

## XIV

But I was roused—and how? It  
 is no tale,  
 Even midst *thy* shades, thou  
 wilderness! to tell.  
 I would not have my boy's young  
 cheek made pale,  
 Nor haunt his sunny rest with  
 what befell  
 In that drear prison-house. His  
 eye must grow  
 More dark with thought, more  
 earnest his fair brow,  
 More high his heart in youthful  
 strength must swell;  
 So shall it fitly burn when all is  
 told:

Let childhood's radiant mist the free  
child yet enfold.

## xv

It is enough that through such  
heavy hours  
As wring us by our fellowship of  
clay,  
I lived, and undegraded. We have  
powers  
To snatch the oppressor's bitter  
joy away!  
Shall the wild Indian for his  
savage fame  
Laugh and expire, and shall not  
Truth's high name  
Bear up her martyrs with all-  
conquering sway?  
It is enough that torture may be  
vain:  
I had seen Alvar die—the strife  
was won from Pain.

## xvi

And faint not, heart of man!  
Though years wane slow,  
There have been those that from  
the deepest caves,  
And cells of night, and fastnesses  
below [waves,  
The stormy dashing of the ocean  
Down, farther down than gold lies  
hid, have nursed  
A quenchless hope, and watched  
their time, and burst  
On the bright day, like wakeners  
from the graves!  
I was of such at last!—unchained  
I trod  
This green earth, taking back my  
freedom from my God!

## xvii

That was an hour to send its  
fadeless trace  
Down life's far-sweeping tide! A  
dim, wild night,  
Like sorrow, hung upon the soft  
moon's face,  
Yet how my heart leaped in her  
blessed light!  
The shepherd's light—the sailor's  
on the sea—  
The hunter's homeward from the  
mountains free,  
Where its lone smile makes tremu-  
lously bright

The thousand streams!—I could  
but gaze through tears.  
Oh! what a sight is heaven, thus  
first beheld for years!

## xviii

The rolling clouds!—they have  
the whole blue space  
Above to sail in—all the dome of  
sky!  
My soul shot with them in their  
breezy race  
O'er star and gloom; but I had  
yet to fly, [spot  
As flies the hunted wolf. A secret  
And strange, I knew—the sun-  
beam knew it not,—  
Wildest of all the savage glens that  
lie  
In far sierras, hiding their deep  
springs,  
And traversed but by storms, or  
sounding eagles' wings.

## xix

Ay, and I met the storm there! I  
had gained  
The covert's heart with swift and  
stealthy tread:  
A moan went past me, and the dark  
trees rained  
Their autumn foliage rustling on  
my head;  
A moan—a hollow gust—and  
there I stood  
Girt with majestic night, and  
ancient wood,  
And foaming water.—Thither might  
have fled  
The mountain Christian with his  
faith of yore,  
When Afric's tambour shook the  
ringing western shore!

## xx

But through the black ravine  
the storm came swelling:  
—Mighty thou art amidst the hills,  
thou blast!  
In thy lone course the kingly cedars  
felling,  
Like plumes upon the path of  
battle cast!  
A rent oak thundered down beside  
my cave,  
Booming it rushed, as booms a  
deep sea wave;

A falcon soared ; a startled wild  
 deer passed ;  
 A far-off bell tolled faintly through  
 the roar.  
 How my glad spirit swept forth with  
 the winds once more !

## xxi

And with the arrowy lightnings !—  
 for they flashed,  
 Smiting the branches in their fitful  
 play,  
 And brightly shivering where the  
 torrents dashed  
 Up, even to crag and eagle's nest,  
 their spray !  
 And there to stand amidst the  
 pealing strife,  
 The strong pines groaning with  
 tempestuous life,  
 And all the mountain voices on  
 their way,—  
 Was it not joy ? 'Twas joy in  
 rushing might,  
 After those years that wove but one  
 long dead of night !

## xxii

There came a softer hour, a lovelier  
 moon,  
 And lit me to my home of youth  
 again,  
 Through the dim chestnut shade,  
 where oft at noon,  
 By the fount's flashing burst, my  
 head had lain [as one  
 In gentle sleep. But now I passed  
 That may not pause where wood-  
 streams whispering run,  
 Or light sprays tremble to a bird's  
 wild strain ;  
 Because the avenger's voice is in  
 the wind,  
 The foe's quick, rustling step close on  
 the leaves behind.

## xxiii

My home of youth ! Oh ! if in-  
 deed to part  
 With the soul's loved ones be a  
 mournful thing,  
 When we go forth in buoyancy of  
 heart,  
 And bearing all the glories of our  
 spring  
 For life to breathe on,—is it less to  
 meet,

When these are faded ?—who shall  
 call it sweet ?  
 Even though love's mingling tears  
 may haply bring  
 Balm as they fall, too well their  
 heavy showers  
 Teach us how much is lost of all that  
 once was ours !

## xxiv

Not by the sunshine, with its  
 golden glow,  
 Nor the green earth, nor yet the  
 laughing sky,  
 Nor the fair flower-scents, as they  
 come and go  
 In the soft air, like music wander-  
 ing by ;  
 —Oh ! not by these, the unfailing,  
 are we taught  
 How time and sorrow on our frames  
 have wrought ;  
 But by the saddened eye, the  
 darkened brow  
 Of kindred aspect, and the long  
 dim gaze,  
 Which tell us *we* are changed—how  
 changed from other days !

## xxv

Before my father, in my place of  
 birth,  
 I stood an alien. On the very floor  
 Which oft had trembled to my  
 boyish mirth,  
 The love that reared me, knew my  
 face no more !  
 There hung the antique armour,  
 helm and crest,  
 Whose every stain woke childhood  
 in my breast ;  
 There drooped the banner, with the  
 marks it bore  
 Of Paynim spears ; and I, the worn  
 in frame  
 And heart, what there was I !—an-  
 other and the same !

## xxvi

Then bounded in a boy, with clear,  
 dark eye—  
 How should *he* know his father ?  
 When we parted,  
 From the soft cloud which mantles  
 infancy,  
 His soul, just wakening into  
 wonder, darted



Its first looks round. Him followed  
 one, the bride,  
 Of my young days, the wife how  
 loved and tried !  
 Her glance met mine—I could not  
 speak—she started  
 With a bewildered gaze—until  
 there came  
 Tears to my burning eyes, and from  
 my lips her name.

## XXVII

She knew me then ! I murmured  
 "*Leonore !*"  
 And her heart answered ! Oh !  
 the voice is known  
 First from all else, and swiftest to  
 restore [low tone  
 Love's buried images, with one  
 That strikes like lightning, when  
 the cheek is faded,  
 And the brow heavily with thought  
 o'ershaded,  
 And all the brightness from the  
 aspect gone !  
 —Upon my breast she sunk, when  
 doubt was fled,  
 Weeping as those may weep, that  
 meet in woe and dread.

## XXVIII

For there we might not rest.  
 Alas ! to leave  
 Those native towers and know  
 that they must fall  
 By slow decay, and none remain  
 to grieve  
 When the weeds clustered on the  
 lonely wall !  
 We were the last—my boy and I—  
 the last  
 Of a long line which brightly thence  
 had passed !  
 My father blessed me as I left his  
 hall—  
 With his deep tones and sweet,  
 though full of years,  
 He blessed me there, and bathed my  
 child's young head with tears.

## XXIX

I had brought sorrow on his grey  
 hairs down,  
 And cast the darkness of my  
 branded name  
 (For so he deemed it) on the clear  
 renown,

My own ancestral heritage of fame.  
 And yet he blessed me ! Father !  
 if the dust  
 Lie on those lips benign, my  
 spirit's trust  
 Is to behold thee yet, where grief  
 and shame  
 Dim the bright day no more ; and  
 thou wilt know  
 That not through guilt thy son thus  
 bowed thine age with woe.

## XXX

And thou, my Leonore ! that unre-  
 pinning,  
 If sad in soul, didst quit all else for  
 me,  
 When stars, the stars that earliest  
 rise, are shining,  
 How their soft glance unseals each  
 thought of thee !  
 For on our flight they smiled ; their  
 dewy rays,  
 Through the last olives, lit thy  
 tearful gaze  
 Back to the home we never more  
 might see.  
 So passed we on, like earth's first  
 exiles, turning  
 Fond looks where hung the sword  
 above their Eden burning.

## XXXI

It was a woe to say, "*Farewell, my  
 Spain !*  
 The sunny and the vintage land,  
 farewell !"  
 —I could have died upon the  
 battle-plain  
 For thee, my country ! but I  
 might not dwell  
 In thy sweet vales, at peace. The  
 voice of song  
 Breathes, with the myrtle scent,  
 thy hills along ;  
 The citron's glow is caught from  
 shade and dell :  
 But what are these ? upon thy  
 flowery sod  
 I might not kneel, and pour my free  
 thoughts out to God !

## XXXII

O'er the blue deep I fled, the chain-  
 less deep !  
 Strange heart of man ! that e'en  
 midst woe swells high,

When through the foam he sees  
 his proud bark sweet,  
 Flinging out joyous gleams to  
 wave and sky!  
 Yes! it swells high, whate'er he  
 leaves behind,  
 His spirit rises with the rising  
 wind;  
 For, wedded to the far futurity,  
 On, on, it bears him ever, and the  
 main  
 Seems rushing, like his hope, some  
 happier shore to gain.

## XXXIII

Not thus is woman. Closely *her*  
 still heart  
 Doth twine itself with e'en each  
 lifeless thing  
 Which, long remembered, seemed  
 to bear its part  
 In her calm joys. For ever would  
 she cling,  
 A brooding dove, to that sole spot  
 of earth  
 Where she hath loved, and given  
 her children birth,  
 And heard their first sweet voices.  
 There may Spring  
 Array no path, renew no flower, no  
 leaf,  
 But hath its breath of home, its  
 claim to farewell grief.

## XXXIV

I looked on Leonore,—and if there  
 seemed  
 A cloud of more than pensiveness  
 to rise  
 In the faint smiles that o'er her  
 features gleamed,  
 And the soft darkness of her ser-  
 ious eyes,  
 Misty with tender gloom, I called  
 it nought.  
 But the fond exile's pang, a linger-  
 ing thought  
 Of her own vale, with all its  
 melodies  
 And living light of streams. Her  
 soul would rest  
 Beneath your shades, I said, bowers  
 of the gorgeous West!

## XXXV

Oh! could we live in visions!  
 could we hold

Delusion faster, longer, to our  
 breast!  
 When it shuts from us, with its  
 mantle's fold,  
 That which we see not, and are  
 therefore blest!  
 But they, our loved and loving—  
 they to whom  
 We have spread out our souls in  
 joy and gloom,  
 Their looks and accents, unto ours  
 addressed,  
 Have been a language of familiar  
 tone  
 Too long to breathe, at last, dark  
 sayings and unknown.

## XXXVI

I told my heart, 'twas but the  
 exile's woe  
 Which pressed on that sweet bosom;  
 I deceived  
 My heart but half: a whisper,  
 faint and low,  
 Haunting it ever, and at times  
 believed,  
 Spoke of some deeper cause.  
 How oft we seem  
 Like those that dream, and *know*  
 the while they dream—  
 Midst the soft falls of airy voices  
 grieved  
 And troubled, while bright phan-  
 toms round them play,  
 By a dim sense that all will float and  
 fade away!

## XXXVII

Yet, as if chasing joy, I wooed the  
 breeze  
 To speed me onward with the  
 wings of morn.  
 Oh! far amidst the solitary seas,  
 Which were not made for man,  
 what man hath borne,  
 Answering their moan with his!—  
 what *thou* didst bear,  
 My lost and loveliest! while that  
 secret care  
 Grew terror, and thy gentle  
 spirit, worn  
 By its dull brooding weight, gave  
 way at last,  
 Beholding me as one from hope for  
 ever cast!

## XXXVIII

For unto thee, as through all  
change, revealed

Mine inward being lay. In other  
eyes

I had to bow me yet, and make a  
shield,

To fence my burning bosom, of  
disguise ;

By the still hope sustained, ere  
long to win

Some sanctuary, whose green re-  
treats within

My thoughts unfettered to their  
source might rise,

Like songs and scents of morn.  
But thou didst look

Through all my soul, and thine e'en  
unto fainting shook.

## XXXIX

Fallen, fallen, I seemed—yet, oh !  
not less beloved,

Though from thy love was plucked  
the early pride,

And harshly by a gloomy faith  
reproved,

And seared with shame ! Though  
each young flower had died,

There was the root,—strong living,  
not the less

That all it yielded now was  
bitterness ;

Yet still such love as quits not  
misery's side,

Nor drops from guilt its ivy-like  
embrace,

Nor turns away from death's its pale  
heroic face.

## XL

Yes ! thou hadst followed me  
through fear and flight !

Thou wouldst have followed had  
my pathway led

E'en to the scaffold ; had the  
flashing light

Of the raised axe made strong  
men shrink with dread,

Thou, midst the hush of thousands,  
wouldst have been

With thy clasped hands beside  
me kneeling seen,

And meekly bowing to the shame  
thy head—

The shame !—oh ! making beau-  
tiful to view

The might of human love—fair  
thing ! so bravely true !

## XLI

There was thine agony—to love so  
well

Where fear made love life's chas-  
tener. Heretofore,

Whate'er of earth's disquiet round  
thee fell,

Thy soul, o'erpassing its dim  
bounds, could soar

Away to sunshine, and thy clear  
eye speak

Most of the skies when grief most  
touched thy cheek.

Now, that far brightness faded,  
never more

Could thou lift heavenwards for its  
hope thy heart,

Since at heaven's gate it seemed  
that thou and I must part.

## XLII

Alas ! and life hath moments when  
a glance—

(If thought to sudden watchfulness  
be stirred)

A flush—a fading of the cheek,  
perchance— [word,

A word—less, less—the *cadence* of a  
Lets in our gaze the mind's dim

vale beneath,

Thence to bring haply knowledge  
fraught with death

Even thus, what never from thy  
lip was heard

Broke on my soul. I knew that  
in thy sight

I stood, howe'er beloved, a recreant  
from the light.

## XLIII

Thy sad, sweet hymn, at eve, the  
seas along,—

Oh ! the deep soul it breathed !—  
the love, the woe,

The fervour, poured in that full  
gush of song,

As it went floating through the  
fiery glow

Of the rich sunset !—bringing  
thoughts of Spain,

With all their vesper voices, o'er  
the main,

Which seemed responsive in its  
murmuring flow.

" *Ave sanctissima !* "—how oft that  
lay  
Hath melted from my heart the  
martyr strength away !

Ave, sanctissima !  
'Tis nightfall on the sea ;  
Ora pro nobis !  
Our souls rise to thee !

Watch us, while shadows lie  
O'er the dim waters spread ;  
Hear the heart's lonely sigh—  
*Thine* too hath bled !

Thou that hast looked on death,  
Aid us when death is near !  
Whisper of heaven to faith ;  
Sweet Mother, hear !

Ora pro nobis !  
The wave must rock our sleep,  
Ora, Mater, ora !  
Thou star of the deep !

## XLIV

" *Ora pro nobis, Mater !* "—What a  
spell  
Was in those notes, with day's last  
glory dying  
On the flushed waters—seemed  
they not to swell  
From the far dust wherein my sires  
were lying  
With crucifix and sword ? Oh !  
yet how clear  
Comes their reproachful sweetness  
to mine ear !  
" *Ora* "—with all the purple waves  
replying,  
All my youth's visions rising in  
the strain—  
And I had thought it much to bear  
the rack and chain !

## XLV

Torture ! the sorrow of affection's  
eye,  
Fixing its meekness on the spirit's  
core,  
Deeper, and teaching more of  
agony,  
May pierce than many swords !—  
and this I bore  
With a mute pang. Since I had  
vainly striven  
From its free springs to pour the  
truth of heaven

Into thy trembling soul, my Leonore !  
Silence rose up where hearts no  
hope could share :  
Alas ! for those that love, and may  
not blend in prayer !

## XLVI

We could not pray together midst  
the deep,  
Which, like a floor of sapphire,  
round us lay,  
Through days of splendour, nights  
too bright for sleep,  
Soft, solemn, holy ! We were on  
our way  
Unto the mighty Cordillera land,  
With men whom tales of that  
world's golden strand  
Had lured to leave their vines.  
Oh ! who shall say  
What thoughts rose in us, when  
the tropic sky  
Touched all its molten seas with  
sunset's alchemy !

## XLVII

Thoughts no more mingled ! Then  
came night—the intense  
Dark blue—the burning stars ! I  
saw *thee* shine  
Once more, in thy serene magnifi-  
cence,  
O Southern Cross ! as when thy  
radiant sign  
First drew my gaze of youth. No,  
not as then ; [men  
I had been stricken by the darts of  
Since those fresh days ; and now  
thy light divine  
Looked on mine anguish, while  
within me strove  
The still small voice against the  
might of suffering love.

## XLVIII

But thou, the clear, the glorious !  
thou wert pouring  
Brilliance and joy upon the crystal  
wave,  
While she that met thy ray with  
eyes adoring,  
Stood in the lengthening shadow  
of the grave !  
Alas ! I watched her dark religious  
glance,  
As it still sought thee through the  
heaven's expanse.

Bright Cross! and knew that I  
 watched what gave  
 But passing lustre—shrouded soon  
 to be—  
 A soft light found no more—no more  
 on earth or sea!

## XLIX

I knew not all—yet something of  
 unrest  
 Sat on my heart. Wake, ocean-  
 wind! I said;  
 Waft us to land, in leafy freshness  
 drest,  
 Where, through rich clouds of  
 foliage o'er her head,  
 Sweet day may steal, and rills  
 unseen go by,  
 Like singing voices, and the green  
 earth lie  
 Starry with flowers, beneath her  
 graceful tread!  
 But the calm bound us midst the  
 glassy main:  
 Ne'er was her step to bend earth's  
 living flowers again.

## L

Yes! as if heaven upon the waves  
 were sleeping,  
 Vexing my soul with quiet, there  
 they lay,  
 All moveless, through their blue  
 transparence keeping  
 The shadows of our sails, from day  
 to day;  
 While she—oh! strongest is the  
 strong heart's woe—  
 And yet I live! I feel the sun-  
 shine's glow— [decay  
 And I am he that looked, and saw  
 Steal o'er the fair of earth, the  
 adored too much!—  
 It is a fearful thing to love what  
 death may touch.

## LI

A fearful thing that love and death  
 may dwell  
 In the same world! She faded on  
 —and I,  
 Blind to the last, there needed  
 death to tell  
 My trusting soul that she *could*  
 fade to die!  
 Yet, ere she parted, I had marked  
 a change;

But it breathed hope—'twas beau-  
 tiful, though strange;  
 Something of gladness in the mel-  
 ody  
 Of her low voice, and in her words  
 a flight  
 Of airy thought—alas! too perilously  
 bright!

## LII

And a clear sparkle in her glance,  
 yet wild,  
 And quick, and eager, like the  
 flashing gaze  
 Of some all-wondering and awaken-  
 ing child,  
 That first the glories of the earth  
 surveys.  
 How could it thus deceive me?  
 She had worn [morn,  
 Around her, like the dewy mists of  
 A pensive tenderness through  
 happiest days;  
 And a soft world of dreams had  
 seemed to lie  
 Still in her dark, and deep, and  
 spiritual eye.

## LIII

And I could hope in that strange  
 fire!—she died,  
 She died, with all its lustre on her  
 mien!  
 The day was melting from the  
 waters wide,  
 And through its long bright hours  
 her thoughts had been,  
 It seemed, with restless and un-  
 wonted yearning,  
 To Spain's blue skies and dark  
 sierras turning;  
 For her fond words were all of  
 vintage-scene,  
 And flowering myrtle, and sweet  
 citron's breath:  
 Oh! with what vivid hues life comes  
 back oft on death!

## LIV

And from her lips the mountain  
 songs of old,  
 In wild, faint snatches, fitfully  
 had sprung;  
 Songs of the orange bower, the  
 Moorish hold,  
 The "*Rio Verde*," on her soul that  
 hung,

And thence flowed forth. But  
 now the sun was low,  
 And watching by my side its last  
 red glow,  
 That ever stills the heart, once  
 more she sung  
 Her own soft "*Ora, Mater!*" and  
 the sound  
 Was e'en like love's farewell—so  
 mournfully profound.

## LV

The boy had dropped to slumber  
 at our feet ;  
 "And I have lulled him to his  
 smiling rest  
 Once more!" she said. I raised  
 him—it was sweet,  
 Yet sad, to see the perfect calm,  
 which blessed  
 His look that hour ; for now her  
 voice grew weak, [cheek,  
 And on the flowery crimson of his  
 With her white lips, a long, long  
 kiss she pressed,  
 Yet light, to wake him not. Then  
 sank her head  
 Against my bursting heart. What  
 did I clasp?—the dead!

## LVI

I called! To call what answers  
 not our cries—  
 By what we loved to stand unseen,  
 unheard—  
 With the loud passion of our tears  
 and sighs,  
 To see but some cold glittering  
 ringlet stirred ;  
 And in the quenched eye's fixedness  
 to gaze,  
 All vainly searching for the parted  
 rays—  
 This is what waits us! Dead!—  
 with that chill word  
 To link our bosom-names! For  
 this we pour  
 Our souls upon the dust—nor tremble  
 to adore!

## LVII

But the true parting came!—I  
 looked my last  
 On the sad beauty of that slumber-  
 ing face :  
 How could I think the lovely spirit  
 passed,

Which there had left so tenderly its  
 trace?  
 Yet a dim awfulness was on the  
 brow—  
 No! not like sleep to look upon art  
 thou,  
 Death, Death! She lay a thing for  
 earth's embrace,  
 To cover with spring wreaths.  
 For earth's?—the wave  
 That gives the bier no flowers, makes  
 moan above her grave!

## LVIII

On the mid-seas a knell!—for man  
 was there,  
 Anguish and love—the mourner  
 with his dead!  
 A long, low-rolling knell—a voice  
 of prayer—  
 Dark glassy waters, like a desert  
 spread—  
 And the pale-shining Southern  
 Cross on high,  
 Its faint stars fading from a solemn  
 sky,  
 Where mighty clouds before the  
 dawn grew red :  
 Were these things round me? Such  
 o'er memory sweep  
 Wildly, when aught brings back that  
 burial of the deep.

## LIX

Then the broad, lonely sunrise!—  
 and the plash  
 Into the sounding waves! Around  
 her head  
 They parted, with a glancing  
 moment's flash,  
 Then shut—and all was still. And  
 now thy bed  
 Is of their secrets, gentlest Leonore!  
 Once fairest of young brides!—  
 and never more,  
 Loved as thou wert, may human  
 tear be shed  
 Above thy rest! No mark the  
 proud seas keep,  
 To show where he that wept may  
 pause again to weep!

## LX

So the depths took thee! Oh!  
 the sullen sense  
 Of desolation in that hour com-  
 pressed!

Dust going down, a speck, amidst  
the immense  
And gloomy waters, leaving on  
their breast  
The trace a weed might leave  
there! Dust!—the thing  
Which to the heart was as a living  
spring  
Of joy, with fearfulness of love  
possessed,  
Thus sinking! Love, joy, fear,  
all crushed to this—  
And the wide heaven so far—so  
fathomless the abyss!

## LXI

Where the line sounds not, where  
the wrecks lie low,  
What shall wake thence the dead?  
Blest, blest, are they  
That earth to earth entrust, for  
they may know  
And tend the dwelling whence the  
slumberer's clay  
Shall rise at last; and bid the  
young flowers bloom  
That waft a breath of hope around  
the tomb;  
And kneel upon the dewy turf to  
pray!  
But thou, what cave hath dimly  
chambered thee?  
Vain dreams!—oh! art thou not  
where there is no more sea?

## LXII

The wind rose free and singing:  
when for ever,  
O'er that sole spot of all the watery  
plain  
I could have bent my sight with  
fond endeavour  
Down, where its treasure was, its  
glance to strain;  
Then rose the reckless wind!  
Before our prow  
The white foam flashed—ay,  
joyously, and thou  
Wert left with all the solitary main  
Around thee—and thy beauty in  
my heart,  
And thy meek, sorrowing love—oh!  
where could *that* depart?

## LXIII

I will not speak of woe; I may not  
tell—

Friend tells not such to friends—  
the thoughts which rent  
My fainting spirit, when its wild  
farewell  
Across the billows to thy grave  
was sent,  
Thou, there most lonely! He  
that sits above,  
In His calm glory, will forgive the  
love  
His creatures bear each other, even  
if blent  
With a vain worship; for its close  
is dim  
Ever with grief which leads the wrung  
soul back to Him!

## LXIV

And with a milder pang if now I  
bear  
To think of thee in thy forsaken  
rest,  
If from my heart be lifted the  
despair,  
The sharp remorse with healing  
influence pressed,  
If the soft eyes that visit me in  
sleep  
Look not reproach, though still  
they seem to weep;  
It is that He my sacrifice hath  
blessed,  
And filled my bosom, through its  
inmost cell,  
With a deep chastening sense that  
all at last is well.

## LXV

Yes! thou art now—Oh! where-  
fore doth the thought  
Of the wave dashing o'er thy long  
bright hair,  
The sea-weed into its dark tresses  
wrought,  
The sand thy pillow—thou that  
wert so fair!  
Come o'er me still! Earth, earth!  
—it is the hold  
Earth ever keeps on that of earthly  
mould!  
But *thou* art breathing now in  
purer air,  
I well believe, and freed from all  
of error,  
Which blighted here the root of thy  
sweet life with terror.

## LXVI

And if the love, which here was  
 passing light,  
 Went with what died not—oh!  
 that *this* we knew,  
 But this!—that through the silence  
 of the night,  
 Some voice, of all the lost ones  
 and the true,  
 Would speak, and say, if in their  
 far repose,  
 We are yet aught of what we were  
 to those  
 We call the dead! Their passion-  
 ate adieu,  
 Was it but breath, to perish?  
 Holier trust  
 Be mine!—thy love *is* there, but  
 purified from dust!

## LXVII

A thing all heavenly!—cleared  
 from that which hung  
 As a dim cloud between us, heart  
 and mind!  
 Loosed from the fear, the grief,  
 whose tendrils flung  
 A chain so darkly with its growth  
 entwined.  
 This is my hope!—though when  
 the sunset fades,  
 When forests rock the midnight  
 on their shades,  
 When tones of wail are in the  
 rising wind,  
 Across my spirit some faint doubt  
 may sigh;  
 For the strong hours *will* sway this  
 frail mortality!

## LXVIII

We have been wanderers since  
 those days of woe,  
 Thy boy and I! As wild birds  
 tend their young.  
 So have I tended him—my bound-  
 ing roe!  
 The high Peruvian solitudes among;  
 And o'er the Andes' torrents borne  
 his form,  
 Where our frail bridge had quivered  
 'midst the storm.  
 But there the war-notes of my  
 country rung,  
 And, smitten deep of heaven and  
 man, I fled

To hide in shades unpierced a marked  
 and weary head.

## LXIX

But he went on in gladness—that  
 fair child!  
 Save when at times his bright eye  
 seemed to dream,  
 And his young lips, which then no  
 longer smiled,  
 Asked of his mother! That was  
 but a gleam  
 Of memory, fleeting fast; and  
 then his play  
 Through the wild llanos cheered  
 again our way,  
 And by the mighty Oronoco stream,  
 On whose lone margin we have  
 heard at morn,  
 From the mysterious rocks, the sun-  
 rise-music borne:

## LXX

So like a spirit's voice! a harping  
 tone, [ear—  
 Lovely, yet ominous to mortal  
 Such as might reach us from a  
 world unknown,  
 Troubling man's heart with thrills  
 of joy and fear!  
 'Twas sweet!—yet those deep  
 southern shades oppressed  
 My soul with stillness, like the  
 calms that rest  
 On melancholy waves: I sighed  
 to hear  
 Once more earth's breezy sounds,  
 her foliage fanned,  
 And turned to seek the wilds of the  
 red hunter's land.

## LXXI

And we have won a bower of refuge  
 now,  
 In this fresh waste, the breath of  
 whose repose  
 Hath cooled, like dew, the fever  
 of my brow,  
 And whose green oaks and cedars  
 round me close  
 As temple walls and pillars, that  
 exclude  
 Earth's haunted dreams from their  
 free solitude:  
 All, save the image and the thought  
 of those



Before us gone—our loved of early  
years,  
Gone where affection's cup hath lost  
the taste of tears.

## LXXII

I see a star—eve's first-born !—in  
whose train  
Past scenes, words, looks, come  
back. The arrowy spire  
Of the lone cypress, as of wood-girt  
fane,  
Rests dark and still amidst a  
heaven of fire ;  
The pine gives forth its odours,  
and the lake  
Gleams like one ruby, and the soft  
winds wake,  
Till every string of nature's solemn  
lyre  
Is touched to answer ; its most  
secret tone  
Drawn from each tree, for each hath  
whispers all its own.

## LXXIII

And hark ! another murmur on the  
air,  
Not of the hidden rills or quivering  
shades !—  
That is the cataract's, which the  
breezes bear,  
Filling the leafy twilight of the  
glades  
With hollow surge-like sounds, as  
from the bed  
Of the blue, mournful seas, that  
keep the dead :  
But *they* are far ! The low sun here  
pervades  
Dim forest arches, bathing with  
red gold  
Their stems, till each is made a  
marvel to behold,—

## LXXIV

Gorgeous, yet full of gloom ! In  
such an hour,  
The vesper-melody of dying bells  
Wanders through Spain, from each  
grey convent's tower

O'er shining rivers poured and  
olive dells,  
By every peasant heard, and  
muleteer,  
And hamlet, round my home : and  
I am here,  
Living again through all my life's  
farewells,  
In these vast woods, where farewell  
ne'er was spoken,  
And sole I lift to heaven a sad heart  
—yet unbroken !

## LXXV

In such an hour are told the  
hermit's beads ;  
With the white sail the seaman's  
hymn floats by :  
Peace be with all ! whate'er their  
varying creeds,  
With all that send up holy thoughts  
on high !  
Come to me, boy ! by Guadal-  
quivir's vines,  
By every stream of Spain, as day  
declines [rosy sky.  
Man's prayers are mingled in the  
We, too, will pray ; nor yet un-  
heard, my child !  
Of Him whose voice *we* hear at eve  
amidst the wild.

## LXXVI

At eve ? Oh, through all hours !  
From dark dreams oft  
Awakening, I look forth, and learn  
the might  
Of solitude, while thou art breath-  
ing soft,  
And low, my loved one ! on the  
breast of night.  
I look forth on the stars—the  
shadowy sleep  
Of forests—and the lake whose  
gloomy deep  
Sends up red sparkles to the fire-  
flies' light :  
A lonely world !—even fearful to  
man's thought,  
But for His presence felt, Whom  
here my soul hath sought.

## THE ABENCERRAGE

[The events with which the following tale is interwoven are related in the *Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada*. They occurred in the reign of Abo Abdelli, or Abdali, the last Moorish king of that city, called by the Spaniards El Rey Chico. The conquest of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella is said by some historians to have been greatly facilitated by the Abencerrages, whose defection was the result of the repeated injuries they had received from the king, at the instigation of the *Zefris*. One of the most beautiful halls of the Alhambra is pointed out as the scene where so many of the former celebrated tribe were massacred; and it still retains their name, being called the "Sala de los Abencerrages." Many of the most interesting old Spanish ballads relate to the events of this chivalrous and romantic period.]

Le Maure ne se venge pas parce que sa colère dure encore, mais parce que la vengeance seule peut écarter de sa tête le poids d'infamie dont il est accablé.—Il se venge, parce qu'à ses yeux il n'y a qu'une âme basse qui puisse pardonner les affronts; et il nourrit sa rancune, parce que s'il la sentoit s'étendre, il croiroit avec elle, avoir perdu une vertu. SISMONDI.

LONELY and still are now thy marble  
halls,

Thou fair Alhambra! there the  
feast is o'er;

And with the murmur of thy fountain-  
falls,

Blend the wild tones of minstrelsy,  
no more.

Hushed are the voices that in years  
gone by

Have mourned, exulted, menaced,  
through thy towers,

Within thy pillared courts the grass  
waves high,

And all uncultured bloom thy  
fairy bowers.

Unheeded there the flowering myrtle  
blows,

Through tall arcades unmarked  
the sunbeam smiles,

And many a tint of softened brilliance  
throws

O'er fretted walls and shining  
peristyles.

And well might Fancy deem thy  
fabrics lone,

So vast, so silent, and so wildly  
fair,

Some charmed abode of beings all  
unknown,

Powerful and viewless, children  
of the air.

For there no footstep treads the  
enchanted ground,

There not a sound the deep repose  
pervades,

Save winds and founts, diffusing  
freshness round

Through the light domes and  
graceful colonnades.

Far other tones have swelled those  
courts along,

In days romance yet fondly loves  
to trace; [song,

The clash of arms, the voice of choral  
The revels, combats, of a vanished  
race.

And yet awhile, at Fancy's potent  
call,

Shall rise that race, the chivalrous,  
the bold;

Peopling once more each fair, for-  
saken hall,

With stately forms, the knights  
and chiefs of old.

## CANTOI.

—The sun declines—upon Nevada's  
height

There dwells a mellow flush of rosy  
light;

Each soaring pinnacle of mountain  
snow

Smiles in the richness of that parting  
glow,

And Darro's wave reflects each  
passing dye

That melts and mingles in the em-  
purpled sky.

Fragrance, exhaled from rose and  
citron bower,

Blends with the dewy freshness of  
the hour:

Hushed are the winds, and Nature  
 seems to sleep  
 In light and stillness ; wood, and  
 tower, and steep,  
 Are dyed with tints of glory, only  
 given  
 To the rich evening of a southern  
 heaven ;  
 Tints of the sun, whose bright fare-  
 well is fraught  
 With all that art hath dreamt, but  
 never caught.  
 —Yes, Nature sleeps ; but not with  
 her at rest  
 The fiery passions of the human  
 breast.  
 Hark ! from the Alhambra's towers  
 what stormy sound,  
 Each moment deepening, wildly  
 swells around ?  
 Those are no tumults of a festal  
 throng,  
 Not the light zambra, nor the choral  
 song :  
 The combat rages—'tis the shout of  
 war,  
 'Tis the loud clash of shield and  
 scimitar.  
 Within the Hall of Lions, where the  
 rays,  
 Of eve, yet lingering, on the fountain  
 blaze ; [bands,  
 There, girt and guarded by his Zegri  
 And stern in wrath the Moorish  
 monarch stands :  
 There the strife centres—swords  
 around him wave ;  
 There bleed the fallen, there con-  
 tend the brave,  
 While echoing domes return the  
 battle-cry,  
 " Revenge and freedom ! let the  
 tyrant die ! "  
 And onward rushing, and prevailing  
 still,  
 Court, hall, and tower, the fierce  
 avengers fill.

But first the bravest of that gallant  
 train,  
 Where foes are mightiest, charging  
 ne'er in vain ;  
 In his red hand the sabre glancing  
 bright,  
 His dark eye flashing with a fiercer  
 light,

Ardent, untired, scarce conscious that  
 he bleeds,  
 His Aben-Zurrahs there young Hamet  
 leads ;  
 While swells his voice that wild  
acclaim on high,  
 " Revenge and freedom ! let the  
 tyrant die ! "

Yes ! trace the footsteps of the  
 warrior's wrath  
 By helm and corslet shattered in his  
 path,  
 And by the thickest harvest of the  
 slain,  
 And by the marble's deepest  
 crimson stain :  
 Search through the serried fight,  
 where loudest cries  
 From triumph, anguish, or despair,  
 arise ;  
 And brightest where the shivering  
 falchions glare,  
 And where the ground is reddest—  
 he is there.  
 Yes, that young arm, amidst the  
 Zegri host,  
 Hath well avenged a sire, a brother,  
 lost.

They perished—not as heroes  
 should have died,  
 On the red field, in victory's hour of  
 pride,  
 In all the glow and sunshine of their  
 fame,  
 And proudly smiling as the death-  
 pang came :  
 Oh ! had they *thus* expired, a war-  
 rior's tear  
 Had flowed, almost in triumph, o'er  
 their bier  
 For thus alone the brave should weep  
 for those  
 Who brightly pass in glory to repose.  
 —Not such their fate—a tyrant's  
 stern command  
 Doomed them to fall by some ignoble  
 hand,  
 As, with the flower of all their high-  
 born race,  
 Summoned Abdallah's royal feast to  
 grace,  
 Fearless in heart, no dream of danger  
 nigh,  
 They sought the banquet's gilded  
 hall—to die.

Betrayed, unarmed, they fell—the  
 fountain wave  
 Flowed crimson with the life-blood  
 of the brave,  
 Till far the fearful tidings of their fate  
 Through the wide city rang from gate  
 to gate,  
 And of that lineage each surviving  
 son  
 Rushed to the scene where vengeance  
 might be won.

For this young Hamet mingles in  
 the strife,  
 Leader of battle, prodigal of life,  
 Urging his followers till their foes,  
 beset,  
 Stand faint and breathless, but un-  
 daunted yet.  
 Brave Aben-Zurrahs, on ! one effort  
 more,  
 Yours is the triumph, and the conflict  
 o'er.

But lo ! descending o'er the dark-  
 ened hall,  
 The twilight shadows fast and deeply  
 fall,  
 Nor yet the strife hath ceased—  
 though scarce they know,  
 Through that thick gloom, the  
 brother from the foe ;  
 Till the moon rises with her cloudless  
 ray,  
 The peaceful moon, and gives them  
 light to slay.

Where lurks Abdallah ?—'midst  
 his yielding train,  
 They seek the guilty monarch, but  
 in vain.  
 He lies not numbered with the val-  
 iant dead,  
 His champions round him have not  
 vainly bled ;  
 But when the twilight spread her  
 shadowy veil,  
 And his last warriors found each  
 effort fail,  
 In wild despair he fled—a trusted  
 few,  
 Kindred in crime, are still in danger  
 true ;  
 And o'er the scene of many a martial  
 deed,  
 The Vega's green expanse, his flying  
 footsteps lead,

H P.

He passed the Alhambra's calm and  
 lovely bowers,  
 Where slept the glistening leaves  
 and folded flowers  
 In dew and starlight—there, from  
 grot and cave,  
 Gushed, in wild music, many a spark-  
 ling wave ;  
 There, on each breeze, the breath of  
 fragrance rose,  
 And all was freshness, beauty, and  
 repose.

But thou, dark monarch ! in thy  
 bosom reign  
 Storms that, once roused, shall never  
 sleep again.  
 Oh ! vainly bright is Nature in the  
 course  
 Of him who flies from terror or re-  
 morse !  
 A spell is round him which obscures  
 her bloom,  
 And dims her skies with shadows  
 of the tomb ; [so fair,  
 There smiles no Paradise on earth  
 But guilt will raise avenging phan-  
 toms there.  
 Abdallah heeds not, though the light  
 gale roves  
 Fraught with rich odour, stolen from  
 orange groves ;  
 Hears not the sounds from wood and  
 brook that rise,  
 Wild notes of Nature's vesper  
 melodies ;  
 Marks not how lovely, on the moun-  
 tain's head,  
 Moonlight and snow their mingling  
 lustre spread ;  
 But urges onward, till his weary  
 band,  
 Worn with their toil, a moment's  
 pause demand.  
 He stops, and turning, on Granada's  
 fanes  
 In silence gazing, fixed awhile remains  
 In stern, deep silence—o'er his fever-  
 ish brow,  
 And burning cheek, pure breezes  
 freshly blow,  
 But waft, in fitful murmurs, from afar,  
 Sounds, indistinctly fearful,—as of  
 war.  
 What meteor bursts, with sudden  
 blaze, on high,

D

O'er the blue clearness of the starry sky ?

Awful it rises, like some Genie-form,  
Seen 'midst the redness of the desert storm,

Magnificently dread—above, below,  
Spreads the wild splendour of its deepening glow.

Lo ! from the Alhambra's towers  
the vivid glare

Streams through the still transparence  
of the air !

Avenging crowds have lit the mighty  
pyre,

Which feeds that waving pyramid  
of fire ;

And dome and minaret, river, wood,  
and height,

From dim perspective start to ruddy  
light.

Oh, Heaven ! the anguish of Ab-  
dallah's soul,

The rage, though fruitless, yet beyond  
control !

Yet must he cease to gaze, and raving  
fly

For life—such life as makes it bliss  
to die !

On yon green height, the mosque, but  
half revealed

Through cypressgroves, a safe re-  
treat may yield.

Thither his steps are bent—yet oft  
he turns, [burns,

Watching that fearful beacon as it  
But paler grow the sinking flames

at last,  
Flickering they fade, their crimson

light is past ;  
And spiry vapours, rising o'er the

scene,  
Mark where the terrors of their wrath

have been.  
And now his feet have reached that

lonely pile,  
Where grief and terror may repose

awhile ;  
Embowered it stands, 'midst wood

and cliff on high,  
Through the grey rocks, a torrent

sparkling nigh ;  
He hails the scene where every care

should cease,  
And all—except the heart he brings

—is peace.

There is a deep stillness in those  
halls of state

Where the loud cries of conflict rang  
so late ;

Stillness like that, when fierce the  
kamsin's blast

Hath o'er the dwellings of the desert  
passed.

Fearful the calm—nor voice, nor step,  
nor breath,

Disturbs that scene of beauty and of  
death ;

Those vaulted roofs re-echo not a  
sound,

Save the wild gush of waters—mur-  
muring round

In ceaseless melodies of plaintive tone,  
Through chambers peopled by the

dead alone.  
O'er the mosaic floors, with carnage

red,  
Breastplate, and shield, and cloven

helm are spread  
In mingled fragments—glittering to

the light  
Of yon still moon, whose rays, yet

softly bright,  
Their streaming lustre tremulously

shed,  
And smile, in placid beauty, o'er the

dead : [trace  
O'er features where the fiery spirit's

E'en death itself is powerless to efface ;  
O'er those who, flushed with ardent

youth, awoke,  
When glowing morn in bloom and

radiance broke,  
Nor dreamt how near the dark and

frozen sleep  
Which hears not Glory call, nor

Anguish weep ;  
In the low silent house, the narrow

spot,  
Home of forgetfulness—and soon

forgot.

But slowly fade the stars—the  
night is o'er—

Morn beams on those who hail her  
light no more ;

Slumbers who ne'er shall wake on  
earth again,

Mourners, who call the loved, the  
lost, in vain.

Yet smiles the day—oh ! not for  
mortal tear

Doth nature deviate from her calm  
career ;  
Nor is the earth less laughing or less  
fair,  
Though breaking hearts her gladness  
may not share.  
O'er the cold urn the beam of sum-  
mer glows,  
O'er fields of blood the zephyr freshly  
blows ;  
Bright shines the sun, though all be  
dark below,  
And skies are cloudless o'er a world  
of woe,  
And flowers renewed in spring's  
green pathway bloom,  
Alike to grace the banquet and the  
tomb,

Within Granada's walls the funeral  
rite  
Attends that day of loveliness and  
light ;  
And many a chief, with dirges and  
with tears,  
Is gathered to the brave of other  
years :  
And Hamet, as beneath the cypress  
shade  
His martyred brother and his sire  
are laid,  
Feels every deep resolve, and burning  
thought  
Of ampler vengeance, e'en to passion  
wrought ;  
Yet is the hour afar—and he must  
brood  
O'er those dark dreams awhile in  
solitude.  
Tumult and rage are hushed—  
another day  
In still solemnity hath passed away,  
In that deep slumber of exhausted  
wrath,  
The calm that follows in the tempest's  
path.

And now Abdallah leaves yon  
peaceful fane,  
His ravaged city traversing again.  
No sound of gladness his approach  
precedes,  
No splendid pageant the procession  
leads ;  
Where'er he moves the silent streets  
along,

Broods a stern quiet o'er the sullen  
throng.  
No voice is heard ; but in each  
altered eye,  
Once brightly beaming when his steps  
were nigh,  
And in each look of those whose love  
hath fled  
From all on earth to slumber with  
the dead,  
Those by his guilt made desolate,  
and thrown  
On the bleak wilderness of life alone—  
In youth's quick glance of scarce-  
dissembled rage,  
And the pale mien of calmly-mourn-  
ful age,  
May well be read a dark and fearful  
tale  
Of thought that ill the indignant  
heart can veil,  
And passion, like the hushed volcano's  
power,  
That waits in stillness its appointed  
hour.

No more the clarion from Granada's  
walls,  
Heard o'er the Vega, to the tourney  
calls ;  
No more her graceful daughters,  
throned on high,  
Bend o'er the lists the darkly-radiant  
eye ;  
Silence and gloom her palaces o'er-  
spread,  
And song is hushed, and pageantry  
is fled.  
Weep fated city ! o'er thy heroes  
weep—  
Low in the dust the sons of glory  
sleep !  
Furled are their banners in the lonely  
hall,  
Their trophied shields hang moulder-  
ing on the wall,  
Wildly their chargers range the  
pastures o'er,  
Their voice in battle shall be heard  
no more ;  
And they, who still thy tyrant's  
wrath survive,  
Whom he hath wronged too deeply  
to forgive,  
That race, of lineage high, of worth  
approved,

The chivalrous, the princely, the beloved—

Thine Aben-Zurrah—they no more shall wield

In thy proud cause the conquering lance and shield :

Condemned to bid the cherished scenes farewell

Where the loved ashes of their fathers dwell,

And far o'er foreign plains, as exiles, roam,

Their land the desert, and the grave their home.

Yet there is one shall see that race depart,

In deep, though silent, agony of heart ;

One whose dark fate must be to mourn alone,

Unseen her sorrows, and their cause unknown,

And veil her heart, and teach her cheek to wear

That smile, in which the spirit hath no share ;

Like the bright beams that shed their fruitless glow

O'er the cold solitude of Alpine snow.

Soft, fresh, and silent, is the mid-night hour,

And the young Zayda seeks her lonely bower ;

That Zegri maid, within whose gentle mind

One name is deeply, secretly enshrined.

That name in vain stern Reason would efface :

Hamet ! 'tis thine, thou foe to all her race !

And yet not hers in bitterness to prove

The sleepless pangs of unrequited love ;

Pangs, which the rose of wasted youth consume,

And make the heart of all delight the tomb,

Check the free spirit in its eagle-flight, And the spring-morn of early genius blight ;

Nor such her grief—though now she wakes to weep,

While tearless eyes enjoy the honey-dews of sleep.

A step treads lightly through the citron shade,

Lightly, but by the rustling leaves betrayed—

Doth her young hero seek that well-known spot,

Scene of past hours that ne'er may be forgot ?

'Tis he—but changed that eye, whose glance of fire

Could, like a sunbeam, hope and joy inspire,

As, luminous with youth, with ardour fraught,

It spoke of glory to the inmost thought ;

Thence the bright spirit's eloquence hath fled, [read

And in its wild expression may be Stern thoughts and fierce resolves—

now veiled in shade,

And now in characters of fire portrayed,

Changed e'en his voice—as thus its mournful tone

Wakes in her heart each feeling of his own.

" Zayda, my doom is fixed—another day

And the wronged exile shall be far away ;

Far from the scenes where still his heart must be,

His home of youth, and more than all—from thee.

Oh ! what a cloud hath gathered o'er my lot,

Since last we met on this fair tranquil spot !

Lovely as then, the soft and silent hour,

And not a rose hath faded from thy bower ;

But I—my hopes the tempest hath o'erthrown,

And changed my heart, to all but thee alone.

Farewell, high thoughts ! inspiring hopes of praise !

Heroic visions of my early days ! In me the glories of my race must end—

The exile hath no country to defend !  
 E'en in life's morn my dreams of  
 pride are o'er,  
 Youth's buoyant spirit wakes for me  
 no more,  
 And one wild feeling in my altered  
 breast  
 Broods darkly o'er the ruins of the  
 rest.  
 Yet fear not thou—to thee in good or  
 ill,  
 The heart, so sternly tried, is faithful  
 still !  
 But when my steps are distant, and  
 my name  
 Thou hearest no longer in the song of  
 fame ;  
 When Time steals on in silence to  
 efface  
 Of early love each pure and sacred  
 trace,  
 Causing our sorrows and our hopes to  
 seem  
 But as the moonlight pictures of a  
 dream,—  
 Still shall thy soul be with me, in the  
 truth  
 And all the fervour of affection's  
 youth.  
 If such thy love, one beam of heaven  
 shall play  
 In lonely beauty o'er thy wanderer's  
 way."

" Ask not, if such my love ! Oh !  
 trust the mind  
 To grief so long, so silently resigned !  
 Let the light spirit, ne'er by sorrow  
 taught  
 The pure and lofty constancy of  
 thought,  
 Its fleeting trials eager to forget,  
 Rise with elastic power o'er each  
 regret !  
 Fostered in tears, *our* young affection  
 grew,  
 And I have learned to suffer and be  
 true.  
 Deem not my love a frail, ephemeral  
 flower,  
 Nursed by soft sunshine and the  
 balmy shower ;  
 No ! 'tis the child of tempests, and  
 defies,  
 And meets unchanged, the anger of  
 the skies !

Too well I feel, with grief's prophetic  
 heart,  
 That ne'er to meet in happier days,  
 we part.  
 We part ! and e'en this agonising hour,  
 When love first feels his own o'er-  
 whelming power,  
 Shall soon to Memory's fixed and  
 tearful eye  
 Seem almost happiness—for thou  
 wert nigh !  
 Yes ! when this heart in solitude shall  
 bleed,  
 As days to days all wearily succeed,  
 When doomed to weep in loneliness,  
 'twill be  
 Almost like rapture to have wept with  
 thee.

" But thou, my Hamet, thou canst  
 yet bestow  
 All that of joy my blighted lot can  
 know.  
 Oh ! be thou still the high-souled and  
 the brave, [I gave,  
 To whom my first and fondest vows  
 In thy proud fame's untarnished  
 beauty still  
 The lofty visions of my youth fulfil.  
 So shall it soothe me, 'midst my  
 heart's despair,  
 To hold undimmed one glorious  
 image there !"

" Zayda, my best-beloved ! my  
 words too well,  
 Too soon, thy bright illusions must  
 dispel ;  
 Yet must my soul to thee unveiled  
 be shown,  
 And all its dreams and all its passions  
 known.  
 Thou shalt not be deceived—for pure  
 as heaven  
 Is thy young love, in faith and fervour  
 given.  
 I said my heart was changed—and  
 would thy thought  
 Explore the ruin by thy kindred  
 wrought,  
 In fancy trace the land whose towers  
 and fanes,  
 Crushed by the earthquake, strew its  
 ravaged plains ;  
 And such that heart—where desola-  
 tion's hand



Hath blighted all that once was fair  
 or grand !  
 But Vengeance, fixed upon her burn-  
 ing throne,  
 Sits, 'midst the wreck, in silence and  
 alone ;  
 And I, in stern devotion at her  
 shrine,  
 Each softer feeling, but my love,  
 resign.  
 —Yes ! they whose spirits all my  
 thoughts control,  
 Who hold dread converse with my  
 thrilling soul ;  
 They, the betrayed, the sacrificed,  
 the brave,  
 Who fill a blood-stained and untimely  
 grave,  
 Must be avenged ! and pity and  
 remorse  
 In that stern cause are banished  
 from my course.  
 Zayda, thou tremblest—and thy  
 gentle breast  
 Shrinks from the passions that  
 destroy my rest ;  
 Yet shall thy form, in many a stormy  
 hour,  
 Pass brightly o'er my soul with  
 softening power,  
 And, oft recalled, thy voice beguile  
 my lot,  
 Like some sweet lay, once heard, and  
 ne'er forgot.

“ But the night wanes—the hours  
 too swiftly fly,  
 The bitter moment of farewell draws  
 nigh ;  
 Yet, loved one ! weep not thus—in  
 joy or pain,  
 Oh ! trust thy Hamet, we shall meet  
 again !  
 Yes, we shall meet ! and haply smile  
 at last  
 On all the clouds and conflicts of the  
 past.  
 On that fair vision teach thy thoughts  
 to dwell,  
 Nor deem these mingling tears our  
 last farewell ! ”

Is the voice hushed, whose loved,  
 expressive tone  
 Thrilled to her heart—and doth she  
 weep alone ?

Alone she weeps ; that hour of  
 parting o'er,  
 When shall the pang it leaves be felt  
 no more ?  
 The gale breathes light, and fans her  
 bosom fair,  
 Showering the dewy rose-leaves o'er  
 her hair ;  
 But ne'er for her shall dwell reviving  
 power  
 In balmy dew, soft breeze, or fra-  
 grant flower,  
 To wake once more that calm, serene  
 delight,  
 The soul's young bloom, which  
 passion's breath could blight—  
 The smiling stillness of life's morning  
 hour,  
 Ere yet the day-star burns in all its  
 power.  
 Meanwhile, through groves of deep  
 luxurious shade,  
 In the rich foliage of the South  
 arrayed,  
 Hamet, ere dawns the earliest blush  
 of day,  
 Bends to the vale of tombs his pen-  
 sive way.  
 Fair is that scene where palm and  
 cypress wave  
 On high o'er many an Aben-Zurrah's  
 grave.  
 Lonely and fair, its fresh and glitter-  
 ing leaves  
 With the young myrtle there the  
 laurel weaves,  
 To canopy the dead ; nor wanting  
 there  
 Flowers to the turf, nor fragrance to  
 the air,  
 Nor wood-bird's note, nor fall of  
 plaintive stream—  
 Wild music, soothing to the mourner's  
 dream.  
 There sleep the chiefs of old—their  
 combats o'er,  
 The voice of glory thrills their hearts  
 no more.  
 Unheard by them the awakening  
 clarion blows ;  
 The sons of war at length in peace  
 repose.  
 No martial note is in the gale that  
 sighs,  
 Where proud their trophied sepul-  
 chres arise,

'Mid founts, and shades, and  
flowers of brightest bloom,  
As, in his native vale, some shep-  
herd's tomb.

There, where the trees their  
thickest foliage spread  
Dark o'er that silent valley of the  
dead ;  
Where two fair pillars rise, embowered  
and lone,  
Not yet with ivy clad, with moss  
o'ergrown,  
Young Hamet kneels—while thus  
his vows are poured,  
The fearful vows that consecrate his  
sword :  
—" Spirit of him who first within  
my mind  
Each loftier aim, each nobler thought  
enshrined,  
And taught my steps the line of light  
to trace,  
Left by the glorious fathers of my  
race,  
Hear thou my voice—for mine is with  
me still, [thrill,  
In every dream its tones my bosom  
In the deep calm of midnight they  
are near,  
'Midst busy throngs they vibrate  
on my ear,  
Still murmuring ' vengeance ! '—nor  
in vain the call,  
Few, few shall triumph in a hero's  
fall !  
Cold as thine own to glory and to fame,  
Within my heart there lives one only  
aim ;  
There, till the oppressor for thy fate  
atone,  
Concentrating every thought, it reigns  
alone.  
I will not weep—revenge, not grief,  
must be,  
And blood, not tears, an offering meet  
for thee ;  
But the dark hour of stern delight  
will come,  
And thou shalt triumph, warrior ! in  
thy tomb.

" Thou, too, my brother ! thou art  
passed away,  
Without thy fame, in life's fair-  
dawning day.

Son of the brave ! of thee no trace  
will shine  
In the proud annals of thy lofty  
line ;  
Nor shall thy deeds be deathless in  
the lays  
That hold communion with the  
after-days.  
Yet, by the wreaths thou mightst  
have nobly won,  
Hadst thou but lived till rose thy  
noontide sun ;  
By glory lost, I swear ! by hope  
betrayed,  
Thy fate shall amply, dearly, be  
repaid ;  
War with thy foes I deem a holy  
strife,  
And, to avenge thy death, devote  
my life.  
" Hear ye my vows, O spirits of  
the slain !  
Hear, and be with me on the battle-  
plain !  
At noon, at midnight, still around  
me bide,  
Rise on my dreams, and tell me  
how ye died ! "

## CANTO II

Oh ! ben provvide il cielo  
Ch' uom per delitti mai lieto non sia.  
ALFIERI.

FAIR land ! of chivalry the old  
domain,  
Land of the vine and olive, lovely  
Spain !  
Though not for thee with classic  
shores to vie  
In charms that fix the enthusiast's  
pensive eye ;  
Yet hast thou scenes of beauty, richly  
fraught  
With all that wakes the glow of lofty  
thought ;  
Fountains, and vales, and rocks,  
whose ancient name  
High deeds have raised to mingle  
with their fame.  
Those scenes are peaceful now : the  
citron blows,  
Wild spreads the myrtle, where the  
brave repose.  
No sound of battle swells on Douro's  
shore,

And banners wave on Ebro's banks  
no more.

But' who, unmoved, unawed, shall  
coldly tread

Thy fields that sepulchre the mighty  
dead ?

Blest be that soil ! where England's  
heroes share

The grave of chiefs, for ages slumber-  
ing there ;

Whose names are glorious in romantic  
lays,

The wild, sweet chronicles of elier  
days—

By goatherd lone, and rude serrano  
sung,

Thy cypress dells, and vine-clad rocks  
among :

How oft those rocks have echoed  
to the tale

Of knights who fell in Roncesvalles'  
vale ;

Of him, renowned in old heroic lore,  
First of the brave, the gallant Cam-  
peador ;

Of those, the famed in song, who  
proudly died

When " Rio Verde " rolled a crimson  
tide ;

Or that high name, by Garcilasso's  
might,

On the green Vega won in single  
fight.

Round fair Granada, deepening  
from afar,

O'er that green Vega rose the din of  
war.

At morn or eve no more the sun-  
beams shone

O'er a calm scene, in pastoral beauty  
lone ;

On helm and corslet tremulous they  
glanced,

On shield and spear in quivering  
lustre danced.

Far as the sight by clear Xenil could  
rove,

Tents rose around, and banners  
glanced above.

And steeds in gorgeous trappings,  
armour bright

With gold, reflecting every tint of  
light,

And many a floating plume, and  
blazoned shield,

Diffused romantic splendour o'er the  
field.

There swell those sounds that bid  
the life-blood start

Swift to the mantling cheek and  
beating heart.

The clang of echoing steel, the  
charger's neigh,

The measured tread of hosts in war's  
array ;

And, oh ! that music, whose exulting  
breath

Speaks but of glory on the road to  
death ;

In whose wild voice there dwells  
inspiring power

To wake the stormy joy of danger's  
hour ;

To nerve the arm, the spirit to sustain,  
Rouse from despondence, and support

in pain ;

And, 'midst the deepening tumults  
of the strife,

Teach every pulse to thrill with  
more than life.

High o'er the camp, in many a  
brodered fold,

Floats to the wind a standard rich  
with gold :

There, imaged on the Cross, *His* form  
appears

Who drank for man the bitter cup  
of tears—

*His* form, Whose word recalled the  
spirit fled,

Now borne by hosts to guide them  
o'er the dead !

O'er yon fair walls to plant the Cross  
on high,

Spain hath sent forth her flower of  
chivalry.

Fired with that ardour which, in days  
of yore,

To Syrian plains the bold crusaders  
bore ;

Elate with lofty hope, with martial  
[zeal,

They come, the gallant children of  
Castile ;

The proud, the calmly dignified :—  
and there,

Ebro's dark sons with haughty mien  
repair,

And those who guide the fiery steed  
of war

From yon rich province of the western  
star.

But thou, conspicuous 'midst the  
glitt'ring scene,  
Stern grandeur stamped upon thy  
princely mien ;  
Known by the foreign garb, the  
silvery vest,  
The snow-white charger, and the  
azure crest,  
Young Aben-Zurrah ! 'midst that  
host of foes,  
Why shines *thy* helm, thy Moorish  
lance ? Disclose :  
Why rise the tents where dwell thy  
kindred train,  
O son of Afric, 'midst the sons of  
Spain ?  
Hast thou with these thy nation's  
fall conspired,  
Apostate chief ! by hope of ven-  
geance fired ?  
How art thou changed ! Still first  
in every fight,  
Hamet, the Moor ! Castile's devoted  
knight !  
There dwells a fiery lustre in thine eye,  
But not the light that shone in days  
gone by ;  
There is wild ardour in thy look  
and tone,  
But not the soul's expression once  
thine own,  
Nor aught like peace within. Yet  
who shall say  
What secret thoughts thine inmost  
heart may sway ?  
No eye but Heaven's may pierce  
that curtained breast,  
Whose joys and griefs alike are unex-  
pressed.

There hath been combat on the  
tented plain ;  
The Vega's turf is red with many a  
stain ;  
And, rent and trampled, banner, crest,  
and shield, [field :  
Tell of a fierce and well-contested  
But all is peaceful now—the west is  
bright  
With the rich splendour of departing  
light ;  
Mulhacen's peak, half lost amidst  
the sky,

Glow like a purple evening cloud  
on high,  
And tints, that mock the pencil's  
art, o'erspread  
The eternal snow that crowns Veleta's  
head ;  
While the warm sunset o'er the land-  
scape throws  
A solemn beauty, and a deep repose.  
Closed are the toils and tumults  
of the day,  
And Hamet wanders from the camp  
away,  
In silent musings wrapt :—the  
slaughtered brave  
Lie thickly strewn by Darro's rippling  
wave.  
Soft fall the dews—but other drops  
have dyed  
The scented shrubs that fringe  
the river side,  
Beneath whose shade, as ebbing life  
retired,  
The wounded sought a shelter—and  
expired. [days,  
Lonely, and lost in thoughts of other  
By the bright windings of the stream  
he strays,  
Till, more remote from battle's  
ravaged scene,  
All is repose, and solitude serene.  
There, 'neath an olive's ancient shade  
reclined,  
Whose rustling foliage waves in  
evening's wind,  
The harassed warrior, yielding to  
the power,  
The mild sweet influence of the tran-  
quil hour,  
Feels, by degrees, a long-forgotten  
calm  
Shed o'er his troubled soul unwonted  
balm ;  
His wrongs, his woes, his dark and  
dubious lot,  
The past, the future, are awhile  
forgot ;  
And Hope, scarce owned, yet steal-  
ing o'er his breast,  
Half dares to whisper, " Thou shalt  
-yet be blest ! "

Such his vague musings—but a  
plaintive sound  
Breaks on the deep and solemn still-  
ness round ;

A low, half-stifled moan, that seems  
to rise  
From life and death's contending  
agonies.  
He turns : Who shares with him that  
lonely shade ?  
—A youthful warrior on his death-  
bed laid.  
All rent and stained his broidered  
Moorish vest,  
The corslet shattered on his bleeding  
breast ;  
In his cold hand the broken falchion  
strained,  
With life's last force convulsively  
retained ;  
His plumage soiled with dust, with  
crimson dyed,  
And the red lance, in fragments, by  
his side ;  
He lies forsaken—pillowed on his  
shield,  
His helmet raised, his lineaments  
revealed.  
Pale is that quivering lip, and van-  
ished now  
The light once throned on that  
commanding brow ;  
And o'er that fading eye, still up-  
ward cast,  
The shades of death are gathering  
dark and fast.  
Yet, as yon rising moon her light  
serene  
Sheds the pale olive's waving boughs  
between,  
Too well can Hamet's conscious  
heart retrace,  
Though changed thus fearfully, that  
pallid face,  
Whose every feature to his soul con-  
veys  
Some bitter thought of long-departed  
days.

“ Oh ! is it thus,” he cries, “ we  
meet at last ?  
Friend of my soul in years for ever  
past !  
Hath fate but led me hither to  
behold  
The last dread struggle, ere that  
heart is cold,—  
Receive thy latest agonising breath,  
And, with vain pity, soothe the pangs  
of death ?

Yet let me bear thee hence ; while  
life remains,  
E'en though thus feebly circling  
through thy veins,  
Some healing balm thy sense may  
still revive,  
Hope is not lost—and Osmyn yet may  
live !  
And blest were he, whose timely  
care should save  
A heart so noble, e'en from glory's  
grave.”

Roused by those accents, from his  
lowly bed  
The dying warrior faintly lifts his  
head ;  
O'er Hamet's mien, with vague, un-  
certain gaze,  
His doubtful glance awhile bewildered  
strays ;  
Till, by degrees, a smile of proud  
disdain  
Lights up those features late con-  
vulsed with pain ;  
A quivering radiance flashes from  
his eye,  
That seems too pure, too full of soul  
to die ;  
And the mind's grandeur, in its  
parting hour,  
Looks from that brow with more  
than wonted power.

“ Away ! ” he cries, in accents of  
command,  
And proudly waves his cold and  
trembling hand.  
“ Apostate, hence ! my soul shall  
soon be free,  
E'en now it soars, disdaining aid  
from thee :  
'Tis not for thee to close the fading  
eyes  
Of him who faithful to his country  
dies ;  
Not for *thy* hand to raise the drooping  
head  
Of him who sinks to rest on glory's  
bed.  
Soon shall these pangs be closed,  
this conflict o'er,  
And worlds be mine where thou canst  
never soar :  
Be thine existence with a blighted  
name,

Mine the bright death which seals  
a warrior's fame!"

The glow hath vanished from his  
cheek—his eye  
Hath lost that beam of parting  
energy;  
Frozen and fixed it seems—his brow  
is chill;  
One struggle more—that noble heart  
is still.  
Departed warrior! were thy mortal  
throes,  
Were thy last pangs, ere Nature  
found repose,  
More keen, more bitter, than the  
envenomed dart  
Thy dying words have left in Hamet's  
heart?  
Thy pangs were transient; *his*  
shall sleep no more,  
Till life's delirious dream itself is  
o'er;  
But thou shalt rest in glory, and thy  
grave  
Be the pure altar of the patriot brave.  
Oh! what a change that little hour  
hath wrought  
In the high spirit and unbending  
thought!  
Yet, from himself each keen regret  
to hide,  
Still Hamet struggles with indignant  
pride;  
While his soul rises, gathering all  
its force,  
To meet the tearful conflict with  
remorse.

To thee, at length, whose artless  
love hath been  
His own, unchanged, through many  
a stormy scene;  
Zayda! to thee his heart for refuge  
flies;  
Thou still art faithful to affection's  
ties.  
Yes! let the world upbraid, let foes  
contemn,  
Thy gentle breast the tide will firmly  
stem;  
And soon thy smile, and soft consol-  
ing voice,  
Shall bid his troubled soul again  
rejoice.

Within Granada's walls are hearts  
and hands  
Whose aid in secret Hamet yet  
commands;  
Nor hard the task, at some propi-  
tious hour,  
To win his silent way to Zayda's  
bower,  
When night and peace are brooding  
o'er the world,  
When mute the clarions, and the ban-  
ners furled.  
That hour is come—and, o'er the  
arms he bears,  
A wandering fakir's garb the chief-  
tain wears:  
Disguise that ill from piercing eye  
could hide [pride;  
The lofty port, and glance of martial  
But night befriends—through paths  
obscure he passed,  
And hailed the lone and lovely scene  
at last;  
Young Zayda's chosen haunt, the  
fair alcove,  
The sparkling fountain, and the  
orange grove:  
Calm in the moonlight smiles the  
still retreat,  
As formed alone for happy hearts to  
meet.  
For happy hearts?—not such as hers,  
who there  
Bends o'er her lute, with dark, un-  
braided hair;  
That maid of Zegri race, whose eye,  
whose mien,  
Tell that despair her bosom's guest  
hath been.  
So lost in thought she seems, the  
warrior's feet  
Unheard approach her solitary seat,  
Till his known accents every sense  
restore—  
"My own loved Zayda! do we meet  
once more?"  
She starts, she turns—the lightning  
of surprise,  
Of sudden rapture, flashes from her  
eyes;  
But that is fleeting—it is past—and  
now  
Far other meaning darkens o'er her  
brow:  
Changed is her aspect, and her tone  
severe—

"Hence, Aben-Zurrah! death surrounds thee here!"

"Zayda, what means that glance, unlike thine own?"

What mean those words, and that unwonted tone;

I will not deem thee changed—but in thy face

It is not joy, it is not love, I trace!  
It was not thus in other days we met:  
Hath time, hath absence, taught thee to forget?

Oh! speak once more—these rising doubts dispel;

One smile of tenderness, and all is well!"

"Not thus we met in other days!—oh, no!

Thou wert not, warrior then thy country's foe!

Those days are past—we ne'er shall meet again

With hearts all warmth, all confidence, as then.

But *thy* dark soul no gentler feelings sway,

Leader of hostile bands! away, away!

On in thy path of triumph and of power,

Nor pause to raise from earth a blighted flower."

"And *thou* too changed! thine early vow forgot!

This, this alone was wanting to my lot!

Exiled and scorned, of every tie bereft,

Thy love, the desert's lonely fount, was left;

And thou, my soul's last hope, its lingering beam,

Thou, the good angel of each brighter dream,

Wert all the barrenness of life possest,

To wake one soft affection in my breast!

That vision ended—fate hath nought in store

Of joy or sorrow e'er to touch me more.

Go, Zegri maid! to scenes of sunshine fly

From the stern pupil of adversity!  
And now to hope, to confidence, adieu!

If thou art faithless, who shall e'er be true?"

"Hamet! oh, wrong me not!—I too could speak

Of sorrows—trace them on my faded cheek,

In the sunk eye, and in the wasted form,

That tell the heart hath nursed a canker-worm!

But words were idle—read my sufferings there,

Where grief is stamped on all that once was fair.

"Oh! wert thou still what once I fondly deemed,

All that thy mien expressed, thy spirit seemed,

My love had been devotion—till in death

Thy name had trembled on my latest breath.

But not the chief who leads a lawless band,

To crush the altars of his native land;

The apostate son of heroes, whose disgrace

Hath stained the trophies of a glorious race;

Not *him* I loved—but one whose youthful name

Was pure and rad'ant in unsullied fame.

Hadst thou but died, ere yet dishonour's cloud

O'er that young name had gathered as a shroud,

I then had mourned thee proudly, and my grief

In its own loftiness had found relief;

A noble sorrow, cherished to the last,  
When every meaner woe had long been past.

Yes! let Affection weep—no common tear

She sheds, when bending o'er a hero's bier.

Let Nature mourn the dead—a grief like this,

To pangs that rend *my* bosom, had been bliss!"

" High-minded maid ! the time  
 admits not now  
 ' To plead my cause, to vindicate my  
 vow.  
 That vow, too dread, too solemn to  
 recall,  
 Hath urged me onward, haply to my  
 fall.  
 Yet this believe—no meaner aim  
 inspires  
 My soul, no dream of poor ambition  
 fires.  
 No ! every hope of power, of triumph,  
 fled,  
 Behold me but the avenger of the  
 dead !  
 One whose changed heart no tie, no  
 kindred knows,  
 And in thy love alone hath sought  
 repose.  
 Zayda ! wilt *thou* his stern accuser  
 be ?  
 False to his country, he is true to  
 thee !  
 Oh, hear me yet !—if Hamet e'er was  
 dear,  
 By our first vows, our young affection,  
 hear !  
 Soon must this fair and royal city fall,  
 Soon shall the Cross be planted on her  
 wall ;  
 Then who can tell what tides of blood  
 may flow,  
 While her fanes echo to the shrieks  
 of woe ?  
 Fly, fly with me, and let me bear thee  
 far  
 From horrors thronging in the path  
 of war :  
 Fly ! and repose in safety—till the  
 blast  
 Hath made a desert in its course—and  
 passed ! "

" Thou that wilt triumph when the  
 hour is come,  
 Hastened by thee, to seal thy coun-  
 try's doom,  
 With *thee* from scenes of death shall  
 Zayda fly  
 To peace and safety ?—Woman, too,  
 can die !  
 And die exulting, though unknown  
 to fame,  
 In all the stainless beauty of her  
 name !

Be mine, un murmuring, undismayed,  
 to share  
 The fate my kindred and my sire  
 must bear.  
 And deem thou not my feeble heart  
 shall fail,  
 When the clouds gather and the blasts  
 assail.  
 Thou hast but known me ere the  
 trying hour  
 Called into life my spirit's latent  
 power ;  
 But I have energies that idly slept,  
 While withering o'er my silent woes I  
 wept ;  
 And now, when hope and happiness  
 are fled,  
 My soul is firm—for what remains to  
 dread !  
 Who shall have power to suffer and  
 to bear,  
 If strength and courage dwell not  
 with Despair ?

" Hamet, farewell—retrace thy path  
 again,  
 To join thy brethren on the tented  
 plain.  
 There wave and wood, in mingling  
 murmurs, tell  
 How, in far other cause, thy fathers  
 fell !  
 Yes ! on that soil hath Glory's foot-  
 step been,  
 Names unforgotten consecrate the  
 scene !  
 Dwell not the souls of heroes round  
 thee there,  
 Whose voices call thee in the whisper-  
 ing air ?  
 Unheard, in vain, they call—their  
 fallen son  
 Hath stained the name those mighty  
 spirits won,  
 And to the hatred of the brave and  
 free  
 Bequeathed his own, through ages  
 yet to be ! "

Still as she spoke, the enthusiast's  
 kindling eye  
 Was lighted up with inborn majesty,  
 While her fair form and youthful  
 features caught  
 All the proud grandeur of heroic  
 thought,



Severely beauteous ; awestruck and amazed,  
 In silent trance a while the warrior gazed,  
 As on some lofty vision—for she seemed  
 One all inspired—each look with glory beamed,  
 While, brightly bursting through its cloud of woes,  
 Her soul at once in all its light arose.  
 Oh ! ne'er had Hamet deemed there dwelt enshrined  
 In form so fragile that unconquered mind ;  
 And fixed, as by some high enchantment, there  
 He stood—till wonder yielded to despair.

“ The dream is vanished—daughter of my foes !  
 Reft of each hope, the lonely wanderer goes.  
 Thy words have pierced his soul—yet deem thou not  
 Thou couldst be once adored, and e'er forgot !  
 Oh, formed for happier love, heroic maid !  
 In grief sublime, in danger undis-mayed,  
 Farewell, and be thou blest !—all words were vain  
 From him who ne'er may view that form again ;  
 Him, whose sole thought resembling bliss must be  
 He *hath* been loved, once fondly loved by, thee ! ”  
 And is the warrior gone ?—doth Zayda hear  
 His parting footstep, and without a tear ?  
 Thou weapest not, lofty maid !—yet who can tell  
 What secret pangs within thy heart may dwell ?  
 They feel not least, the firm, the high in soul,  
 Who best each feeling's agony control.  
 Yes, we may judge the measure of the grief  
 Which finds in Misery's eloquence relief ;

But who shall pierce those depths of silent woe  
 Whence breathes no language, whence no tears may flow ?  
 The pangs that many a noble breast hath proved,  
 Scorning itself that thus it *could* be moved ?  
 He, He alone, the inmost heart Who knows,  
 Views all its weakness, pities all its throes,  
 He who hath mercy when mankind contemn,  
 Beholding anguish—all unknown to them.

Fair city ! thou that midst thy stately fanes  
 And gilded minarets, towering o'er the plains,  
 In Eastern grandeur proudly dost arise  
 Beneath thy canopy of deep-blue skies ;  
 While streams that bear thee treasures in their wave,  
 Thy citron groves and myrtle gardens lave ;  
 Mourn, for thy doom is fixed—the days of fear,  
 Of chains, of wrath, of bitterness, are near !  
 Within, around thee, are the trophied graves  
 Of kings and chiefs—their children shall be slaves.  
 Fair are thy halls, thy domes majestic swell,  
 But there a race that reared them not shall dwell ;  
 For midst thy councils Discord still presides,  
 Degenerate fear thy wavering monarch guides—  
 Last of a line whose regal spirit flown  
 Hath to their offspring but bequeathed a throne,  
 Without one generous thought, or feeling high,  
 To teach his soul how kings should live and die.

A voice resounds within Granada's wall,  
 The hearts of warriors echo to its call.

Whose are those tones, with power  
electric fraught,  
To reach the source of pure exalted  
thought ?

See, on a fortress tower, with  
beckoning hand,  
A form, majestic as a prophet, stand !  
His mien is all impassioned—and his  
eye  
Filled with a light whose fountain is  
on high ;  
Wild on the gale his silvery tresses  
flow,  
And inspiration beams upon his  
brow ;  
While, thronging round him, breath-  
less thousands gaze,  
As on some mighty seer of elder days.

“ Saw ye the banners of Castile  
displayed,  
The helmets glittering, and the line  
arrayed ?  
Heard ye the march of steel-clad  
hosts ? ” he cries ;  
“ Children of conquerors ! in your  
strength arise !  
O high-born tribes ! O names un-  
stained by fear !  
Azarques, Zegrís, Almoradis, hear !  
Be every feud forgotten, and your  
hands  
Dyed with no blood but that of hos-  
tile bands.  
Wake, princes of the land ! the hour  
is come,  
And the red sabre must decide your  
doom.  
Where is that spirit which prevailed  
of yore,  
When Tarik’s bands o’erspread the  
western shore ?  
When the long combat raged on  
Xeres’ plain,  
And Afric’s tecbir swelled through  
yielding Spain ?  
Is the lance broken, is the shield de-  
cayed,  
The warrior’s arm unstrung, his heart  
dismayed ?  
Shall no high spirit of ascendant  
worth  
Arise to lead the sons of Islam forth ?  
To guard the regions where our  
fathers’ blood

Hath bathed each plain, and mingled  
with each flood ;  
Where long their dust hath blended  
with the soil  
Won by their swords, made fertile by  
their toil !

“ O ye sierras of eternal snow !  
Ye streams that by the tombs of  
heroes flow,  
Woods, fountains, rocks of Spain ! ye  
saw their might  
In many a fierce and unforgotten  
fight—  
Shall ye behold their lost, degenerate  
race,  
Dwell ‘midst your scenes in fetters  
and disgrace ?  
With each memorial of the past  
around,  
Each mighty monument of days re-  
nowned ?  
May this indignant heart ere then be  
cold,  
This frame be gathered to its kindred  
mould !  
And the last life-drop circling through  
my veins  
Have tinged a soil untainted yet by  
chains !

“ And yet one struggle ere our  
doom is sealed,  
One mighty effort, one deciding field !  
If vain each hope, we still have choice  
to be,  
In life the fettered, or in death the  
free ! ”

Still while he speaks, each gallant  
heart beats high,  
And ardour flashes from each kindling  
eye ;  
Youth, manhood, age, as if inspired,  
have caught  
The glow of lofty hope and daring  
thought,  
And all is hushed around—as every  
sense  
Dwelt on the tones of that wild elo-  
quence.

But when his voice hath ceased, the  
impetuous cry  
Of eager thousands bursts at once on  
high ;

Rampart, and rock, and fortress, ring  
 around,  
 And fair Alhambra's inmost halls re-  
 sound.  
 "Lead us, O chieftain! lead us to the  
 strife,  
 To fame in death, or liberty in life!"  
 O zeal of noble hearts! in vain dis-  
 played!  
 Now, while the burning spirit of the  
 brave  
 Is roused to energies that yet might  
 save,  
 E'en now, enthusiasts! while ye rush  
 to claim  
 Your glorious trial on the field of fame,  
 Your king hath yielded! Valour's  
 dream is o'er;  
 Power, wealth, and freedom, are your  
 own no more;  
 And for your children's portion, *but*  
 remains  
 That bitter heritage—the stranger's  
 chains.

## CANTO III

Fermossi al fin il cor che balzò tanto.  
 HIPPOLITO PINDEMONTE.

HEROES of elder days! untaught to  
 yield,  
 Who bled for Spain on many an  
 ancient field;  
 Ye, that around the oaken cross of  
 yore  
 Stood firm and fearless on Asturia's  
 shore,  
 And with your spirit, ne'er to be sub-  
 dued,  
 Hallowed the wild Cantabrian soli-  
 tude;  
 Rejoice amidst your dwellings of re-  
 pose,  
 In the last chastening of your Moslem  
 foes!  
 Rejoice!—for Spain, arising in her  
 strength,  
 Hath burst the remnant of their yoke  
 at length,  
 And they, in turn, the cup of woe  
 must drain,  
 And bathe their fetters with their  
 tears in vain.  
 And thou, the warrior *born in happy*  
*hour*

Valencia's lord, whose name alone  
 was power,  
 Theme of a thousand songs in days  
 gone by,  
 Conqueror of kings! exult, O Cid! on  
 high.  
 For still 'twas thine to guard thy  
 country's weal,  
 In life, in death, the watcher for  
 Castile!

Thou, in that hour when Mauri-  
 tania's bands  
 Rushed from their palmy groves and  
 burning lands,  
 E'en in the realm of spirits didst re-  
 tain [Spain!  
 A patriot's vigilance, remembering  
 Then, at deep midnight, rose the  
 mighty sound,  
 By Leon heard, in shuddering awe pro-  
 found,  
 As through her echoing streets, in  
 dread array,  
 Beings, once mortal, held their view-  
 less way;  
 Voices from worlds we know not—  
 and the tread  
 Of marching hosts, the armies of the  
 dead,  
 Thou and thy buried chieftains—from  
 the grave  
 Then did thy summons rouse a king to  
 save,  
 And join thy warriors with unearthly  
 might  
 To aid the rescue in Tolosa's fight.  
 Those days are past—the Crescent on  
 thy shore,  
 O realm of evening! sets, to rise no  
 more.  
 What banner streams afar from Vela's  
 tower?  
 The Cross, bright ensign of Iberia's  
 power!  
 What the glad shout of each exulting  
 voice?  
 Castile and Aragon! rejoice, rejoice!  
 Yielding free entrance to victorious  
 foes,  
 The Moorish city sees her gates un-  
 close,  
 And Spain's proud host, with pennon,  
 shield, and lance,  
 Through her long streets in knightly  
 garb advance.

Oh! ne'er in lofty dreams hath  
 Fancy's eye  
 Dwelt on a scene of stateher page-  
 antry,  
 At joust or tourney, theme of poet's  
 lore,  
 High masque, or solemn festival of  
 yore.  
 The gilded cupolas, that proudly rise  
 O'erarched by cloudless and cerulean  
 skies;  
 Tall minarets, shining mosques, bar-  
 baric towers,  
 Fountains, and palaces, and cypress  
 bowers:  
 And they, the splendid and triumph-  
 ant throng,  
 With helmets, glittering as they move  
 along  
 With brodered scarf, and gem-be-  
 studded mail,  
 And graceful plumage streaming on  
 the gale;  
 Shields, gold-embossed, and pennons  
 floating far,  
 And all the gorgeous blazonry of war,  
 All brightened by the rich transparent  
 hues  
 That southern suns o'er heaven and  
 earth diffuse;  
 Blend in one scene of glory, formed to  
 throw [glow.  
 O'er memory's page a never-fading  
 And there, too, foremost 'midst the  
 conquering brave,  
 Your azure-plumes, O Aben-Zurrahs!  
 wave.  
 There Hamet moves; the chief whose  
 lofty port  
 Seems nor reproach to shun, nor  
 praise to court;  
 Calm, stern, collected—yet within his  
 breast  
 Is there no pang, no struggle, uncon-  
 fessed?  
 If such there be, it still must dwell un-  
 seen,  
 Nor cloud a triumph with a sufferer's  
 mien.

Hear'st thou the solemn yet exult-  
 ing sound  
 Of the deep anthem floating far  
 around?  
 The choral voices, to the skies that  
 raise

H. P.

The full majestic harmony of praise?  
 Lo! where, surrounded by their  
 princely train,  
 They come, the sovereigns of rejoic-  
 ing Spain,  
 Borne on their trophied car—lo!  
 bursting thence  
 A blaze of chivalrous magnificence!

Onward their slow and stately  
 course they bend  
 To where the Alhambra's ancient  
 towers ascend,  
 Reared and adorned by Moorish kings  
 of yore,  
 Whose lost descendants there shall  
 dwell no more.

They reached those towers—irre-  
 regularly vast  
 And rude they seem, in mould bar-  
 baric cast:  
 They enter—to their wondering sight  
 is given  
 A Genie palace—an Arabian heaven!  
 A scene by magic raised, so strange, so  
 fair,  
 Its forms and colour seem alike of air.  
 Here, by sweet orange-bows, half  
 shaded o'er,  
 The deep clear bath reveals its marble  
 floor,  
 Its margin fringed with flowers, whose  
 glowing hues  
 The calm transparence of its wave  
 suffuse.  
 There, round the court, where Moorish  
 arches bend,  
 Aërial columns, richly decked, ascend;  
 Unlike the models of each classic race,  
 Of Doric grandeur, or Corinthian  
 grace,  
 But answering well each vision that  
 portrays  
 Arabian splendour to the poet's gaze:  
 Wild, wondrous, brilliant, all—a  
 mingling glow  
 Of rainbow tints, above, around, be-  
 low:  
 Bright streaming from the many-  
 tintured veins  
 Of precious marble, and the vivid  
 stains  
 Of rich mosaics o'er the light arcade,  
 In gay festoons and fairy knots dis-  
 played.

E

On through the enchanted realm,  
 that only seems  
 Meet for the radiant creatures of our  
 dreams,  
 The royal conquerors pass—while still  
 their sight  
 On some new wonder dwells with  
 fresh delight.  
 Here the eye roves through slender  
 colonnades,  
 O'er bowery terraces and myrtle  
 shades ;  
 Dark olive woods beyond, and far on  
 high  
 The vast sierra mingling with the sky  
 There, scattering far around their dia-  
 mond spray,  
 Clear streams from founts of alabaster  
 play,  
 Through pillared halls, where ex-  
 quisitely wrought,  
 Rich arabesques, with glittering foli-  
 age fraught,  
 Surmount each fretted arch, and lend  
 the scene  
 A wild, romantic, Oriental mien :  
 While many a verse, from Eastern  
 bards of old,  
 Borders the walls in characters of gold.  
 Here Moslem luxury, in her own  
 domain,  
 Hath held for ages her voluptuous  
 reign  
 'Midst gorgeous domes, where soon  
 shall silence brood,  
 And all be lone—a splendid solitude.  
 Now wake their echoes to a thousand  
 songs,  
 From mingling voices of exulting  
 throngs ;  
 Tambour, and flute, and atabal, are  
 there,  
 And joyous clarions pealing on the air ;  
 While every hall resounds, " Granada  
 won !  
 Granada ! for Castile and Aragon ! "

'Tis night—from dome and tower,  
 in dazzling maze,  
 The festal lamps innumera-  
 bly blaze ;  
 Through long arcades their quivering  
 lustre gleams  
 From every lattice tremulously  
 streams,  
 'Midst orange gardens plays on fount  
 and rill,

And gilds the waves of Darro and  
 Xenil ;  
 Red flame the torches on each min-  
 aret's height,  
 And shines each street an avenue  
 of light ;  
 And midnight feasts are held, and  
 music's voice  
 Through the long night still summons  
 to rejoice.

Yet there, while all would seem to  
 heedless eye  
 One blaze of pomp, one burst of  
 revelry,  
 Are hearts unsoothed by those delu-  
 sive hours,  
 Galled by the chain, though decked  
 awhile with flowers ;  
 Stern passions working in the indig-  
 nant breast,  
 Deep pangs untold, high feelings un-  
 expressed,  
 Heroic spirits, unsubmitting yet—  
 Vengeance, and keen remorse, and  
 vain regret.

From yon proud height, whose  
 olive-shaded brow  
 Commands the wide, luxuriant plains  
 below,  
 Who lingering gazes o'er the lovely  
 scene,  
 Anguish and shame contending in his  
 mien ? [son,  
 He, who, of heroes and of kings the  
 Hath lived to lose whate'er his  
 fathers won ;  
 Whose doubts and fears his people's  
 fate have sealed,  
 Wavering alike in council and in field ;  
 Weak, timid ruler of the wise and  
 brave,  
 Still a fierce tyrant or a yielding slave.

Far from these vine-clad hills and  
 azure skies,  
 To Afric's wilds the royal exile flies ;  
 Yet pauses on his way, to weep in vain  
 O'er all he never must behold again.  
 Fair spreads the scene around—for  
 him too fair,  
 Each glowing charm but deepens his  
 despair.  
 The Vega's meads, the city's glitter-  
 ing spires,

The old majestic palace of his sires,  
 The gay pavilions, and retired alcoves,  
 Bosomed in citron and pomegranate groves :  
 Tower-crested rocks, and streams that  
 wind in light,  
 All in one moment bursting on his sight,  
 Speak to his soul of glory's vanished years,  
 And wake the source of unavailing tears.  
 —Weepest thou, Abdallah?—Thou dost well to weep,  
 O feeble heart ! o'er all thou couldst not keep !  
 Well do a woman's tears befit the eye  
 Of him who knew not, as a man, to die.

The gale sighs mournfully through  
 Zayda's bower,  
 The hand is gone that nursed each infant flower.  
 No voice, no step, is in her father's halls,  
 Mute are the echoes of their marble walls ;  
 No stranger enters at the chieftain's gate,  
 But all is hushed, and void, and desolate.

There, through each tower and solitary shade,  
 In vain doth Hamet seek the Zegri maid ;  
 Her grove is silent, her pavilion lone,  
 Her lute forsaken, and her doom unknown :  
 And through the scene she loved, unheeded flows  
 The stream whose music lulled her to repose.

But oh ! to him, whose self-accusing thought  
 Whispers, 'twas *he* that desolation wrought—  
 He, who his country and his faith betrayed,  
 And lent Castile revengeful, powerful aid—  
 A voice of sorrow swells in every gale,  
 Each wave, low rippling, tells a mournful tale ;

And as the shrubs, untended, unconfined,  
 In wild exuberance rustle to the wind ;  
 Each leaf hath language to his startled sense,  
 And seems to murmur, " Thou hast driven her hence ! "  
 And well he feels to trace her flight were vain,  
 —Where hath lost love been once recalled again ?  
 In her pure breast, so long by anguish torn,  
 His name can rouse no feeling now—  
 but scorn.  
 O bitter hour ! when first the shuddering heart  
 Wakes to behold the void within—and start !  
 To feel its own abandonment, and brood  
 O'er the chill bosom's depth of solitude : [breast  
 The stormy passions that in Hamet's  
 Have swayed so long, so fiercely, are at rest ;  
 The avenger's task is closed :—he finds, too late,  
 It hath not changed his feelings, but his fate.  
 He was a lofty spirit, turned aside  
 From its bright path by woes, and wrongs, and pride,  
 And onward, in its new tumultuous course,  
 Borne with too rapid and intense a force [career,  
 To pause one moment in the dread  
 And ask—if such could be its native sphere ?  
 Now are those days of wild delirium o'er,  
 Their fears and hopes excite his soul no more ;  
 The feverish energies of passion close,  
 And his heart sinks in desolate repose,  
 Turns sickening from the world, yet shrinks not less  
 From its own deep and utter loneliness.

There is a sound of voices on the air,  
 A flash of armour to the sunbeam's glare,  
 'Midst the wild Alpuxarras ; —there, on high,

Where mountain snows are mingling  
with the sky,  
A few brave tribes, with spirit yet un-  
broke,  
Have fled indignant from the Span-  
iard's yoke.

O ye dread scenes ! where Nature  
dwells alone,  
Severely glorious on her craggy  
throne ;  
Ye citadels of rock, gigantic forms,  
Veiled by the mists, and girdled by the  
storms,—  
Ravines, and glens, and deep resound-  
ing caves,  
That hold communion with the tor-  
rent-waves ;  
And ye, the unstained and everlasting  
snows,  
That dwell above in bright and still re-  
pose ;  
To you, in every clime, in every age,  
Far from the tyrant's or the conquer-  
or's rage,  
Hath Freedom led her sons—untired  
to keep  
Her fearless vigils on the barren steep.  
She, like the mountain eagle, still de-  
lights,  
To gaze exulting from unconquered  
heights,  
And build her eyrie in defiance proud,  
To dare the wind, and mingle with the  
cloud.

Now her deep voice, the soul's  
awakener, swells,  
Wild Alpuxarras, through your in-  
most dells.  
There, the dark glens and lonely  
rocks among,  
As at the clarion's call, her children  
throng.  
She with enduring strength had nerved  
each frame,  
And made each heart the temple of  
her flame,  
Her own resisting spirit, which shall  
glow  
Unquenchably, surviving all below.

There high-born maids, that moved  
upon the earth  
More like bright creatures of aërial  
birth,

Nurslings of palaces, have fled to  
share  
The fate of brothers and of sires ; to  
bear,  
All undismayed, privation and dis-  
tress,  
And smile the roses of the wilderness ;  
And mothers with their infants, there  
to dwell  
In the deep forest or the cavern cell,  
And rear their offspring 'midst the  
rocks, to be,  
If now no more the mighty, still the  
free.

And 'midst that band are veterans,  
o'er whose head  
Sorrows and years their mingled snow  
have shed.  
They saw thy glory, they have wept  
thy fall,  
O royal city ! and the wreck of all  
They loved and hallowed most :—  
doth aught remain  
For these to prove of happiness or  
pain ?  
Life's cup is drained—earth fades be-  
fore their eye ;  
Their task is closing—they have but  
to die.  
Ask ye, why fled they hither ?—that  
their doom  
Might be, to sink unfettered to the  
tomb.  
And youth, in all its pride of strength,  
is there,  
And buoyancy of spirit, formed to  
dare  
And suffer all things—fallen on evil  
days,  
Yet darting o'er the world an ardent  
gaze,  
As on the arena where its powers may  
find  
Full scope to strive for glory with man-  
kind.  
Such are the tenants of the mountain-  
hold,  
The high in heart, unconquered, un-  
controlled :  
By day, the huntsmen of the wild—by  
night,  
Unwearied guardians of the watch-  
fire's light,  
They from their bleak majestic home  
have caught

A sterner tone of unsubmitting  
 thought,  
 While all around them bids the soul  
 arise  
 To blend with Nature's dread sub-  
 limities.  
 —But these are lofty dreams and  
 must not be  
 Where tyranny is near :—the bended  
 knee,  
 The eye whose glance no inborn gran-  
 deur fires,  
 And the tamed heart, are tributes she  
 requires ;  
 Nor must the dwellers of the rock  
 look down  
 On regal conquerors, and defy their  
 frown.  
 What warrior band is toiling to ex-  
 plore  
 The mountain pass, with pine wood  
 shadowed o'er  
 Startling with martial sounds each  
 rude recess, [ness !  
 Where the deep echo slept in loneli-  
 These are the sons of Spain !—Your  
 foes are near,  
 O exiles of the wild sierra ! hear !  
 Hear ! wake ! arise ! and from your  
 inmost caves  
 Pour like the torrent in its might of  
 waves !

Who leads the invaders on ?—his  
 features bear  
 The deep-worn traces of a calm des-  
 pair ;  
 Yet his dark brow is haughty—and  
 his eye  
 Speaks of a soul that asks not sym-  
 pathy.  
 'Tis he ! 'tis he again ! the apostate  
 chief ;  
 He comes in all the sternness of his  
 grief.  
 He comes, but changed in heart, no  
 more to wield  
 Falchion for proud Castile in battle  
 field.  
 Against his country's children—  
 though he leads  
 Castilian bands again to hostile deeds :  
 His hope is but from ceaseless pangs  
 to fly,  
 To rush upon the Moslem spears, and  
 die.

So shall remorse and love the heart re-  
 lease,  
 Which dares not dream of joy, but  
 sighs for peace,  
 The mountain echoes are awake—a  
 sound  
 Of strife is ringing through the rocks  
 around.  
 Within the steep defile that winds be-  
 tween  
 Cliffs piled on cliffs, a dark, terrific  
 scene,  
 Where Moorish exile and Castilian  
 knight  
 Are wildly mingling in the serried fight.  
 Red flows the foaming streamlet of  
 the glen,  
 Whose bright transparence ne'er was  
 stained till then ;  
 While swell the war-note and the  
 clash of spears  
 To the bleak dwellings of the moun-  
 taineers,  
 Where thy sad daughters, lost Gran-  
 ada ! wait,  
 In dread suspense, the tidings of their  
 fate.  
 But he—whose spirit, panting for its  
 rest,  
 Would fain each sword concentrate  
 in his breast—  
 Who, where a spear is pointed, or a  
 lance  
 Aimed at another's breast, would still  
 advance—  
 Courts death in vain ; each weapon  
 glances by,  
 As if for him 'twere bliss too great to  
 die.  
 Yes, Aben-Zurrah ! there are deeper  
 woes  
 Reserved for thee ere Nature's last re-  
 pose ;  
 Thou know'st not yet what vengeance  
 fate can wreak,  
 Nor all the heart can suffer ere it  
 break.  
 Doubtful and long the strife, and  
 bravely fell  
 The sons of battle in that narrow dell ;  
 Youth in its light of beauty there hath  
 past,  
 And age, the weary, found repose at  
 last ;  
 Till, few and faint, the Moslem tribes  
 recoil,



Borne down by numbers, and o'er-  
powered by toil.  
Dispersed, disheartened, through the  
pass they fly,  
Pierce the deep wood, or mount the  
cliff on high ;  
While Hamet's band in wonder gaze,  
nor dare  
Track o'er their dizzy path the foot-  
steps of despair.

Yet he, to whom each danger hath  
become  
A dark delight, and every wild a home,  
Still urges onward—undismayed to  
tread  
Where life's fond lovers would recoil  
with dread.  
But fear is for the happy—*they* may  
shrink [brink ;  
From the steep precipice, or torrent's  
They to whom earth is paradise—  
their doom  
Lends no stern courage to approach  
the tomb :  
Not such his lot, who, schooled by fate  
severe,  
Were but too blest if aught remained  
to fear.  
Up the rude crags, whose giant masses  
throw  
Eternal shadows o'er the glen below ;  
And by the fall, whose many-tinctured  
spray  
Half in a mist of radiance veils its way,  
He holds his venturous track :—sup-  
ported now  
By some overhanging pine or ilex  
bough ;  
Now by some jutting stone, that  
seems to dwell  
Half in mid-air, as balanced by a spell  
Now hath his footstep gained the sum-  
mit's head,  
A level span, with emerald verdure  
spread,  
A fairy circle—there the heath  
flowers rise,  
And the rock-rose unnoticed blooms  
and dies ;  
And brightly plays the stream, ere yet  
its tide  
In foam and thunder cleave the moun-  
tain side ;  
But all is wild beyond—and Hamet's  
eye

Roves o'er a world of rude sublimity.  
That dell beneath, where e'en at noon  
of day  
Earth's chartered guest, the sunbeam,  
scarce can stray ;  
Around, untrodden woods ; and far  
above,  
Where mortal footstep ne'er may hope  
to rove,  
Bare granite cliffs, whose fixed, in-  
herent dyes  
Rival the tints that float o'er summer  
skies ;  
And the pure glittering snow-realm,  
yet more high,  
That seems a part of Heaven's eter-  
nity.

There is no track of man where  
Hamet stands,  
Pathless the scene as Lybia's desert  
sands ;  
Yet on the calm still air a sound is  
heard  
Of distant voices, and the gathering  
word  
Of Islam's tribes, now faint and  
fainter grown,  
Now but the lingering echo of a tone.

That sound, whose cadence dies  
upon his ear,  
He follows, reckless if his bands are  
near.  
On by the rushing stream his way he  
bends,  
And through the mountain's forest  
zone ascends ;  
Piercing the still and solitary shades  
Of ancient pine, and dark luxuriant  
glades, [past,  
Eternal twilight's reign :—those mazes  
The glowing sunbeams meet his eyes  
at last,  
And the lone wanderer now hath  
reached the source  
Whence the wave gushes, foaming on  
its course.  
But there he pauses—for the lonely  
scene  
Towers in such dread magnificence of  
mien,  
And, mingled oft with some wild  
eagle's cry,  
From rock-built eyrie rushing to the  
sky,

## THE ABENCERRAGE

So deep the solemn and majestic  
 sound  
 Of forests, and of waters murmuring  
 round—  
 That, rapt in wondering awe, his  
 heart forgets  
 Its fleeting struggles and its vain re-  
 grets.  
 —What earthly feeling unabashed  
 can dwell  
 In Nature's mighty presence?—  
 'midst the swell  
 Of everlasting hills, the roar of floods,  
 And frown of rocks, and pomp of wav-  
 ing woods?  
 These their own grandeur on the soul  
 impress,  
 And bid each passion feel its nothing-  
 ness.

'Midst the vast marble cliffs, a  
 lofty cave  
 Rears its broad arch beside the rush-  
 ing wave;  
 Shadowed by giant oaks, and rude  
 and lone.  
 It seems the temple of some power un-  
 known,  
 Where earthly being may not dare in-  
 trude  
 To pierce the secrets of the solitude.  
 Yet thence at intervals a voice of wail  
 Is rising, wild and solemn, on the  
 gale.  
 Did thy heart thrill, O Hamet! at  
 the tone?  
 Came it not o'er thee as a spirit's  
 moan?  
 As some loved sound, that long from  
 earth had fled,  
 The unforgotten accents of the dead?  
 E'en thus it rose—and springing from  
 his trance  
 His eager footsteps to the sound ad-  
 vance.  
 He mounts the cliffs, he gains the  
 cavern floor;  
 Its dark green moss with blood is  
 sprinkled o'er:  
 He rushes on—and lo! where Zayda  
 rends  
 Her locks, as o'er her slaughtered sire  
 she bends  
 Lost in despair;—yet, as a step  
 draws nigh,  
 Disturbing sorrow's lonely sanctity,

She lifts  
 by grief,  
 Views with a wild sad smile the once-  
 loved chief;  
 While rove her thoughts, unconscious  
 of the past,  
 And every woe forgetting—but the  
 last.

“Com'st thou to weep with me?—  
 for I am left  
 Alone on earth, of every tie bereft.  
 Low lies the warrior on his blood-  
 stained bier;  
 His child may call, but he no more  
 shall hear  
 He sleeps—but never shall those eyes  
 unclose;  
 'Twas not my voice that lulled him to  
 repose;  
 Nor can it break his slumbers.—  
 Dost thou mourn?  
 And is thy heart, like mine, with  
 anguish torn?  
 Weep, and my soul a joy in grief shall  
 know,  
 That o'er his grave my tears with  
 Hamet's flow!”

But scarce her voice had breathed  
 that well-known name,  
 When, swiftly rushing o'er her spirit,  
 came  
 Each dark remembrance—by afflic-  
 tion's power  
 Awhile effaced in that o'erwhelming  
 hour,  
 To wake with tenfold strength: 'twas  
 then her eye  
 Resumed its light, her mien its  
 majesty,  
 And o'er her wasted cheek a burning  
 glow  
 Spreads, while her lips' indignant  
 accents flow.

“Away! I dream! Oh, how hath  
 sorrow's might  
 Bowed down my soul, and quenched  
 its native light—  
 That I should thus forget! and bid  
 thy tear  
 With mine be mingled o'er a father's  
 bier!  
 Did he not perish, haply by thy hand,  
 In the last combat with thy ruthless  
 hand?”

The morn beheld that conflict of despair :—

'Twas then he fell—he fell!—and thou wert there!

Thou! who thy country's children hast pursued

To their last refuge 'midst these mountains rude.

Was it for this I loved thee?—Thou hast taught

My soul all grief, all bitterness of thought!

'Twill soon be past—I bow to Heaven's decree,

Which bade each pang be ministered by thee."

"I had not deemed that aught remained below

For me to prove of yet untasted woe; But thus to meet thee, Zayda! can impart

One more, one keener agony of heart. Oh, hear me yet!—I would have died to save

My foe, but still thy father, from the grave;

But, in the fierce confusion of the strife, In my own stern despair and scorn of life,

Borne wildly on, I saw not, knew not aught,

Save that to perish there in vain I And let me share thy sorrows!—

hadst thou known

All I have felt in silence and alone, E'en *thou* mightst then relent, and deem, at last,

A grief like mine might expiate all the past.

"But oh! for thee, the loved and precious flower,

So fondly reared in luxury's guarded bower,

From every danger, every storm secured,

How hast *thou* suffered! what hast thou endured!

Daughter of palaces! and can it be That this bleak desert is a home for thee!

These rocks *thy* dwelling! thou, who shouldst have known

Of life the sunbeam and the smile alone!

Oh, yet forgive! be all my guilt forgot,

Nor bid me leave thee to so rude a lot!"

"That lot is fixed; 'twere fruitless to repine:

Still must a gulf divide my fate from thine.

I may forgive—but not at will the heart

Can bid its dark remembrances depart.

No, Hamet, no!—too deeply are these traced,

Yet the hour comes when all shall be effaced!

Not long on earth, not long, shall Zayda keep

Her lonely vigils o'er the grave to weep:

E'en now, prophetic of my early doom,

Speaks to my soul a presage of the tomb;

And ne'er in vain did hopeless mourner feel

That deep foreboding o'er the bosom steal!

Soon shall I slumber calmly by the side

Of him for whom I lived, and would have died;

Till then, one thought shall soothe my orphan lot,

In pain and peril—I forsook him not.

"And now, farewell!—behold the summer day

Is passing, like the dreams of life, away.

Soon will the tribe of him who sleeps draw nigh,

With the last rites his bier to sanctify.

Oh, yet in time, away!—'twere not *my* prayer

Could move their hearts a foe like thee to spare!

This hour they come—and dost thou scorn to fly?

Save me that one last pang—to see thee die!"

E'en while she speaks is heard their echoing tread;

Onward they move, the kindred of the dead.

They reach the cave—they enter—  
 slow their pace,  
 And calm, deep sadness marks each  
 mourner's face ;  
 And all is hushed, till he who seems to  
 wait  
 In silent, stern devotedness, his fate,  
 Hath met their glance—then grief  
 to fury turns ;  
 Each mien is changed, each eye  
 indignant burns,  
 And voices rise, and swords have left  
 their sheath :  
 Blood must atone for blood, and  
 death for death !  
 They close around him : lofty still his  
 mien,  
 His cheek unaltered, and his brow  
 serene.  
 Unheard, or heard in vain, is Zayda's  
 cry :  
 Fruitless her prayer, unmarked her  
 agony,  
 But as his foremost foes their weap-  
 ons bend  
 Against the life he seeks not to defend,  
 Wildly she darts between—each  
 feeling past,  
 Save strong affection, which prevails  
 at last. [blow  
 Oh, not in vain its daring !—for the  
 Aimed at his heart hath bade her  
 life-blood flow ;  
 And she hath sunk a martyr on the  
 breast,  
 Where, in that hour, her head may  
 calmly rest,  
 For he is saved ! Behold the Zegri  
 band,  
 Pale with dismay and grief, around  
 her stand ;  
 While, every thought of hate and  
 vengeance o'er,  
 They weep for her who soon shall  
 weep no more.  
 She, she alone is calm :—a fading  
 smile,  
 Like sunset, passes o'er her cheek  
 the while ;  
 And in her eye, ere yet it closes,  
 dwell  
 Those last faint rays, the parting  
 soul's farewell.

" Now is the conflict past, and I  
 have proved

How well, how deeply thou hast been  
 beloved !  
 Yes ! in an hour like this 'twere vain  
 to hide  
 The heart so long and so severely  
 tried :  
 Still to thy name that heart hath  
 fondly thrilled,  
 But sterner duties called—and were  
 fulfilled :  
 And I am blest !—To every holier  
 tie  
 My life was faithful,—and for thee I  
 die !  
 Nor shall the love so purified be vain ;  
 Severed on earth, we yet shall meet  
 again.  
 Farewell !—And ye, at Zayda's dying  
 prayer,  
 Spare him, my kindred tribe ! forgive  
 and spare !  
 Oh ! be his guilt forgotten in his woes,  
 While I, beside my sire, in peace re-  
 pose."

Now fades her cheek, her voice  
 hath sunk, and death  
 Sits in her eye, and struggles in her  
 breath.  
 One pang—'tis past—her task on  
 earth is done, [flown.  
 And the pure spirit to its rest hath  
 But he for whom she died—Oh ! who  
 may paint  
 The grief, to which all other woes  
 were faint ?  
 There is no power in language to  
 impart  
 The deeper pangs, the ordeals of the  
 heart,  
 By the dread Searcher of the soul  
 surveyed ;  
 These have no words—nor are by  
 words portrayed.

A dirge is rising on the mountain  
 air,  
 Whose fitful swells its plaintive  
 murmurs bear  
 Far o'er the Alpuxarras ;—wild its  
 tone,  
 And rocks and caverns echo, " Thou  
 art gone ! "

Daughter of heroes ! thou art gone  
 To share his tomb who gave  
 thee birth ;

Peace to the lovely spirit flown !  
 It was not formed for earth.  
 Thou wert a sunbeam in thy race,  
 Which brightly passed, and left  
 no trace.

But calmly sleep!—for thou art free,  
 And hands unchained thy tomb  
 shall raise.

Sleep! they are closed at length for  
 thee,

Life's few and evil days !  
 Nor shalt thou watch, with tear-  
 ful eye,  
 The lingering death of liberty.

Flower of the desert! thou thy  
 bloom

Didst early to the storm resign :  
 We bear it still—and dark *their*  
 doom

Who cannot weep for thine !  
 For us, whose every hope is fled,  
 The time is past to mourn the dead.

The days have been when o'er thy  
 bier

Far other strains than these had  
 flowed ;

Now, as a home from grief and  
 fear,

We hail thy dark abode !  
 We, who but linger to bequeath  
 Our sons the choice of chains or  
 death.

Thou art with those, the free, the  
 brave,

The mighty of departed years ;  
 And for the slumberers of the  
 grave  
 Our fate hath left no tears.

Though loved and lost, to weep  
 were vain  
 For thee, who ne'er shall weep  
 again.

Have we not seen, despoiled by  
 foes,  
 The land our fathers won of  
 yore ?

And is there yet a pang for those  
 Who gaze on *this* no more ?

Oh, that like them 'twere ours to  
 rest ! [blest !

Daughter of heroes! thou art

A few short years, and in the lonely  
 cave

Where sleeps the Zegri maid, is  
 Hamet's grave.

Severed in life, united in the tomb—  
 Such, of the hearts that loved so  
 well, the doom !

Their dirge, of woods and waves the  
 eternal moan ;

Their sepulchre, the pine-clad rocks  
 alone.

And oft beside the midnight watch-  
 fire's blaze,

Amidst those rocks, in long departed  
 days

(When freedom fled, to hold, se-  
 questered there,

The stern and lofty councils of  
 despair),

Some exiled Moor, a warrior of the  
 wild,

Who the lone hours with mournful  
 strains beguiled,

Hath taught his mountain-home the  
 tale of those

Who thus have suffered, and who  
 thus repose.

## THE WIDOW OF CRESCENTIUS

In the reign of Otho III., Emperor of Germany, the Romans, excited by their Consul, Crescentius, who ardently desired to restore the ancient glory of the Republic, made a bold attempt to shake off the Saxon yoke, and the authority of the Popes, whose vices rendered them objects of universal contempt. The Consul was besieged by Otho in the Mole of Hadrian, which long afterwards continued to be called the Tower of Crescentius. Otho, after many unavailing attacks upon this fortress, at last entered into negotiations; and, pledging his imperial word to respect the life of Crescentius, and the rights of the Roman citizens, the unfortunate leader was betrayed into his power, and immediately beheaded, with many of his partisans. Stephania, his widow, concealing her affliction and her resentment for the insults to which she had been exposed, secretly resolved to revenge her husband and herself. On the return of Otho from a pilgrimage to Mount Gargano, which, perhaps, a feeling of remorse had induced him to undertake, she found means to be introduced to him, and to gain his confidence; and a poison administered by her was soon afterwards the cause of his painful death."—See *Sismondi, History of the Italian Republics*, vol. i.]

L'orage peut briser en un moment les fleurs qui tiennent encore la tête levée. MADAME DE STAËL.

## PART I

'MIDST Tivoli's luxuriant glades,  
Bright-foaming falls, and olive shades,  
Where dwelt, in days departed long,  
The sons of battle and of song,  
No tree, no shrub its foliage rears,  
But o'er the wrecks of other years,  
Temples and domes, which long have  
been  
The soil of that enchanted scene.

There the wild fig-tree and the vine  
O'er Hadrian's mouldering villa  
twine;  
The cypress, in funereal grace,  
Usurps the vanished column's place;  
O'er fallen shrine and ruined frieze  
The wallflower rustles in the breeze;  
Acanthus leaves the marble hide  
They once adorned in sculptured  
pride;  
And nature hath resumed her throne  
O'er the vast works of ages flown.

Was it for this that many a pile,  
Pride of Ilissus and of Nile,  
To Anio's banks the image lent  
Of each imperial monument?  
Now Athens weeps her shattered  
fanes,  
Thy temples, Egypt, strew thy  
plains; [reared  
And the proud fabrics Hadrian  
From Tibur's vale have disappeared.  
We need no prescient sibyl there,  
The doom of grandeur to declare;  
Each stone, where weeds and ivy  
climb,  
Reveals some oracle of Time;  
Each relic utters Fate's decree,  
The future as the past shall be.

Halls of the dead! in Tibur's vale,  
Who now shall tell your lofty tale?  
Who trace the high patrician's dome.  
The bard's retreat, the hero's home;  
When moss-clad wrecks alone record  
There dwelt the world's departed lord,  
In scenes where verdure's rich array  
Still sheds young beauty o'er decay,  
And sunshine on each glowing hill,  
'Midst ruins finds a dwelling still.

Sunk is thy palace—but thy tomb,  
Hadrian! hath shared a prouder  
doom,  
Though vanished with the days of old  
Its pillars of Corinthian mould;  
And the fair forms by sculpture  
wrought,  
Each bodying some immortal  
thought,  
Which o'er that temple of the dead,  
Serene but solemn beauty shed,  
Have found, like glory's self, a grave  
In Time's abyss, or Tiber's wave:  
Yet dreams more lofty and more fair  
Than art's bold hand hath imaged  
e'er,  
High thoughts of many a mighty  
mind,  
Expanding when all else declined,  
In twilight years, when only they  
Recalled the radiance passed away,  
Have made that ancient pile their  
home,  
Fortress of freedom and of Rome.

There he, who strove in evil days  
Again to kindle glory's rays,  
Whose spirit sought a path of light,  
For those dim ages far too bright,—  
Crescentius long maintained the strife

Which closed but with its martyr's  
life,

And left the imperial tomb a name,  
A heritage of holier fame.

There closed De Brescia's mission  
high,

From thence the patriot came to die ;  
And thou, whose Roman soul the last  
Spoke with the voice of ages past,  
Whose thoughts so long from earth  
had fled

To mingle with the glorious dead,  
That 'midst the world's degenerate  
race

They vainly sought a dwelling-place.  
Within that house of death didst  
brood

O'er visions to thy ruin wooed.

Yet, worthy of a brighter lot,  
Rienzi, be thy faults forgot !

For thou, when all around thee lay  
Chained in the slumbers of decay—  
So sunk each heart, that mortal eye  
Had scarce a *tear* for liberty—

Alone, amidst the darkness there,  
Couldst gaze on Rome—yet not  
despair !

'Tis morn, and Nature's richest  
dyes

Are floating o'er Italian skies ;  
Tints of transparent lustre shine  
Along the snow-clad Apennine ;  
The clouds have left Soracte's height  
And yellow Tiber winds in light,  
Where tombs and fallen fanes have  
strewed

The wide Campagna's solitude.

'Tis sad amidst that scene to trace  
Those relics of a vanished race ;  
Yet, o'er the ravaged path of time—  
Such glory sheds that brilliant clime,  
Where Nature still, though empires  
fall,

Holds her triumphant festival—  
E'en Desolation wears a smile,  
Where skies and sunbeams laugh the  
while ;

And heaven's own light, earth's  
richest bloom,

Array the ruin and the tomb.

But she, who from yon convent  
tower  
Breathes the pure freshness of the  
hour ;

She, whose rich flow of raven hair  
Streams wildly on the morning air,  
Heeds not how fair the scene below,  
Robed in Italia's brightest glow.

Though throned 'midst Latium's  
classic plains

The Eternal City's towers and fanes,  
And they, the Pleiades of earth,  
The seven proud hills of Empire's  
birth,

Lie spread beneath : not now her  
Roves o'er that vast sublime expanse ;  
Inspired, and bright with hope, 'tis  
thrown

On Adrian's massy tomb alone ;  
There, from the storm, when Freedom  
fled,

His faithful few Crescentius led ;  
While she, his anxious bride, who now  
Bends o'er the scene her youthful  
brow,

Sought refuge in the hallowed fane,  
Which then could shelter, not in vain.

But now the lofty strife is o'er,  
And Liberty shall weep no more.

At length imperial Otho's voice  
Bids her devoted sons rejoice ;  
And he, who battled to restore  
The glories and the rights of yore,  
Whose accents, like the clarion's  
sound,

Could burst the dead repose around,  
Again his native Rome shall see,  
The sceptred city of the free !  
And young Stephanía waits the hour  
When leaves her lord his fortress  
tower,

Her ardent heart with joy elate,  
That seems beyond the reach of fate ;  
Her mien, like creature from above,  
All vivified with hope and love.

Fair is her form, and in her eye  
Lives all the soul of Italy,  
A meaning lofty and inspired,  
As by her native day-star fired ;  
Such wild and high expression, fraught  
With glances of impassioned thought,  
As fancy sheds in visions bright  
O'er priestess of the God of Light ;  
And the dark locks that lend her  
face

A youthful and luxuriant grace,  
Wave o'er her cheek, whose kindling  
dyes

Seem from the fire within to rise,  
 But deepened by the burning heaven  
 To her own land of sunbeams given.  
 Italian art that fervid glow  
 Would o'er ideal beauty throw,  
 And with such ardent life express  
 Her high-wrought dreams of loveliness,—  
 Dreams which, surviving Empire's  
 fall,  
 The shade of glory still recall.

But see!—the banner of the brave  
 O'er Adrian's tomb hath ceased to  
 wave.

'Tis lowered—and now Stephania's  
 eye

Can well the martial train descry,  
 Who, issuing from that ancient dome,  
 Pour through the crowded streets of  
 Rome.

Now from her watch-tower on the  
 height,

With step as fabled wood-nymph's  
 light,

She flies—and swift her way pursues,  
 Through the lone convent's avenues.  
 Dark cypress groves, and fields o'er-  
 spread

With records of the conquering dead,  
 And paths which track a glowing  
 waste,

She traverses in breathless haste;  
 And by the tombs where dust is  
 shrined,

Once tenanted by loftiest mind,  
 Still passing on, hath reached the  
 gate

Of Rome, the proud, the desolate!  
 Thronged are the streets, and, still  
 renewed,

Rush on the gathering multitude.

Is it their high-souled chief to  
 greet,

That thus the Roman thousands  
 meet?

With names that bid their thoughts  
 ascend,

Crescentius, thine in song to blend;  
 And of triumphal days gone by  
 Recall the inspiring pageantry?

—There is an air of breathless dread,  
 An eager glance, a hurrying tread;  
 And now a fearful silence round,  
 And now a fitful murmuring sound,

'Midst the pale crowds, that almost  
 seem

Phantoms of some tumultuous dream.  
 Quick is each step, and wild each  
 mien,

Portentous of some awful scene.

Bride of Crescentius! as the throng  
 Bore thee with whelming force along,  
 How did thine anxious heart beat  
 high,

Till rose suspense to agony!—

Too brief suspense, that soon shall  
 close,

And leave thy heart to deeper woes.

Who 'midst yon guarded precinct  
 stands,

With fearless mien, but fettered  
 hands?

The ministers of death are nigh,  
 Yet a calm grandeur lights his eye;  
 And in his glance there lives a mind  
 Which was not formed for chains to  
 bind,

But cast in such heroic mould  
 As theirs, the ascendant ones of old.  
 Crescentius! freedom's daring son,  
 Is this the guerdon thou hast won?  
 O worthy to have lived and died

In the bright days of Latium's pride!  
 Thus must the beam of glory close  
 O'er the seven hills again that rose,  
 When at thy voice, to burst the yoke,  
 The soul of Rome indignant woke?  
 Vain dream! the sacred shields are  
 gone,

Sunk is the crowning city's throne:  
 The illusions, that around her cast  
 Their guardian spells, have long been  
 past.

Thy life hath been a short-star's ray,  
 Shed o'er her midnight of decay;  
 Thy death at freedom's ruined shrine  
 Must rivet every chain—but thine.

Calm is his aspect, and his eye  
 Now fixed upon the deep-blue sky,  
 Now on those wrecks of ages fled,  
 Around in desolation spread—

Arch, temple, column, worn and grey,  
 Recording triumphs passed away;  
 Works of the mighty and the free,  
 Whose steps on earth no more shall  
 be,

Though their bright course hath left  
 a trace



Nor years nor sorrows can efface.  
 Why changes now the patriot's mien,  
 Erewhile so loftily serene ?  
 Thus can approaching death control  
 The might of that commanding soul ?  
 No !—Heard he not that thrilling cry  
 Which told of bitterest agony ?  
*He* heard it, and at once, subdued,  
 Hath sunk the hero's fortitude.  
*He* heard it, and his heart too well  
 Whence rose that voice of woe can  
 tell ;

And 'midst the gazing throngs around  
 One well-known form his glance hath  
 found—

One fondly loving and beloved,  
 In grief, in peril, faithful proved.  
 Yes, in the wildness of despair,  
 She, his devoted bride, is there.  
 Pale, breathless, through the crowd  
 she flies,

The light of frenzy in her eyes :  
 But ere her arms can clasp the form,  
 Which life ere long must cease to  
 warm—

Ere on his agonising breast  
 Her heart can heave, her head can  
 rest—

Checked in her course by ruthless  
 hands,

Mute, motionless, at once she stands ;  
 With bloodless cheek and vacant  
 glance,

Frozen and fixed in horror's trance ;  
 Spell-bound, as every sense were fled,  
 And thought o'erwhelmed, and feeling  
 dead,

And the light waving of her hair,  
 And veil, far floating on the air,  
 Alone, in that dread moment, show  
 She is no sculptured form of woe.

The scene of grief and death is o'er,  
 The patriot's heart shall throb no  
 more ;

But *hers*—so vainly formed to prove  
 The pure devotedness of love,  
 And draw from fond affection's eye  
 All thought sublime, all feeling high ;  
 When consciousness again shall wake,  
 Hath now no refuge—but to break.  
 The spirit long inured to pain  
 May smile at fate in calm disdain ;  
 Survive its darkest hour and rise  
 In more majestic energies.

But in the glow of vernal pride,

If each warm hope *at once* hath died,  
 Then sinks the mind, a blighted  
 flower,  
 Dead to the sunbeam and the shower ;  
 A broken gem, whose inborn light  
 Is scattered—ne'er to reunite.

## PART II

Hast thou a scene that is not  
 spread

With records of thy glory fled ?

A monument that doth not tell

The tale of liberty's farewell ?

Italia ! thou art but a grave

Where flowers luxuriate o'er the brave,

And nature gives her treasures birth

O'er all that hath been great on earth,

Yet smile thy heavens as once they

smiled,

When thou wert freedom's favoured  
 child :

Though fane and tomb alike are low,

Time hath not dimmed thy sunbeam's  
 glow ;

And, robed in that exulting ray,

Thou seem'st to triumph o'er decay,

Oh ! yet, though by thy sorrows bent,

In nature's pomp magnificent ;

What marvel if, when all was lost,

Still on thy bright, enchanted coast,

Though many an omen warned him  
 thence,

Lingered the lord of eloquence ?

Still gazing on the lovely sky,

Whose radiance wooed him—but to  
 die :

Like him, *who* would not linger there,  
 Where heaven, earth, ocean, all are  
 fair ?

Who 'midst thy glowing scenes could  
 dwell,

Nor bid awhile his griefs farewell ?

Hath not thy pure and genial air

Balm for all sadness but despair ?

No ! there are pangs, whose deep-  
 worn trace

Not all *thy* magic can efface !

Hearts by unkindness wrung may  
 learn

The world and all its gifts to spurn ;

Time may steal on with silent tread,

And dry the tear that mourns the  
 dead,

May change fond love, subdue regret,

And teach e'en vengeance to forget :

But thou, Remorse! there is no  
charm,  
*Thy* sting, avenger, to disarm!  
Vain are bright suns and laughing  
skies  
To soothe thy victim's agonies:  
The heart once made thy burning  
throne,  
Still, while it beats, is thine alone.

In vain for Otho's joyless eye  
Smile the fair scenes of Italy,  
As through her landscape's rich array  
The imperial pilgrim bends his way.  
Thy form, Crescentius, on his sight  
Rises when nature laughs in light,  
Glides round him at the midnight  
hour,  
Is present in his festal bower,  
With awful voice and frowning mien,  
By all but him unheard, unseen.  
Oh! thus to shadows of the grave  
Be every tyrant still a slave!

Where through Gargano's woody  
dells,  
O'er bending oaks the north wind  
swells,  
A sainted hermit's lowly tomb  
Is bosomed in umbrageous gloom,  
In shades that saw him live and die  
Beneath their waving canopy.  
'Twas his, as legends tell, to share  
The converse of immortals there;  
Around that dweller of the wild  
There "bright appearances" have  
smiled,  
And angel-wings, at eve, have been  
Gleaming the shadowy boughs be-  
tween  
And oft from that secluded bower  
Hath breathed, at midnight's calmer  
hour,  
A swell of viewless harps, a sound  
Of warbled anthems pealing round.  
Oh! none but voices of the sky  
Might wake that thrilling harmony,  
Whose tones, whose very echoes made  
An Eden of the lonely shade!  
Years have gone by; the hermit  
sleeps  
Amidst Gargano's woods and steeps;  
Ivy and flowers have half o'ergrown,  
And veiled his low sepulchral stone:  
Yet still the spot is holy, still  
Celestial footsteps haunt the hill;

And oft the awe-struck mountaineer  
Aërial vesper hymns may hear  
Around those forest-precincts float,  
Soft, solemn, clear, but still remote.  
Oft will Affliction breathe her plaint  
To that rude shrine's departed saint,  
And deem that spirits of the blest  
There shed sweet influence o'er her  
breast.

And thither Otho now repairs,  
To soothe his soul with vows and  
prayers;  
And if for him, on holy ground,  
The lost one, Peace, may yet be found,  
'Midst rocks and forests, by the bed,  
Where calmly sleep the sainted dead,  
She dwells, remote from heedless eye,  
With Nature's lonely majesty.

Vain, vain the search—his troubled  
breast

Nor vow nor penance lulls to rest;  
The weary pilgrimage is o'er,  
The hopes that cheered it are no more.  
Then sinks his soul, and day by day  
Youth's buoyant energies decay.  
The light of health his eye hath flown,  
The glow that tinged his cheek is  
gone.

Joyless as one on whom is laid  
Some baleful spell that bids him fade,  
Extending its mysterious power  
O'er every scene, o'er every hour:  
E'en thus *he* withers; and to him  
Italia's brilliant skies are dim.  
He withers—in that glorious clime  
Where Nature laughs in scorn of Time:  
And suns, that shed on all below  
Their full and vivifying glow,  
From him alone their power withhold,  
And leave his heart in darkness cold.  
Earth blooms around him, heaven  
is fair,

*He* only seems to perish there.

Yet sometimes will a transient  
smile  
Play o'er his faded cheek awhile,  
When breathes his minstrel boy a  
strain

Of power to lull all earthly pain;  
So wildly sweet, its notes might seem  
The ethereal music of a dream,  
A spirit's voice from worlds unknown,  
Deep thrilling power in every tone!

Sweet is that lay, and yet its flow  
Hath language only given to woe ;  
And if at times its wakening swell  
Some tale of glory seems to tell,  
Soon the proud notes of triumph die,  
Lost in a dirge's harmony.

Oh ! many a pang the heart hath  
proved,

Hath deeply suffered, fondly loved,  
Ere the sad strain could catch from  
thence

Such deep impassioned eloquence !—  
Yes ! gaze on him, that minstrel  
boy—

He is no child of hope and joy !  
Though few his years, yet have they  
been

Such as leave traces on the mien,  
And o'er the roses of our prime  
Breathe other blights than those of  
time.

Yet seems his spirit wild and  
proud,

By grief unsoftened and unbowed.  
Oh ! there are sorrows which impart  
A sternness foreign to the heart,  
And, rushing with an earthquake's  
power,

That makes a desert in an hour,  
Rouse the dread passions in their  
course,

As tempests wake the billows'  
force !—

'Tis sad, on youthful Guido's face,  
The stamp of woes like these to trace.  
Oh ! where can ruins awe mankind,  
Dark as the ruins of the mind ?

His mien is lofty, but his gaze  
Too well a wandering soul betrays :  
His full dark eye at times is bright  
With strange and momentary light,  
Whose quick uncertain flashes throw  
O'er his pale cheek a hectic glow :  
And oft his features and his air  
A shade of troubled mystery wear,  
A glance of hurried wildness, fraught  
With some unfathomable thought.  
Whate'er that thought, still, unex-  
pressed,

Dwells the sad secret in his breast ;  
The pride his haughty brow reveals,  
All other passion well conceals—  
He breathes each wounded feeling's  
tone

In music's eloquence alone ;  
His soul's deep voice is only poured  
Through his full song and swelling  
chord.

He seeks no friend, but shuns the  
train

Of courtiers with a proud disdain ;  
And, save when Otho bids his lay  
Its half unearthly power essay  
In hall or bower the heart to thrill,  
His haunts are wild and lonely still.  
Far distant from the heedless throng,  
He roves old Tiber's banks along,  
Where Empire's desolate remains ;  
Lie scattered o'er the silent plains ;  
Or, lingering 'midst each ruined  
shrine

That strews the desert Palatine,  
With mournful yet commanding  
mien,

Like the sad genius of the scene,  
Entranced in awful thought appears  
To commune with departed years.  
Or, at the dead of night, when Rome  
Seems of heroic shades the home ;  
When Tiber's murmuring voice re-  
calls

The mighty to their ancient halls ;  
When hushed is every meaner sound,  
And the deep moonlight-calm around  
Leaves to the solemn scene alone  
The majesty of ages flown,—  
A pilgrim to each hero's tomb,  
He wanders through the sacred  
gloom ;

And, 'midst those dwellings of decay,  
At times will breathe so sad a lay,  
So wild a grandeur in each tone,  
'Tis like a dirge for empires gone !

Awake thy pealing harp again,  
But breathe a more exulting strain,  
Young Guido ! for awhile forgot  
Be the dark secrets of thy lot,  
And rouse the inspiring soul of song  
To speed the banquet's hour along !—  
The feast is spread, the music's call  
Is echoing through the royal hall,  
And banners wave and trophies shine  
O'er stately guests in glittering line ;  
And Otho seeks awhile to chase  
The thoughts he never can erase,  
And bid the voice—whose murmurs  
deep

Rise like a spirit on his sleep, [die,  
The still small voice of conscience—

Lost in the din of revelry.  
On his pale brow dejection lowers,  
But that shall yield to festal hours :  
A gloom is in his faded eye,  
But that from music's power shall  
fly :

His wasted cheek is wan with care,  
But mirth shall spread fresh crimson  
there.

Wake, Guido ! wake thy numbers  
high,

Strike the bold chord exultingly !  
And pour upon the enraptured ear  
Such strains as warriors love to hear !  
Let the rich mantling goblet flow,  
And banish all resembling woe ;  
And, if a thought intrude, of power  
To mar the bright convivial hour,  
Still must its influence lurk unseen,  
And cloud the heart—but not the  
mien !

Away, vain dream !—on Otho's  
brow,  
Still darker lower the shadows now ;  
Changed are his features, now o'er-  
spread

With the cold paleness of the dead ;  
Now crimsoned with a hectic dye,  
The burning flush of agony !  
His lip is quivering, and his breast  
Heaves with convulsive pangs op-  
pressed ; [glazed,

Now his dim eye seems fixed and  
And now to heaven in anguish raised ;  
And as, with unavailing aid,  
Around him throng his guests dis-  
mayed,

He sinks—while scarce his struggling  
breath

Hath power to falter—"This is  
death !"

Then rushed that haughty child of  
song,

Dark Guido, through the awestruck  
throng ;

Filled with a strange delirious light,  
His kindling eye shone wildly bright ;  
And on the sufferer's mien awhile  
Gazing with stern vindictive smile,  
A feverish glow of triumph dyed  
His burning cheek, while thus he  
cried :—

"Yes ! these are death pangs—on  
thy brow

Is set the seal of vengeance now !  
Oh ! well was mixed the deadly  
draught,

And long and deeply hast thou  
quaffed ;

And bitter as thy pangs may be,  
They are but guerdons meet from  
me !

Yet, these are but a moment's throes,  
Howe'er intense, they soon shall  
close.

Soon shalt thou yield thy fleeting  
breath—

My life hath been a lingering death ;  
Since one dark hour of woe and crime,  
A blood-spot on the page of time !

"Deemest thou my mind of  
reason void ?

It is not frenzied,—but destroyed !  
Ay ! view the wreck with shuddering  
thought,

That work of ruin thou hast wrought !  
The secret of thy doom to tell,

My name alone suffices well !  
Stephania !—once a hero's bride

Otho ! thou knowest the rest—he  
*died.*

Yes ! trusting to a monarch's word,  
The Roman fell, untried, unheard !

And thou, whose every pledge was  
vain,

How couldst *thou* trust in aught  
again ?

"He died, and I was changed—my  
soul,

A lonely wanderer, spurned control.  
From peace, and light, and glory  
hurled,

The outcast of a purer world,  
I saw each brighter hope o'erthrown,

And lived for one dread task alone.  
The task is closed, fulfilled the vow—

The hand of death is on thee now.  
Betrayed ! in thy turn betrayed,

The debt of blood shall soon be paid !  
Thine hour is come—the time hath  
been

My heart had shrunk from such a  
scene ;

That feeling long is past—my fate  
Hath made me stern as desolate.

"Ye that around me shuddering  
stand,

Ye chiefs and princes of the land !  
Mourn ye a guilty monarch's doom ?  
Ye wept not o'er the patriot's tomb !  
He sleeps unhonoured—yet be mine  
To share his low, neglected shrine.  
His soul with freedom finds a home,  
His grave is that of glory—Rome !  
Are not the great of old with her,  
That city of the sepulchre ?  
Lead me to death ! and let me share  
The slumbers of the mighty there ! ”

The day departs—that fearful day  
Fades in calm loveliness away .  
From purple heavens its lingering  
beam  
Seems melting into Tiber's stream,  
And softly tints each Roman hill  
With glowing light, as clear and still  
As if, unstained by crime or woe,  
Its hours had passed in silent flow.

The day sets calmly—it hath been  
Marked with a strange and awful  
scene :

One guilty bosom throbs no more,  
And Otho's pangs and life are o'er.  
And thou, ere yet another sun  
His burning race hath brightly run,  
Released from anguish by thy foes,  
Daughter of Rome ! shalt find repose.  
Yes ! on thy country's lovely sky  
Fix yet once more thy parting eye !  
A few short hours—and all shall be  
The silent and the past for thee.  
Oh ! thus with tempests of a day  
We struggle, and we pass away,  
Like the wild billows as they sweep,  
Leaving no vestige on the deep !  
And o'er thy dark and lowly bed  
The sons of future days shall tread,  
The pangs, the conflicts, of thy lot  
By them unknown, by thee forgot.

## THE LAST BANQUET OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

[ Antony, concluding that he could not die more honourably than in battle, determined to attack Caesar at the same time both by sea and land. The night preceding the execution of this design, he ordered his servants at supper to render him their best services that evening, and fill the wine round plentifully, for the day following they might belong to another master, whilst he lay extended on the ground, no longer of consequence either to them or to himself. His friends were affected, and wept to hear him talk thus ; which when he perceived, he encouraged them by assurances that his expectations of a glorious victory were at least equal to those of an honourable death. At the dead of night, when universal silence reigned through the city—a silence that was deepened by the awful thought of the ensuing day—on a sudden was heard the sound of musical instruments, and a noise which resembled the exclamations of Bacchanals. This tumultuous procession seemed to pass through the whole city, and to go out at the gate which led to the enemy's camp. Those who reflected on this prodigy concluded that Bacchus, the god whom Antony affected to imitate, had then forsaken him —LANGHORNE'S *Plutarch* ]

Thy foes had girt thee with their  
dead array,  
O stately Alexandria !—yet the  
sound  
Of mirth and music, at the close of  
day,  
Swelled from thy splendid fabrics,  
far around  
O'er camp and wave. Within the  
royal hall,  
In gay magnificence the feast was  
spread ;  
And, brightly streaming from the  
pictured wall,  
A thousand lamps their trembling  
lustre shed

O'er many a column, rich with pre-  
cious dyes,  
That tinge the marble's vein, 'neath  
Afric's burning skies.

And soft and clear that wavering  
radiance played  
O'er sculptured forms, that round  
the pillared scene  
Calm and majestic rose, by art arrayed  
In godlike beauty, awfully serene.  
Oh ! how unlike the troubled guests  
reclined  
Round that luxurious board !—in  
every face [the mind  
Some shadow from the tempest of

Rising by fits, the searching eye  
might trace,  
Though vainly masked in smiles  
which are not mirth,  
But the proud spirit's veil thrown  
o'er the woes of earth.

Their brows are bound with wreaths,  
whose transient bloom  
May still survive the wearers—and  
the rose

Perchance may scarce be withered  
when the tomb  
Receives the mighty to its dark  
repose!

The day must dawn on battle, and  
may set

In death—but fill the mantling  
wine-cup high!

Despair is fearless, and the Fates e'en  
yet

Lend her one hour for parting  
revelry.

They who the empire of the world  
possessed,

Would taste its joys again, ere all  
exchanged for rest.

Its joys! Oh! mark yon proud  
triumvir's mien,

And read their annals on that brow  
of care;

'Midst pleasure's lotus-bowers his  
steps have been;

Earth's brightest pathway led him  
to despair.

Trust not the glance that fain would  
yet inspire

The buoyant energies of days  
gone by;

There is delusion in its meteor-fire,

And all within is shame, is agony!  
Away! the tear in bitterness may

flow,

But there are smiles which bear a  
stamp of deeper woe.

Thy cheek is sunk, and faded as thy  
fame,

O lost, devoted Roman! yet thy  
brow

To that ascendant and undying  
name,

Pleads with stern loftiness that  
right e'en now.

Thy glory is departed, but hath left

A lingering light around thee—in  
decay

Not less than kingly, though of all  
bereft,

Thou seem'st as empire had not  
passed away

Supreme in ruin! teaching hearts  
clate,

A deep, prophetic dread of still  
mysterious fate!

But thou, enchantress-queen! whose  
love hath made

His desolation—thou art by his  
side,

In all thy sovereignty of charms  
arrayed,

To meet the storm with still un-  
conquered pride.

Imperial being! e'en though many  
a stain

Of error be upon thee, there is power  
In thy commanding nature, which

shall reign

O'er the stern genius of mis-  
fortune's hour;

And the dark beauty of thy troubled  
eye

E'en now is all illumed with wild  
sublimity.

Thine aspect, all impassioned, wears  
a light

Inspiring and inspired—thy cheek  
a dye,

Which rises not from joy, but yet is  
bright

With the deep glow of feverish  
energy.

Proud siren of the Nile! thy glance  
is fraught

With an immortal fire—in every  
beam

It darts, there kindles some heroic  
thought,

But wild and awful as a sibyl's  
dream;

For thou with death hast communed,  
to attain

Dread knowledge of the pangs that  
ransom from the chain.

And the stern courage by such mus-  
ings lent,

Daughter of Afric! o'er thy  
beauty throws

The grandeur of a regal spirit, blent  
 With all the majesty of mighty  
   woes ;  
 While he, so fondly, fatally adored,  
   Thy fallen Roman, gazes on thee  
   yet,  
 Till scarce the soul, that once exult-  
   ing soared, [set ;  
   Can deem the day-star of its glory  
 Scarce his charmed heart believes  
   that power can be  
 In sovereign fate, o'er him thus fondly  
   loved by thee.

But there is sadness in the eyes  
   around,  
   Which marked that ruined leader,  
   and survey  
 His changeful mien, whence oft  
   the gloom profound  
   Strange triumph chases haughtily  
   away.

" Fill the bright goblet, warrior  
   guests ! " he cries ;  
   " Quaff, ere we part, the generous  
   nectar deep !  
 Ere sunset gild once more the western  
   skies,  
   Your chief in cold forgetfulness  
   may sleep,  
 While sounds of revel float o'er shore  
   and sea,  
 And the red bowl again is crowned—  
   but not for me.

" Yet weep not thus—the struggle is  
   not o'er,  
   O victors of Philippi ! many a  
   field  
 Hath yielded palms to us :—one  
   effort more,  
   By one stern conflict must our doom  
   be sealed ! [world  
 Forget not, Romans ! o'er a subject  
   How royally your eagle's wing hath  
   spread,  
 Though, from his eyrie of dominion  
   hurled,  
   Now bursts the tempest on his  
   crested head !  
 Yet sovereign still, if banished from  
   the sky,  
 The sun's indignant bird, he must not  
   droop—but die."

The feast is o'er. 'Tis night, the  
   dead of night—

Unbroken stillness broods o'er  
   earth and deep ;  
 From Egypt's heaven of soft and  
   starry light  
   The moon looks cloudless o'er a  
   world of sleep.

For those who wait the morn's  
   awakening beams,  
   The battle signal to decide their  
   doom,  
 Have sunk to feverish rest and  
   troubled dreams—  
   Rest that soon shall be calmer  
   in the tomb,  
 Dreams, dark and ominous, but *there*  
   to cease,  
 When sleep the lords of war in  
   solitude and peace.

Wake, slumberers, wake ! Hark !  
   heard ye not a sound  
   Of gathering tumult ?—Near and  
   nearer still  
 Its murmur swells. Above, below,  
   around,  
   Bursts a strange chorus forth,  
   confused and shrill.

Wake, Alexandria ! through thy  
   streets the tread  
   Of steps unseen is hurrying, and  
   the note  
 Of pipe and lyre and trumpet, wild  
   and dread, [float ;  
   Is heard upon the midnight air to  
 And voices, clamorous as in frenzied  
   mirth,  
 Mingle their thousand tones, which  
   are not of the earth.

These are no mortal sounds—their  
   thrilling strain  
   Hath more mysterious power, and  
   birth more high ;  
 And the deep horror chilling every  
   vein  
   Owns them of stern, terrific augury.  
 Beings of worlds unknown ! ye pass  
   away,  
   O ye invisible and awful throng !  
 Your echoing footsteps and resound-  
   ing lay  
   To Caesar's camp exulting move  
   along.

Thy gods forsake thee, Antony ! the  
   sky  
 By that dread sign reveals thy  
   doom—" Despair and die ! "

# ALARIC IN ITALY

[After describing the conquest of Greece and Italy by the German and Scythian hordes united under the command of Alaric, the historian of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* thus proceeds :—"Whether fame, or conquest, or riches were the object of Alaric, he pursued that object with an indefatigable ardour which could neither be quelled by adversity nor satiated by success. No sooner had he reached the extreme land of Italy, than he was attracted by the neighbouring prospect of a fair and peaceful island. Yet even the possession of Sicily he considered only as an intermediate step to the important expedition which he already meditated against the continent of Africa. The straits of Rhegium and Messina are twelve miles in length, and, in the narrowest passage, about one mile and a half broad ; and the fabulous monsters of the deep, the rocks of Scylla and the whirlpool of Charybdis, could terrify none but the most timid and unskilful mariners : yet, as soon as the first division of the Goths had embarked, a sudden tempest arose, which sunk or scattered many of the transports. Their courage was daunted by the terrors of a new element ; and the whole design was defeated by the premature death of Alaric, which fixed, after a short illness, the fatal term of his conquests. The ferocious character of the barbarians was displayed in the funeral of a hero, whose valour and fortune they celebrated with mournful applause. By the labour of a captive multitude, they forcibly diverted the course of the Busentinus, a small river that washes the walls of Consentia. The royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid spoils and trophies of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed ; the waters were then restored to their natural channel, and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric had been deposited was for ever concealed by the inhuman massacre of the prisoners who had been employed to execute the work."—*The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. v. p. 329.

HEARD ye the Gothic trumpet's blast?  
The march of hosts as Alaric passed?  
His steps have tracked that glorious  
clime,  
The birth place of heroic time ;  
But he, in northern deserts bred,  
Spared not the living for the dead,  
Nor heard the voice, whose pleading  
cries  
From temple and from tomb arise.  
He passed—the light of burning  
fanés  
Hath been his torch o'er Grecian  
plains ;  
And woke they not, the brave, the  
free,  
To guard their own Thermopylæ ?  
And left they not their silent dwell-  
ing,  
When Scythia's note of war was  
swelling ?  
No ! where the bold Three Hundred  
slept,  
Sad freedom battled not—but wept !  
For nerveless then the Spartan's hand,  
And Thebes could rouse no Sacred  
Band ;  
Nor one high soul from slumber  
broke,  
When Athens owned the Northern  
yoke.

But was there none for *thee* to dare  
The conflict, scorning to despair ?  
O city of the seven proud hills !

Whose name e'en yet the spirit  
thrills,  
As doth a clarion's battle-call—  
Didst thou too, ancient empress,  
fall ?  
Did no Camillus from the chain  
Ransom thy Capitol again ?  
Oh ! who shall tell the days to be,  
No patriot rose to bleed for thee ?

Heard ye the Gothic trumpet's  
blast ?  
The march of hosts, as Alaric  
passed ? [deep,  
That fearful sound, at midnight  
Burst on the eternal city's sleep :  
How woke the mighty ? She, whose  
will  
So long had bid the world be still,  
Her sword a sceptre, and her eye  
The ascendant star of destiny !  
She woke—to view the dread array  
Of Scythians rushing to their prey,  
To hear her streets resound the  
cries  
Poured from a thousand agonies !  
While the strange light of flames,  
that gave  
A ruddy glow to Tiber's wave,  
Bursting in that terrific hour  
From fane and palace, dome and  
tower,  
Revealed the throngs, for aid divine  
Clinging to many a worshipped  
shrine ;



Fierce fitful radiance wildly shed  
O'er spear and sword, with carnage  
red,  
Shone o'er the suppliant and the  
flying,  
And kindled pyres for Romans dying.

Weep, Italy! alas, that e'er  
Should tears alone thy wrongs de-  
clare!

The time hath been when *thy* distress  
Had roused up empires for redress!  
Now, her long race of glory run,  
Without a combat Rome is won,  
And from her plundered temples  
forth

Rush the fierce children of the north,  
To share beneath more genial skies  
Each joy their own rude clime  
denies.

Ye who on bright Campania's  
shore

Bade your fair villas rise of yore,  
With all their graceful colonnades,  
And crystal baths, and myrtle shades,  
Along the blue Hesperian deep,  
Whose glassy waves in sunshine  
sleep;

Beneath your olive and your vine  
Far other inmates now recline,  
And the tall plane, whose roots ye fed  
With rich libations duly shed,  
O'er guests, unlike your vanished  
friends,

Its bowery canopy extends.  
For them the southern heaven is  
glowing,

The bright Falernian nectar flowing;  
For them the marble halls unfold,  
Where nobler beings dwelt of old,  
Whose children for barbarian lords  
Touch the sweet lyre's resounding  
chords,

Or wreaths of Pæstan roses twine,  
To crown the sons of Elbe and  
Rhine.

Yet, though luxurious they repose  
Beneath Corinthian porticoes,  
While round them into being start  
The marvels of triumphant art;  
Oh! not for them hath genius given  
To Parian stone the fire of heaven,  
Enshrining in the forms he wrought  
A bright eternity of thought.  
In vain the natives of the skies

In breathing marble round them rise,  
And sculptured nymphs of fount or  
glade

People the dark-green laurel shade;  
Cold are the conqueror's heart and  
eye

To visions of divinity;  
And rude his hand which dares deface  
The models of immortal grace.

Arouse ye from your soft delights!  
Chieftains! the war-note's call in-  
vites;

And other lands must yet be won,  
And other deeds of havoc done.  
Warriors! your flowery bondage  
break,

Sons of the stormy north, awake!  
The barks are launching from the  
steep,

Soon shall the Isle of Ceres weep,  
And Afric's burning winds afar  
Waft the shrill sounds of Alaric's war.  
Where shall his race of victory close?  
When shall the ravaged earth repose?  
But hark! what wildly mingling  
cries

From Scythia's camp tumultuous rise?  
Why swells dread Alaric's name on  
air?

A sterner conqueror hath been there!  
A conqueror—yet his paths are peace,  
He comes to bring the world's re-  
lease;

He of the sword that knows no  
sheath,  
The avenger, the deliverer—Death!

Is then that daring spirit fled?  
Doth Alaric slumber with the dead?  
Tamed are the warrior's pride and  
strength,

And he and earth are calm at length.  
The land where heaven unclouded  
shines,

Where sleep the sunbeams on the  
vines;

The land by conquest made his own,  
Can yield him now—a grave alone.  
But his—her lord from Alp to sea—  
No common sepulchre shall be!

Oh, make his tomb where mortal eye  
Its buried wealth may ne'er descry!  
Where mortal foot may never tread  
Above a victor-monarch's bed.  
Let not his royal dust be hid

'Neath star-aspiring pyramid ;  
 Nor bid the gathered mound arise,  
 To bear his memory to the skies.  
 Years roll away—oblivion claims  
 Her triumph o'er heroic names ;  
 And hands profane disturb the clay  
 That once was fired with glory's ray ;  
 And Avarice, from their secret gloom,  
 Drags e'en the treasures of the tomb.  
 But thou, O leader of the free !  
 That general doom awaits not thee :  
 Thou, where no step may e'er intrude,  
 Shalt rest in regal solitude,  
 Till, bursting on thy sleep profound,  
 The Awakener's final trumpet sound.  
 Turn ye the waters from their course,  
 Bid Nature yield to human force,  
 And hollow in the torrent's bed  
 A chamber for the mighty dead.  
 The work is done—the captive's hand  
 Hath well obeyed his lord's command.  
 Within that royal tomb are cast  
 The richest trophies of the past,  
 The wealth of many a stately dome,  
 The gold and gems of plundered  
 Rome ;

And when the midnight stars are  
 beaming,  
 And ocean waves in stillness gleaming,  
 Stern in their grief, the warriors bear  
 The Chastener of the Nations there ;  
 To rest, at length, from victory's toil,  
 Alone, with all an empire's spoil !

Then the freed current's rushing  
 wave  
 Rolls o'er the secret of the grave ;  
 Then streams the martyred captives'  
 blood  
 To crimson that sepulchral flood,  
 Whose conscious tide alone shall keep  
 The mystery in its bosom deep.  
 Time hath passed on since then—and  
 swept [slept ;  
 From earth the urns where heroes  
 Temples of gods and domes of kings,  
 Are mouldering with forgotten things ;  
 Yet shall not ages e'er molest  
 The viewless home of Alaric's rest :  
 Still rolls, like them, the unfailing  
 river,  
 The guardian of his dust for ever.

## THE WIFE OF ASDRUBAL

[“ This governor, who had braved death when it was at a distance, and protested that the sun should never see him survive Carthage—this fierce Asdrubal was so mean-spirited as to come alone, and privately throw himself at the conqueror's feet. The general, pleased to see his proud rival humbled, granted his life, and kept him to grace his triumph. The Carthaginians in the citadel no sooner understood that their commander had abandoned the place, than they threw open the gates, and put the proconsul in possession of Byrsa. The Romans had now no enemy to contend with but the nine hundred deserters, who, being reduced to despair, retired into the temple of Esculapius, which was a second citadel within the first : there the proconsul attacked them and these unhappy wretches, finding there was no way to escape, set fire to the temple. As the flames spread, they retreated from one part to another, till they got to the roof of the building : there Asdrubal's wife appeared in her best apparel, as if the day of her death had been a day of triumph ; and after having uttered the most bitter imprecations against her husband, whom she saw standing below with Emilianus,—‘ Base coward ! ’ said she, ‘ the mean things thou hast done to save thy life shall not avail thee ; thou shalt die this instant, at least in thy two children.’ Having thus spoken, she drew out a dagger, stabbed them both, and while they were yet struggling for life, threw them from the top of the temple, and leaped down after them into the flames.”—*Ancient Universal History* ]

THE sun sets brightly—but a ruddier  
 glow  
 O'er Afric's heaven the flames of Car-  
 thage throw ;  
 Her walls have sunk, and pyramids of  
 fire  
 In lurid splendour from her domes  
 aspire ;  
 Swayed by the wind, they wave—  
 while glares the sky  
 As when the desert's red simoom is  
 nigh ;

The sculptured altar and the pillared  
 hall  
 Shine out in dreadful brightness ere  
 they fall ;  
 Far o'er the seas the light of ruin  
 streams,  
 Rock, wave, and isle are crimsoned by  
 its beams ;  
 While captive thousands, bound in  
 Roman chains,  
 Gaze in mute horror on their burning  
 fanes ;

<p>And shouts of triumph, echoing far around, Swell from the victors' tents with ivy crowned. But mark! from yon fair temple's loftiest height What towering form bursts wildly on the sight, All regal in magnificent attire, And sternly beauteous in terrific ire? She might be deemed a Pythia in the hour Of dread communion and delirious power; A being more than earthly, in whose eye There dwells a strange and fierce ascendancy. The flames are gathering round—in- tensely bright, Full on her features glares their meteor light; But a wild courage sits triumphant there, The stormy grandeur of a proud despair; A daring spirit, in its woes elate, Mightier than death, untamable by fate. The dark profusion of her locks un- bound, Waves like a warrior's floating plum- age round; Flushed is her cheek, inspired her haughty mien, She seems the avenging goddess of the scene. Are those <i>her</i> infants, that with suppli- ant cry Cling round her, shrinking as the flame draws nigh, Clasp with their feeble hands her gorgeous vest, And fain would rush for shelter to her breast? Is that a mother's glance, where stern disdain, And passion, awfully vindictive, reign?</p> <p>Fixed is her eye on Asdrubal, who stands Ignobly safe amidst the conquering bands;</p>	<p>On him who left her to that burning tomb, Alone to share her children's martyr- dom; Who, when his country perished, fled the strife, And knelt to win the worthless boon of life. "Live, traitor, live!" she cries, "since dear to thee, E'en in thy fetters, can existence be! Scorned and dishonoured live!— with blasted name, The Romans, triumph not to grace, but shame. O slave in spirit! bitter be thy chain With tenfold anguish to avenge my pain! Still may the manes of thy children rise To chase calm slumber from thy wear- ied eyes; Still may their voices on the haunted air In fearful whispers tell thee to de- spair, Till vain remorse thy withered heart consume, [tomb! Scourged by relentless shadows of the E'en now my sons shall die—and thou, their sire, In bondage safe, shalt yet in them expire. Think'st thou I love them not?— 'Twas thine to fly— 'Tis mine with these to suffer and to die, Behold their fate!—the arms that cannot save Have been their cradle, and shall be their grave."</p> <p>Bright in her hand the lifted dagger gleams, Swift from her children's hearts the life-blood streams; With frantic laugh she clasps them to the breast Whose woes and passions soon shall be at rest; Lifts one appealing, frenzied glance on high, Then deep 'midst rolling flames is lost to mortal eye.</p>
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# HELIODORUS IN THE TEMPLE

[From *Maccabees*, book ii., chapter 3. v. 21. "Then it would have pitted a man to see the falling down of the multitude of all sorts, and the fear of the high priest, being in such an agony.—22. They then called upon the Almighty Lord to keep the things committed of trust safe and sure, for those that had committed them.—23. Nevertheless Heliodorus executed that which was decreed.—24. Now as he was there present himself, with his guard about the treasury, the Lord of Spirits, and the Prince of all Power, caused a great apparition, so that all that presumed to come in with him were astonished at the power of God, and fainted, and were sore afraid.—25. For there appeared unto them a horse with a terrible rider upon him, and adorned with a very fair covering, and he ran fiercely, and smote at Heliodorus with his fore feet, and it seemed that he that sat upon the horse had complete harness of gold.—26. Moreover, two other young men appeared before him, notable in strength, excellent in beauty, and comely in apparel, who stood by him on either side, and scourged him continually, and gave him many sore stripes.—27. And Heliodorus fell suddenly to the ground, and was compassed with great darkness; but they that were with him took him up, and put him into a litter.—28. Thus him that lately came with great train, and with all his guard, into the said treasury, they carried out, being unable to help himself with his weapons, and manifestly they acknowledged the power of God.—29. For he by the hand of God was cast down, and lay speechless, without all hope of life." ]

A SOUND of woe in Salem !—mourn-  
ful cries

Rose from her dwellings—youthful  
cheeks were pale,

Tears flowing fast from dim and aged  
eyes,

And voices mingling in tumultuous  
wail ;

Hands raised to heaven in agony of  
prayer,

And powerless wrath, and terror, and  
despair.

Thy daughters, Judah ! weeping,  
laid aside

The regal splendour of their fair  
array,

With the rude sackcloth girt their  
beauty's pride,

And thronged the streets in hurrying,  
wild dismay ;

While knelt thy priests before *His*  
awful shrine,

Who made, of old, renown and empire  
thine.

But on the spoiler moves—the  
temple's gate,

The bright, the beautiful, his  
guards unfold ;

And all the scene reveals its solemn  
state,

Its courts and pillars, rich with  
sculptured gold ;

And man, with eye unhallowed, views  
the abode,

The severed spot, the dwelling-place  
of God.

Where art thou, Mighty Presence !  
that of yore

Wert wont between the cherubim  
to rest, [o'er

Veiled in a cloud of glory, shadowing  
Thy sanctuary the chosen and the

blest ?

Thou ! that didst make fair Sion's  
ark Thy throne,

And call the oracle's recess Thine own !

Angel of God ! that through the  
Assyrian host,

Clothed with the darkness of the  
midnight hour,

To tame the proud, to hush the in-  
vader's boast,

Didst pass triumphant in avenging  
power,

Till burst the dayspring on the silent  
scene,

And death alone revealed where thou  
hadst been.

Wilt thou not wake, O Chastener ! in  
thy might,

To guard thine ancient and ma-  
jestic hill,

Where oft from heaven the full  
Shechinah's light

Hath streamed the house of holi-  
ness to fill ?

Oh ! yet once more defend thy loved  
domain,

Eternal one ! Deliverer ! rise again !

Fearless of thee, the plunderer, undis-  
mayed,

Hastes on, the sacred chambers to  
explore  
Where the bright treasures of the fane  
are laid,  
The orphan's portion, and the  
widow's store ;  
What reck's *his* heart though age un-  
succoured die  
And want consume the cheek of in-  
fancy ?

Away, intruders !—hark ! a mighty  
sound !

Behold, a burst of light !—away,  
away !

A fearful glory fills the temple round,  
A vision bright in terrible array !

And lo ! a steed of no terrestrial  
frame,

His path a whirlwind, and his breath  
a flame !

His neck is clothed with thunder—  
and his mane

Seems waving fire—the kindling of  
his eye

Is as a meteor—ardent with disdain  
His glance—his gesture, fierce in  
majesty !

Instinct with light he seems, and  
formed to bear

Some dread archangel through the  
fields of air.

But who is he, in panoply of gold,  
Throned on that burning charger ?

bright his form,

Yet in its brightness awful to behold,  
And girt with all the terrors of the  
storm !

Lightning is on his helmet's crest—  
and fear

Shrinks from the splendour of his  
brow severe.

And by his side two radiant warriors  
stand

All-armed, and kingly in command-  
ing grace—

Oh ! more than kingly—godlike !—  
sternly grand ;

Their port indignant, and each  
dazzling face

Beams with the beauty to immortals  
given,

Magnificent in all the wrath of heaven.

Then sinks each gazer's heart—each  
knee is bowed

In trembling awe—but, as to fields  
of fight,

The unearthly war-steed, rushing  
through the crowd,

Bursts on their leader in terrific  
might ;

And the stern angels of that dread  
abode

Pursue its plunderer with the scourge  
of God.

Darkness—thick darkness !—low on  
earth he lies,

Rash Heliodorus—motionless and  
pale—

Bloodless his cheek, and o'er his  
shrouded eyes

Mists, as of death, suspend their  
shadowy veil ;

And thus the oppressor, by his fear-  
struck train,

Is borne from that inviolable fane.

The light returns—the warriors of the  
sky

Have passed, with all their dreadful  
pomp, away.

Then wakes the timbrel, swells the  
song on high

Triumphant as in Judah's elder  
day ;

Rejoice, O city of the sacred hill !  
Salem, exult ! thy God is with thee  
still,

## NIGHT SCENE IN GENOA

In Genoa, when the sunset gave  
Its last warm purple to the wave,  
No sound of war, no voice of fear,  
Was heard, announcing danger near :  
Though deadliest foes were there,  
Whose hate  
But slumbered till its hour of fate,  
Yet calmly, at the twilight's close,  
Sunk the wide city to repose.

But when deep midnight reigned  
around,  
All sudden woke the alarm-bell's  
sound,  
Full swelling, while the hollow breeze  
Bore its dread summons o'er the seas.  
Then, Genoa, from their slumber  
started  
Thy sons, the free, the fearless-  
hearted ;  
Then mingled with the awakening  
peal  
Voices, and steps, and clash of steel.  
Arm, warriors, arm ! for danger calls,  
Arise to guard your native walls !  
With breathless haste the gathering  
throng  
Hurry the echoing streets along ;  
Through darkness rushing to the scene  
Where their bold counsels still con-  
vene.  
—But there a blaze of torches bright  
Pours its red radiance on the night,  
O'er fane, and dome, and column  
playing  
With every fitful night-wind swaying :  
Now floating o'er each tall arcade,  
Around the pillared scene displayed,  
In light relieved by depth of shade :  
And now with ruddy meteor-glare,  
Full streaming on the silvery hair  
And the bright cross of him who  
stands  
Rearing that sign with suppliant  
hands,  
Girt with his consecrated train,  
The hallowed servants of the fane.  
Of life's past woes, the fading trace  
Hath given that aged patriarch's face  
Expression holy, deep, resigned,  
The calm sublimity of mind.  
Years o'er his snowy head have  
passed,

And left him of his race the last ;  
Alone on earth—yet still his mien  
Is bright with majesty serene ;  
And those high hopes, whose guiding-  
star  
Shines from the eternal worlds afar,  
Have with that light illumed his eye,  
Whose fount is immortality,  
And o'er his features poured a ray  
Of glory, not to pass away.  
He seems a being who hath known  
Communion with his God alone,  
On earth by nought but pity's tie  
Detained a moment from on high !  
One to sublimer worlds allied,  
One, from all passion purified,  
E'en now half mingled with the sky,  
And all prepared—oh ! not to die—  
But, like the prophet, to aspire,  
In heaven's triumphal car of fire.  
He speaks—and from the throngs  
around  
Is heard not e'en a whispered sound :  
Awestruck each heart, and fixed each  
glance  
They stand as in a spellbound trance :  
He speaks—oh ! who can hear nor  
own  
The might of each prevailing tone ?  
“ Chieftains and warriors ! ye, so  
long  
Aroused to strife by mutual wrong,  
Whose fierce and far-transmitted  
hate  
Hath made your country desolate ;  
Now by the love ye bear her name,  
By that pure spark of holy flame  
On freedom's altar brightly burning,  
But, once extinguished, ne'er return-  
ing ;  
By all your hopes of bliss to come,  
When burst the bondage of the tomb ;  
By Him, the God Who bade us live  
To aid each other, and forgive—  
I call upon ye to resign  
Your discords at your country's  
shrine,  
Each ancient feud in peace atone,  
Wield your keen swords for her  
alone,  
And swear upon the cross, to cast  
Oblivion's mantle o'er the past ! ”

No voice replies. The holy bands  
Advance to where yon chieftain  
stands,  
With folded arms, and brow of  
gloom

O'ershadowed by his floating plume.  
To him they lift the cross—in vain :  
He turns—oh ! say not with disdain,  
But with a mien of haughty grief,  
That seeks not, e'en from heaven, re-  
lief.

He rends his robes—he sternly  
speaks—

Yet tears are on the warrior's cheeks.

“ Father ! not thus the wounds may  
close,

Inflicted by eternal foes.

Deemest thou *thy* mandate can efface  
The dread volcano's burning trace ?  
Or bid the earthquake's ravaged  
scene

Be smiling as it once hath been ?

No ! for the deeds the sword hath  
done

Forgiveness is not lightly won ;

The words by hatred spoke may not  
Be as a summer breeze forgot !

'Tis vain—we deem the war-feud's  
rage

A portion of our heritage.

Leaders, now slumbering with their  
fame,

Bequeathed us that undying flame :

Hearts that have long been still and  
cold

Yet rule us from their silent mould ;

And voices, heard on earth no more,  
Speak to our spirits as of yore.

Talk not of mercy—blood alone

The stain of bloodshed may atone ;  
Nought else can pay that mighty

debt,

The dead forbid us to forget.”

He pauses—from the patriarch's  
brow

There beams more lofty grandeur  
now ;

His reverend form, his aged hand

Assume a gesture of command,

His voice is awful, and his eye

Filled with prophetic majesty.

“ The dead !—and deemest thou  
*they* retain

Aught of terrestrial passion's stain ?

Of guilt incurred in days gone by,  
Aught but the fearful penalty ?

And sayest thou, mortal ! blood alone  
For deeds of slaughter may atone ?  
There *hath* been blood—by Him 'twas  
shed

To expiate every crime Who bled ;

The absolving God Who died to save,

And rose in victory from the grave !

And by that stainless offering given

Alike for all on earth to heaven ;

By that inevitable hour

When death shall vanquish pride and  
power,

And each departing passion's force

Concentrate all in late remorse ;

And by the day when doom shall be

Passed on earth's millions, and on the  
thee—

The doom that shall not be repealed,

Once uttered, and for ever sealed—

I summon thee, O child of clay !

To cast thy darker thoughts away,

And meet thy foes in peace and love,

As thou wouldst join the blest above.”

Still as he speaks, unwonted feeling

Is o'er the chieftain's bosom stealing ;

Oh ! not in vain the pleading cries

Of anxious thousands round him rise ;

He yields—devotion's mingled sense

Of faith, and fear, and penitence,

Pervading all his soul, he bows

To offer on the cross his vows,

And that best incense to the skies,

Each evil passion's sacrifice.

Then tears from warriors' eyes  
were flowing,

High hearts with soft emotions glow-  
ing ;

Stern foes as long-loved brothers  
greeting,

And ardent throngs in transport  
meeting ;

And eager footsteps forward pressing,

And accents loud in joyous blessing ;

And when their first wild tumults  
cease,

A thousand voices echo “ Peace ! ”

Twilight's dim mist hath rolled  
away,

And the rich Orient burns with day ;

Then as to greet the sunbeam's birth,

Rises the choral hymn of earth—

<p>The exulting strain through Genoa swelling, Of peace and holy rapture telling.</p> <p>Far float the sounds o'er vale and steep, The seaman hears them on the deep,</p>	<p>So mellowed by the gale, they seem As the wild music of a dream. But not on mortal ear alone Peals the triumphant anthem's tone; For beings of a purer sphere Bend with celestial joy to hear.</p>
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## THE TROUBADOUR AND RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

<p>THE Troubadour o'er many a plain Hath roamed unwearied, but in vain. O'er many a rugged mountain scene And forest wild his track hath been ; Beneath Calabria's glowing sky He hath sung the songs of chivalry ; His voice hath swelled on the Alpine breeze, And wrung through the snowy Pyrenees ; From Ebro's banks to Danube's wave, He hath sought his prince, the loved, the brave ; And yet, if still on earth thou art, Oh, monarch of the lion-heart ! The faithful spirit, which distress But heightens to devotedness, By toil and trial vanquished not, Shall guide thy minstrel to the spot.</p> <p>He hath reached a mountain hung with vine, And woods that wave o'er the lovely Rhine : The feudal towers that crest its height Frown in unconquerable might ; Dark is their aspect of sullen state— No helmet hangs o'er the massy gate To bid the wearied pilgrim rest, At the chieftain's board a welcome guest ; Vainly rich evening's parting smile Would chase the gloom of the haughty pile, That 'midst bright sunshin e lowers on high, Like a thunder-cloud in a summer sky.</p> <p>Not these the halls where a child of song Awhile may speed the hours along ;</p>	<p>Their echoes should repeat alone The tyrant's mandate, the prisoner's moan, Or the wild huntsman's bugle-blast, When his phantom-train are hurrying past.</p> <p>The weary minstrel paused—his eye Roved o'er the scene despondingly : Within the lengthening shadow, cast By the fortress-towers and ramparts vast, Lingering he gazed. The rocks around Sublime in savage grandeur frowned ; Proud guardians of the regal flood, In giant strength the mountains stood— By torrents cleft, by tempests riven, Yet mingling still with the calm blue heaven.</p> <p>Their peaks were bright with a sunny glow, [below ; But the Rhine all shadowy rolled In purple tints the vineyards smiled, But the woods beyond waved dark and wild ; Nor pastoral pipe, nor convent's bell, Was heard on the sighing breeze to swell ; But all was lonely, silent, rude, A stern, yet glorious solitude.</p> <p>But hark ! that solemn stillness breaking, The Troubadour's wild song is waking. Full oft that song, in days gone by, Hath cheered the sons of chivalry ; It hath swelled o'er Judah's moun- tains lone, Hermon ! thy echoes have learned its tone ;</p>
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On the Great Plain its notes have  
 rung,  
 The leagued Crusaders' tents among ;  
 'Twas loved by the Lion-heart, who  
 won  
 The palm in the field of Ascalon ;  
 And now afar o'er the rocks of  
 Rhine  
 Peals the bold strain of Palestine.

## THE TROUBADOUR'S SONG

"Thine hour is come, and the stake  
 is set,"  
 The Soldan cried to the captive  
 knight,  
 "And the sons of the Prophet in  
 throngs are met  
 To gaze on the fearful sight.  
 "But be our faith by the lips pro-  
 fessed,  
 The faith of Mecca's shrine,  
 Cast down the red cross that marks  
 thy vest,  
 And life shall yet be thine."  
 "I have seen the flow of my bosom's  
 blood,  
 And gazed with undaunted eye ;  
 I have borne the bright cross through  
 fire and flood,  
 And think'st thou I fear to die ?  
 "I have stood where thousands, by  
 Salem's towers,  
 Have fallen for the name Divine ;  
 And the faith that cheered *their*  
 closing hours,  
 Shall be the light of mine."  
 "Thus wilt thou die in the pride of  
 health,  
 And the glow of youth's fresh  
 bloom ?  
 Thou art offered life, and pomp, and  
 wealth,  
 Or torture and the tomb."  
 "I have been where the crown of  
 thorns was twined  
 For a dying Saviour's brow ;  
 He spurned the treasures that lure  
 mankind,  
 And I reject them now !"  
 "Art thou the son of a noble line  
 In a land that is fair and blest ?

And doth not thy spirit, proud  
 captive ! pine,  
 Again on its shores to rest ?

"Thine own is the choice to hail once  
 more  
 The soil of thy father's birth,  
 Or to sleep, when thy lingering  
 pangs are o'er  
 Forgotten in foreign earth."

"Oh ! fair are the vine-clad hills  
 that rise  
 In the country of my love ;  
 But yet, though cloudless my native  
 skies,  
 There's a brighter clime above !"

The bard hath paused—for  
 another tone  
 Blends with the music of his  
 own ;  
 And his heart beats high with  
 hope again,  
 As a well-known voice prolongs  
 the strain.

"Are there none within thy father's  
 hall,  
 Far o'er the wide blue main,  
 Young Christian ! left to deplore thy  
 fall  
 With sorrow deep and vain ?"

"There are hearts that still, through  
 all the past,  
 Unchanging have loved me well ;  
 There are eyes whose tears were  
 streaming fast  
 When I bade my home farewell.

"Better they wept o'er the warrior's  
 bier  
 Than the apostate's living stain ;  
 There's a land where those who loved  
 when here,  
 Shall meet to love again."

'Tis he ! thy prince—long sought,  
 long lost,  
 The leader of the red cross  
 host !  
 'Tis he ! to none thy joy  
 betray,  
 Young Troubadour ! away,  
 away !  
 Away to the island of the  
 brave,

The gem on the bosom of the  
wave ; [soil,  
Arouse the sons of the noble  
To win their Lion from the  
toil ; [flow,  
And free the wassail cup shall  
Bright in each hall the hearth  
shall glow ;

The festal board shall be richly  
crowned,  
While knights and chieftains  
revel round,  
And a thousand harps with joy  
shall ring  
When merry England hails her  
king.

## THE DEATH OF CONRADIN

No cloud to dim the splendour of the  
day  
Which breaks o'er Naples and her  
lovely bay,  
And lights that brilliant sea and  
magic shore  
With every tint that charmed the  
great of yore—  
The imperial ones of earth, who  
proudly bade  
Their marble domes e'en Ocean's  
realm invade.

That race is gone—but glorious  
Nature here  
Maintains unchanged her own sub-  
lime career,  
And bids these regions of the sun  
display  
Bright hues, surviving empires passed  
away.

The beam of heaven expands—its  
kindling smile  
Reveals each charm of many a fairy  
isle,  
Whose image floats, in softer colour-  
ing drest,  
With all its rocks and vines, on  
Ocean's breast.  
Misenum's cape hath caught the  
vivid ray,  
On Roman streamers there no more  
to play ;  
Still, as of old, unalterably bright,  
Lovely it sleeps on Posilippo's  
height,  
With all Italia's sunshine, to illume  
The ilex canopy of Virgil's tomb.  
Campania's plains rejoice in light,  
and spread  
Their gay luxuriance o'er the mighty  
dead ;

Fair glittering to thine own trans-  
parent skies,  
Thy palaces, exulting Naples ! rise ;  
While, far on high, Vesuvius rears  
his peak,  
Furrowed and dark with many a  
lava streak.

Oh, ye bright shores of Circe and  
the Muse !  
Rich with all Nature's and all Fiction's  
hues ;  
Who shall explore your regions, and  
declare  
The poet erred to paint Elysium  
there ?  
Call up his spirit, wanderer ! bid  
him guide  
Thy steps, those siren-haunted seas  
beside ;  
And all the scene a lovelier light  
shall wear,  
And spells more potent shall pervade  
the air.  
What though his dust be scattered,  
and his urn  
Long from its sanctuary of slumber  
torn,  
Still dwell the beings of his verse  
around,  
Hovering in beauty o'er the enchanted  
ground :  
His lays are murmured in each breeze  
that roves  
Soft o'er the sunny waves and  
orange groves ;  
His memory's charm is spread o'er  
shore and sea,  
The soul, the genius of Parthenope ;  
Shedding o'er myrtle shade and vine-  
clad hill  
The purple radiance of Elysium  
still.

Yet that fair soil and calm re-  
splendent sky  
Have witnessed many a dark reality.  
Oft o'er those bright blue seas the  
gale hath borne  
The sighs of exiles never to return.  
There with the whisper of Campania's  
gale  
Hath mingled oft affection's funeral  
wail,  
Mourning for buried heroes—while  
to her  
That glowing land was but her sepul-  
chre.  
And there, of old, the dread myster-  
ious moan  
Swelled from strange voices of no  
mortal tone ;  
And that wild trumpet, whose un-  
earthly note  
Was heard, at midnight, o'er the  
hills to float  
Around the spot where Agrippina  
died,  
Denouncing vengeance on the matri-  
cide.

Passed are those ages—yet an-  
other crime  
Another woe, must stain the Elysian  
clime.  
There stands a scaffold on the sunny  
shore— [o'er !  
It must be crimsoned ere the day is  
There is a throne in regal pomp  
arrayed,—  
A scene of death from thence must  
be surveyed.  
Marked ye the rushing throngs ?—  
each mien is pale,  
Each hurried glance reveals a fearful  
tale :  
But the deep workings of the in-  
dignant breast,  
Wrath, hatred, pity, must be all  
suppressed ;  
The burning tear awhile must check  
its course,  
The avenging thought concentrate  
all its force :  
For tyranny is near, and will not  
brook  
Aught but submission in each guarded  
look.

Girt with his fierce Provençals, and  
with mien

Austere in triumph, gazing on the  
scene,  
And in his eye a keen suspicious  
glance  
Of jealous pride and restless vigi-  
lance,  
Behold the conqueror ! Vainly in  
his face,  
Of gentler feeling hope would seek  
a trace :  
Cold, proud, severe, the spirit which  
hath lent  
Its haughty stamp to each dark  
lineament ;  
And pleading mercy, in the stern-  
ness there,  
May read at once her sentence—to  
despair !

But thou, fair boy ! the beautiful,  
the brave,  
Thus passing from the dungeon to  
the grave,  
While all is yet around thee which  
can give  
A charm to earth, and make it bliss to  
live ;  
Thou on whose form hath dwelt a  
mother's eye,  
Till the deep love that not with thee  
shall die  
Hath grown too full for utterance—  
Can it be ?  
And is this pomp of death prepared  
for thee ?  
Young, royal Conradin ! who shouldst  
have known  
Of life as yet the sunny smile alone !  
Oh ! who can view thee, in the pride  
and bloom  
Of youth, arrayed so richly for the  
tomb,  
Nor feel, deep swelling in his inmost  
soul,  
Emotions tyranny may ne'er con-  
trol ?  
Bright victim ! to Ambition's altar  
led,  
Crowned with all flowers that heaven  
on earth can shed  
Who, from the oppressor towering  
in his pride,  
May hope for mercy—if to thee  
denied ?  
There is dead silence on the breathless  
throne,

Dead silence all the peopled shore  
 along,  
 As on the captive moves—the only  
 sound,  
 To break that calm so fearfully  
 profound,  
 The low, sweet murmur of the rip-  
 pling wave.  
 Soft as it glides, the smiling shore to  
 lave ;  
 While on that shore, his own fair  
 heritage,  
 The youthful martyr to a tyrant's  
 rage  
 Is passing to his fate : the eyes are  
 dim  
 Which gaze, through tears that dare  
 not flow, on him.  
 He mounts the scaffold—doth his  
 footstep fail ?  
 Doth his lip quiver ? doth his cheek  
 turn pale ?  
 Oh ! it may be forgiven him if a  
 thought  
 Cling to that world, for him with  
 beauty fraught,  
 To all the hopes that promised  
 glory's meed,  
 And all the affections that with him  
 shall bleed.  
 If, in his life's young dayspring, while  
 the rose  
 Of boyhood on his cheek yet freshly  
 glows,  
 One human fear convulse his parting  
 breath,  
 And shrink from all the bitterness of  
 death!

But no ! the spirit of his royal  
 race  
 Sits brightly on his brow—that  
 youthful face  
 Beams with heroic beauty, and his  
 eye  
 Is eloquent with injured majesty.  
 He kneels—but not to man—his  
 heart shall own  
 Such deep submission to his God  
 alone !  
 And who can tell with what sus-  
 taining power  
 That God may visit him in fate's  
 dread hour ?  
 How the still voice, which answers  
 every moan,

May speak of hope—when hope on  
 earth is gone !

That solemn pause is o'er—the  
 youth hath given  
 One glance of parting love to earth  
 and heaven :  
 The sun rejoices in the unclouded  
 sky,  
 Life all around him glows—and he  
 must die !  
 Yet 'midst his people, undismayed,  
 he throws  
 The gage of vengeance for a thou-  
 sand woes ;  
 Vengeance that, like their own  
 volcano's fire,  
 May sleep suppressed a while—but  
 not expire.  
 One softer image rises o'er his breast,  
 One fond regret, and all shall be at  
 rest !  
 " Alas, for thee, my mother ! who  
 shall bear  
 To thy sad heart the tidings of  
 despair,  
 When thy lost child is gone ? " —that  
 thought can thrill  
 His soul with pangs one moment  
 more shall still.  
 The lifted axe is glittering in the sun—  
 It falls—the race of Conradin is  
 run !  
 Yet, from the blood which flows that  
 shore to stain,  
 A voice shall cry to heaven—and not  
 in vain !  
 Gaze thou, triumphant from thy  
 gorgeous throne,  
 In proud supremacy of guilt alone,  
 Charles of Anjou ;—but that dread  
 voice shall be  
 A fearful summoner e'en yet to thee !

The scene of death is closed—the  
 throngs depart,  
 A deep stern lesson graved on every  
 heart.  
 No pomp, no funeral rites, no  
 streaming eyes,  
 High-minded boy ! may grace thine  
 obsequies.  
 Oh, vainly royal and beloved !  
 thy grave,  
 Unsanctified, is bathed by Ocean's  
 wave ;

Marked by no stone, a rude, neglected  
spot, [got,  
Unhonoured, unadorned—but *unfor-*  
For thy deep wrongs in tameless  
hearts shall live,  
Now mutely suffering—never to  
forgive!

The sun fades from purple heavens  
away—  
A bark hath anchored in the un-  
ruffled bay;  
Thence on the beach descends a  
female form,  
Her mien with hope and tearful  
transport warm;  
But life hath left sad traces on her  
cheek,  
And her soft eyes a chastened  
heart bespeak,  
Inured to woes—yet what were all  
the past!

*She* sank not feebly 'neath affliction's  
blast,  
While one bright hope remained—  
who now shall tell  
The uncrowned, the widowed, how  
her loved one fell?  
To clasp her child, to ransom and to  
save,  
The mother came—and she hath  
found his grave!  
And by that grave, transfixed in  
speechless grief,  
Whose deathlike trance denies a  
tear's relief,  
Awhile she kneels—till roused at  
length to know,  
To feel the might, the fulness of her  
woe,  
On the still air a voice of anguish  
wild,  
A mother's cry is heard—"My  
Conradin! my child!"

## LAYS OF MANY LANDS

THE following pieces may so far be considered a series, as each is intended to be commemorative of some national recollection, popular custom, or tradition. The idea was suggested by Herder's "*Stimmen der Völker in Liedern*"; the execution is, however, different, as the poems in his collection are chiefly translations.

### MOORISH BRIDAL SONG

[It is a custom among the Moors, that a female who dies unmarried is clothed for interment in wedding apparel, and the bridal-song is sung over her remains before they are borne from her home.—See *The Narrative of a Ten Years' Residence in Tripoli*, by the *Sister-in-Law of Mr. Tully*.]

THE citron groves their fruit and  
flowers were strewing  
Around a Moorish palace, while the  
sigh  
Of low sweet summer winds the  
branches wooing  
With music through their shadowy  
bowers went by;  
Music and voices, from the marble  
halls  
Through the leaves gleaming, and  
the fountain-falls.

A song of joy, a bridal song came  
swelling  
To blend with fragrance in those  
southern shades,

And told of feasts within the stately  
dwelling,  
Bright lamps, and dancing steps,  
and gem-crowned maids;  
And thus it flowed:—yet some-  
thing in the lay  
Belonged to sadness, as it died away.

"The bride comes forth! her  
tears no more are falling  
To leave the chamber of her in-  
fant years;  
Kind voices from a distant home  
are calling;  
She comes like dayspring—she hath  
done with tears;  
Now must her dark eye shine on  
other flowers,  
Her soft smile gladden other hearts  
than ours!—

Pour the rich odours round!

"We haste! the chosen and the  
lovely bringing;  
Love still goes with her from her  
place of birth;

Deep, silent joy within her soul is  
springing,  
Though in her glance the light no  
more is mirth !  
Her beauty leaves us in its rosy  
years ;  
Her sisters weep—but she hath done  
with tears !—  
Now may the timbrel sound ! ”

Knowst thou for *whom* they sang  
the bridal numbers ?—  
One, whose rich tresses were to  
wave no more !  
One, whose pale cheek soft  
winds, nor gentle slumbers,  
Nor Love's own sigh, to rose tints  
might restore !  
Her graceful ringlets o'er a bier  
were spread.  
Weep for the young, the beautiful,—  
the dead !

### THE BIRD'S RELEASE

[The Indians of Bengal and of the coast of  
Malabar bring cages filled with birds to the  
graves of their friends, over which they set the  
birds at liberty. This custom is alluded to in  
the description of Virginia's funeral.—See  
*Paul and Virginia*]

Go forth ! for she is gone !  
With the golden light of her wavy  
hair,  
She is gone to the fields of the view-  
less air ;  
She hath left her dwelling lone !

Her voice hath passed away !  
It hath passed away like a summer  
breeze,  
When it leaves the hills for the far  
blue seas,  
Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and like her be free !  
With thy radiant wing, and thy  
glancing eye,  
Thou hast all the range of the sunny  
sky,  
And what is our grief to thee ?

Is it aught e'en to her 'we mourn ?  
Doth she look on the tears by her  
kindred shed ?  
Doth she rest with the flowers o'er  
her gentle head,  
Or float, on the light wind borne ?

We know not—but she is gone !  
Her step from the dance, her voice  
from the song,  
And the smile of her eye from the  
festal throng ;  
She hath left her dwelling lone !

When the waves at sunset shine,  
We may hear thy voice amidst  
thousands more,  
In the scented woods of our glowing  
shore ;  
But we shall not know 'tis thine !

Even so with the loved one flown !  
Her smile on the starlight may  
wander by,  
Her breath may be near in the wind's  
low sigh,  
Around us—but all unknown.

Go forth, we have loosed thy  
chain !  
We may deck thy cage with the  
richest flowers  
Which the bright day rears in our  
eastern bowers ;  
But thou wilt not be lured again.

Even thus may the summer pour  
All fragrant things on the land's  
green breast,  
And the glorious earth like a bride  
be dressed,  
But it wins *her* back no more !

### THE SWORD OF THE TOMB

#### A NORTHERN LEGEND

[The idea of this ballad is taken from a scene in  
*Starkoether*, a tragedy by the Danish poet  
Oehlenschläger. The sepulchral fire here  
alluded to, and supposed to guard the ashes of  
deceased heroes, is frequently mentioned in the  
Northern Sagas. Severe sufferings to the de-  
parted spirit were supposed by the Scandinavian  
mythologists to be the consequence of any  
profanation of the sepulchre.—See OEHLEN-  
SCHLÄGER'S *Plays*]

“ VOICE of the gifted elder time !  
Voice of the charm and the Runic  
rhyme !  
Speak ! from the shades and the  
depths disclose  
How Sigurd may vanquish his mortal  
foes ;  
Voice of the buried past !

"Voice of the grave! 'tis the mighty  
hour  
When night with her stars and dreams  
hath power,  
And my step hath been soundless on  
the snows,  
And the spell I have sung hath laid  
repose  
On the billow and the blast."

Then the torrents of the North  
And the forest pines were still,  
While a hollow chant came forth,  
From the dark sepulchral hill.

"There shines no sun 'midst the  
hidden dead,  
But where the day looks not the  
brave may tread;  
There is heard no song, and no mead  
is poured,  
But the warrior may come to the  
silent board  
In the shadow of the night.

"There is laid a sword in thy father's  
tomb,  
And its edge is fraught with thy  
foeman's doom;  
But soft be thy step through the  
silence deep,  
And move not the urn in the house  
of sleep,  
For the viewless have fearful  
might!"

Then died the solemn lay,  
As a trumpet's music dies,  
By the night-wind borne away  
Through the wild and stormy  
skies.

The fir trees rocked to the wailing  
blast,  
As on through the forest the warrior  
passed—  
Through the forest of Odin, the dim  
and old—  
The dark place of visions and legends,  
told  
By the fires of Northern pine.

The fir trees rocked, and the frozen  
ground  
Gave back to his footstep a hollow  
sound;

And it seemed that the depths of  
those awful shades,  
From the dreary gloom of their  
long arcades,  
Gave warning with voice and sign.

But the wind strange magic  
knows,  
To call wild shape and tone  
From the grey wood's tossing  
boughs,  
When Night is on her throne.

The pines closed o'er him with deeper  
gloom,  
As he took the path to the monarch's  
tomb:  
The Pole Star shone, and the heavens  
were bright  
With the arrowy streams of the  
Northern Light;  
But his road through dimness lay!

He passed, in the heart of that  
ancient wood,  
The dark shrine stained with the  
victim's blood,  
Nor paused till the rock, where a  
vaulted bed  
Had been hewn of old for the kingly  
dead,  
Arose on his midnight way.

Then first a moment's chill  
Went shuddering through his  
breast,  
And the steel-clad man stood  
still  
Before that place of rest.

But he crossed at length, with a deep-  
drawn breath,  
The threshold floor of the hall of  
Death,  
And looked on the pale, mysterious  
fire  
Which gleamed from the urn of his  
warrior-sire  
With a strange and solemn light.

Then darkly the words of the boding  
strain  
Like an omen rose on his soul again—  
"Soft be thy step through the  
silence deep,  
And move not the urn in the house of  
sleep;

For the viewless have fearful  
might ! ”

But the gleaming sword and  
shield

Of many a battle-day

Hung o'er that urn, revealed

By the tomb-fire's waveless ray ;

With a faded wreath of oak leaves  
bound,

They hung o'er the dust of the far-  
renowned,

Whom the bright Valkyriur's warning  
voice

Had called to the banquet where  
gods rejoice,

And the rich mead flows in light.

With a beating heart his son drew  
near,

And still rang the verse in his thrilling  
ear—

“ Soft be thy step through the silence  
deep,

And move not the urn in the house of  
sleep ;

For the viewless have fearful  
might ! ”

And many a Saga's rhyme,

And legend of the grave,

That shadowy scene and time

Called back to daunt the brave.

But he raised his arm—and the  
flame grew dim,

And the sword in its light seemed to  
wave and swim,

And his faltering hand could not  
grasp it well—

From the pale oak wreath, with a  
clash, it fell

Through the chamber of the dead !

The deep tomb rang with the heavy  
sound,

And the urn lay shivered in frag-  
ments round ;

And a rush, as of tempests, quenched  
the fire,

And the scattered dust of his warlike  
sire

Was strewn on the champion's  
head.

One moment—and all was still  
In the slumberer's ancient hall,

When the rock had ceased to  
thrill

With the mighty weapon's fall.

The stars were just fading one by one,  
The clouds were just tinged by the  
early sun,

When there streamed through the  
cavern a torch's flame,

And the brother of Sigurd the  
valiant came

To seek him in the tomb.

Stretched on his shield, like the steel-  
girt slain,

By moonlight seen on the battle-  
plain,

In a speechless trance lay the  
warrior there ;

But he wildly woke when the torch's  
glare

Burst on him through the gloom.

“ The morning wind blows free,  
And the hour of chase is near ;

Come forth, come forth with me !  
What dost thou, Sigurd, here ? ”

“ I have put out the holy sepulchral  
fire,

I have scattered the dust of my  
warrior-sire !

It burns on my head, and it weighs  
down my heart ;

But the winds shall not wander  
without their part

To strew o'er the restless deep !

“ In the mantle of death he was here  
with me now—

There was wrath in his eye, there was  
gloom on his brow ;

And his cold still glance on my  
spirit fell

With an icy ray and a withering  
spell—

Oh ! chill is the house of sleep ! ”

“ The morning wind blows free,  
And the reddening sun shines  
clear ;

Come forth, come forth with me !  
It is dark and fearful here ! ”

“ He is there, he is there, with his  
shadowy frown !

But gone from his head is the kingly  
crown—



The crown from his head, and the  
spear from his hand—

They have chased him far from the  
glorious land

Where the feast of the gods is  
spread !

"He must go forth alone on his  
phantom steed,

He must ride o'er the grave-hills  
with stormy speed !

His place is no longer at Odin's  
board,

He is driven from Valhalla without  
his sword ;

But the slayer shall avenge the  
dead !"

That sword its fame had won  
By the fall of many a crest ;  
But its fiercest work was done  
In the tomb, on Sigurd's breast !

### VALKYRIUR SONG

[The Valkyriur, or Fatal Sisters of Northern mythology, were supposed to single out the warriors who were to die in battle, and be received into the halls of Odin.

When a northern chief fell gloriously in war, his obsequies were honoured with all possible magnificence. His arms, gold and silver, war-horse, domestic attendants, and whatever else he held most dear, were placed with him on the pile. His dependants and friends frequently made it a point of honour to die with their leader, in order to attend on his shade in Valhalla, or the Palace of Odin. And, lastly, his wife was generally consumed with him on the same pile.—See MALLEI'S *Northern Antiquities*, HERBERT'S *Helga*, etc.]

Tremblingly flashed the inconstant meteor-light,  
Showing thin forms like virgins of this earth ;  
Save that all signs of human joy or grief,  
The flush of passion, smile, or tear, had seemed  
On the fixed brightness of each dazzling cheek  
Strange and unnatural. MILMAN.

THE Sea-king woke from the troubled  
sleep

Of a vision-haunted night,  
And he looked from his bark o'er the  
gloomy deep,

And counted the streaks of light ;  
For the red sun's earliest ray  
Was to rouse his bands that day  
To the stormy joy of fight !

But the dreams of rest were still on  
earth,

And the silent stars on high,  
And there waved not the smoke of  
one cabin hearth

'Midst the quiet of the sky ;  
And along the twilight bay,  
In their sleep the hamlets lay,  
For they knew not the Norse were  
nigh !

The Sea-king looked o'er the brood-  
ing wave,

He turned to the dusky shore,  
And there seemed, through the arch  
of a tide-worn cave,

A gleam, as of snow, to pour ;  
And forth in watery light,  
Moved phantoms, dimly white,  
Which the garb of woman wore.

Slowly they moved to the billow-  
side ;

And the forms, as they grew more  
clear,

Seemed each on a tall pale steed to  
ride,

And a shadowy crest to rear,  
And to beckon with faint hand  
From the dark and rocky strand,  
And to point a gleaming spear.

Then a stillness on his spirit fell,  
Before the unearthly train,

For he knew Valhalla's daughters  
well—

The Choosers of the slain !

And a sudden rising breeze  
Bore, across the moaning seas,  
To his ear their thrilling strain.

"There are songs in Odin's  
Hall

For the brave ere night to fall !  
Doth the great sun hide its  
ray ?

He must bring a wrathful day !  
Sleeps the falchion in its  
sheath ?

Swords must do the work of  
death !

Regner !—Sea-king !—*thee* we  
call !—

There is joy in Odin's hall.

"At the feast, and in the  
song,

Thou shalt be remembered  
long !

By the green isles of the  
flood,

Thou hast left thy track in  
blood !

On the earth and on the sea,  
There are those will speak of  
thee !

'Tis enough,—the war-gods  
call,—  
There is mead in Odin's Hall !

" Regner ! tell thy fair-haired  
bride

She must slumber at thy side !  
Tell the brother of thy breast  
Even for him thy grave hath  
rest !

Tell the raven steed which  
bore thee  
When the wild wolf fled before  
thee,

He, too, with his lord must  
fall,—

There is room in Odin's Hall !

" Lo ! the mighty sun looks  
forth—

Arm ! thou leader of the  
North !

Lo ! the mists of twilight fly—  
We must vanish, thou must  
die !

By the sword and by the  
spear,

By the hand that knows no  
fear,

Sea-king ! nobly thou shalt  
fall !—

There is joy in Odin's Hall ! "

There was arming heard on land and  
wave,

When afar the sunlight spread,  
And the phantom forms of the tide-  
worn cave

With the mists of morning fled ;  
But at eve the kingly hand

Of the battle-axe and brand  
Lay cold on a pile of dead !

## THE CAVERN OF THE THREE TELLS

### A SWISS TRADITION

[The three founders of the Helvetic Confederacy  
are thought to sleep in a cavern near the Lake  
of Lucerne. The herdsmen call them the  
Three Tells, and say that they lie there in  
their antique garb, in quiet slumber ; and  
when Switzerland is in her utmost need, they

will awaken and regain the liberties of the  
land.—See *Quarterly Review*, No. 44.

The Grütli, where the confederates held  
their nightly meetings, is a meadow on the  
shore of the Lake of Lucerne or Lake of the  
Forest Cantons, here called the Forest Sea.]

OH ! enter not yon shadowy cave,  
Seek not the bright spars there,  
Though the whispering pines that o'er  
it wave

With freshness fill the air :

For there the Patriot Three,  
In the garb of old arrayed,  
By their native Forest Sea,  
On a rocky couch are laid.

The Patriot Three that met of yore  
Beneath the midnight sky,  
And leagued their hearts on the Grütli  
shore

In the name of liberty !

Now silently they sleep  
Amidst the hills, they freed ;  
But their rest is only deep  
Till their country's hour of  
need.

They start not at the hunter's call,  
Nor the lammergeier's cry,  
Nor the rush of a sudden torrent's fall,  
Nor the Lauwine thundering by ;  
And the Alpine herdsman's lay,  
To a Switzer's heart so dear !  
On the wild wind floats away,  
No more for them to hear.

But when the battle-horn is blown  
Till the Schreckhorn's peaks reply,  
When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back  
the tone

Through their eagles' lonely sky ;  
When the spear-heads light  
the lakes,  
When trumpet's loose the  
snows,  
When the rushing war-steed  
shakes  
The glacier's mute repose ;

When Uri's beechen woods wave red  
In the burning hamlet's light—

Then from the cavern of the dead  
Shall the sleepers wake in might !

With a leap, like Tell's proud  
leap  
When away the helm he  
flung,

And boldly up the steep  
From the flashing billow  
sprung !<sup>1</sup>

They shall wake beside their Forest  
Sea,

In the ancient garb they wore  
When they linked the hands that  
made us free

On the Grütli's moonlight shore ;  
And their voices shall be

heard,  
And be answered with a  
shout,

Till the echoing Alps are stirred  
And the signal fires blaze  
out.

And the land shall see such deeds  
again

As those of that proud day  
When Winkelried, on Sempach's  
plain,

Through the serried spears made  
way ; [down

And when the rocks came  
On the dark Morgarten dell,  
And the crownèd casques,<sup>2</sup>  
o'erthrown,  
Before our fathers fell !

For the Kuhreihen's<sup>3</sup> notes must  
never sound

In a land that wears the chain,  
And the vines on freedom's holy  
ground

Untrampled must remain ;  
And the yellow harvests wave  
For no stranger's hand to

reap,  
While within their silent cave  
The men of Grütli sleep !

### SWISS SONG

#### ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF AN ANCIENT BATTLE

[The Swiss, even to our days, have continued to celebrate the anniversaries of their ancient battles with much solemnity ; assembling in the open air on the fields where their ancestors

<sup>1</sup> The point of rock on which Tell leaped from the boat of Gessler is marked by a chapel, and called the *Tellensprung*.

<sup>2</sup> *Crowned Helmets*, were once a distinction of rank.

<sup>3</sup> The *Kuhreihen*—the celebrated *Ranz des Vaches*.

fought, to hear thanksgivings offered up by the priests, and the names of all who shared in the glory of the day enumerated. They afterwards walk in procession to chapels, always erected in the vicinity of such scenes, where masses are sung for the souls of the departed.—See PLANTA'S *History of the Helvetic Confederacy*.]

Look on the white Alps round !

If yet they gird a land  
Where Freedom's voice and step are  
found,

Forget ye not the band,—  
The faithful band, our sires, who fell  
Here in the narrow battle-dell !

If yet, the wilds among,

Our silent hearts may burn,  
When the deep mountain-horn  
hath rung,

And home our steps may turn,—  
Home !—home !—if still that name  
be dear, [here !

Praise to the men who perished

Look on the white Alps round !

Up to their shining snows  
That day the stormy rolling sound,  
The sound of battle, rose !

Their caves prolonged the trumpet's  
blast,

Their dark pines trembled as it  
passed !

They saw the princely crest,

They saw the knightly spear,  
The banner and the mail-clad  
breast,

Borne down, and trampled here !  
They saw—and glorying there they  
stand,

Eternal records to the land !

Praise to the mountain-born,

The brethren of the glen !  
By them no steel array was worn,  
They stood as peasant men !

They left the vineyard and the  
field, [shield !

To break an empire's lance and

Look on the white Alps round !

If yet, along their steepes,  
Our children's fearless feet may  
bound

Free as the chamois leaps :  
Teach them in song to bless the band  
Amidst whose mossy graves we stand !

If, by the wood-fire's blaze,  
When winter stars gleam cold,  
The glorious tales of elder days  
May proudly yet be told,  
Forget not then the shepherd race,  
Who made the earth a holy place !

Look on the white Alps round !  
If yet the Sabbath bell  
Comes o'er them with a gladdening  
sound  
Think on the battle-dell !  
For blood first bathed its flowery sod,  
That chainless hearts might worship  
God !

### THE MESSENGER BIRD

[Natives of Brazil pay great veneration to a bird that sings mournfully in the night-time. They say it is a messenger which their deceased friends and relations have sent with tidings from the other world.]

THOU art come from the spirits' land,  
thou bird !

Thou art come from the spirits'  
land :

Through the dark pine grove let thy  
voice be heard,  
And tell of the shadowy band !

We know that the bowers are green  
and fair

In the light of that summer shore ;  
And we know that the friends we  
have lost are there  
They are there—and they weep no  
more !

And we know they have quenched  
their fever's thirst

From the fountain of youth ere  
now,

For *there* must the stream in its  
freshness burst

Which none may find below !

And we know that they will not be  
lured to earth

—from the land of deathless flowers,  
By the feast, or the dance, or the  
song of mirth,

Though their hearts were once with  
ours :

Though they sat with us by the  
night-fire's blaze,  
And bent with us the bow,

And heard the tales of our fathers'  
days,  
Which are told to others now !

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn  
strain !

Can those who have loved forget ?  
We call—and they answer not  
again :

Do they love—do they love us  
yet ?

Doth the warrior think of his brother  
*there*,

And the father of his child ?

And the chief of those that were  
wont to share

His wandering through the wild ?

We call them far through the silent  
night, [hill :

And they speak not from cave or  
We know, thou bird ! that their land  
is bright,

But say, do they love there still ? <sup>1</sup>

### THE STRANGER IN LOUISIANA

[An early traveller mentions people on the banks of the Mississippi who burst into tears at the sight of a stranger. They fancy their deceased friends and relations to be only gone on a journey, and, being in constant expectation of their return, look for them vainly amongst these foreign travellers.]

We saw thee, O stranger !  
and wept.

We looked for the youth of the sunny  
glance

Whose step was fleetest in chase or  
dance :

The light of his eye was a joy to see,  
The path of his arrows a storm to flee.

But there came a voice from a  
distant shore—

He was called—he is found 'midst his  
tribe no more :

He is not in his place when the night-  
fires burn,

<sup>1</sup> An American Quaker lady wrote the following answer to this poem :—

Yes ! I came from the spirits' land,  
From the land that is bright and fair ;  
I came with a voice from the shadowy band,  
To tell that they love you there.

To say, if a wish or a vain regret  
Could live in Elysian bowers,

But we look for him still—he will yet return !

His brother sat with a drooping brow  
In the gloom of the shadowing cypress bough :

We roused him—we bade him no longer pine,  
For we heard a step—but the step was thine !

We saw thee, O stranger !  
and wept.

We looked for the maid of the mournful song—

Mournful, though sweet,—she hath left us long :

We told her the youth of her love was gone,

And she went forth to seek him—she passed alone.

We hear not her voice when the woods are still,

From the bower where it sang, like a silvery rill.

The joy of her sire with her smile is fled,

The winter is white on his lonely head :

He hath none by his side when the wilds we track,

He hath none when we rest—yet she comes not back !

We looked for her eye on the feast to shine,

For her breezy step—but the step was thine !

---

'Twould be for the friends they can ne'er forget,  
The beloved of their youthful hours ;

To whisper the dear deserted band,  
Who smiled on their tannance here,  
That a faithful guard in the dreamless land  
Are the friends they have loved so dear.

'Tis true, in the silent night you call,  
And they answer you not again ;  
But the spirits of bliss are voiceless all—  
Sound only was made for pain.

That their land is bright and they weep no more,  
I have warbled from hill to hill ;  
But my plaintive strain should have told before,  
That they love, oh ! they love you still.

They bid me say that unfading flowers  
You'll find in the path they trod ;  
And a welcome true to their deathless bowers,  
Pronounced by the voice of God.

We saw thee, O stranger !  
and wept.

We looked for the chief, who hath left the spear

And the bow of his battles forgotten here :

We looked for the hunter, whose bride's lament

On the wind of the forest at eve is sent :

We looked for the firstborn, whose mother's cry

Sounds wild and shrill through the midnight sky !—

Where are they ? Thou'rt seeking some distant coast :

Oh, ask of them, stranger !—send back the lost !

Tell them we mourn by the dark-blue streams,

Tell them our lives but of them are dreams !

Tell, how we sat in the gloom to pine,  
And to watch for a step—but the step was thine !

## THE ISLE OF FOUNTS

### AN INDIAN TRADITION

[“ The river St. Mary has its source from a vast lake or marsh, which lies between Flint and Oakmulge rivers, and occupies a space of near three hundred miles in circuit. This vast accumulation of waters, in the wet season, appears as a lake, and contains some large islands or knolls of rich high land ; one of which the present generation of the Creek Indians represent to be a most blissful spot of earth. They say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful. They also tell you that this terrestrial paradise has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters, when in pursuit of game ; but that in their endeavours to approach it, they were involved in perpetual labyrinths, and, like enchanted land, still as they imagined they had just gained it, it seemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and disappearing. They resolved, at length, to leave the delusive pursuit, and to return ; which, after a number of difficulties, they effected. When they reported their adventures to their countrymen, the young warriors were inflamed with an irresistible desire to invade and make a conquest of so charming a country ; but all their attempts have hitherto proved abortive, never having been able again to find that enchanting spot.”—BERTRAM'S *Travels through North and South Carolina*. The additional circumstances in the “ Isle of Founts ” are merely imaginary.]

Son of the stranger ! wouldst thou take

O'er yon blue hills thy lonely  
way,  
To reach the still and shining lake  
Along whose banks the west  
winds play?  
Let no vain dreams thy heart  
beguile—  
Oh! seek thou not the Fountain Isle!

Lull but the mighty serpent-king,  
'Midst the grey rocks, his old  
domain;  
Ward but the cougar's deadly  
spring,—  
Thy step that lake's green shore  
may gain;  
And the bright Isle, when all is passed,  
Shall vainly meet thine eye at last!

Yes! there, with all its rainbow  
streams,  
Clear as within thine arrow's  
flight,  
The Isle of Founts, the isle of  
dreams,  
Floats on the wave in golden  
light:  
And lovely will the shadows be  
Of groves whose fruit is not for thee!

And breathings from their sunny  
flowers,  
Which are not of the things that  
die,  
And singing voices from their  
bowers,  
Shall greet thee in the purple  
sky;  
Soft voices, e'en like those that dwell  
Far in the green reed's hollow cell.

Or hast thou heard the sounds that  
rise  
From the deep chambers of the  
earth?  
The wild and wondrous melodies  
To which the ancient rocks gave  
birth?  
Like that sweet song of hidden caves  
Shall swell those wood-notes o'er the  
waves.

The emerald waves!—they take  
their hue  
And image from that sunbright  
shore;

But wouldst thou launch thy light  
canoe,  
And wouldst thou ply thy rapid  
oar,—  
Before thee, hadst thou morning's  
speed,  
The dreamy land should still recede!

Yet on the breeze thou still wouldst  
hear  
The music of its flowering shades,  
And ever should the sound be near  
Of founts that ripple through its  
glades;  
The sound, and sight, and flashing ray  
Of joyous waters in their play!

But woe to him who sees them  
burst  
With their bright spray-showers  
to the lake!  
Earth has no spring to quench the  
thirst [wake,  
That semblance in his soul shall  
For ever pouring through his dreams  
The gush of those untasted streams!

Bright, bright in many a rocky urn,  
The waters of our deserts lie,  
Yet at their source his lips shall  
burn,  
Parched with the fever's agony!  
From the blue mountains to the main,  
Our thousand floods may roll in vain.

E'en thus our hunters came of yore  
Back from their long and wearied  
quest;—  
Had they not seen the untrodden  
shore?  
And could they midst our wilds  
find rest?  
The lightning of their glance was fled,  
They dwelt amongst us as the dead!

They lay beside our glittering rills  
With visions in their darkened  
eye;  
Their joy was not amidst the hills  
Where elk and deer before us fly:  
Their spears upon the cedar hung,  
Their javelins to the wind were  
flung.

They bent no more the forest bow,  
They armed not with the war-  
rior band,

The moons waned o'er them dim  
and slow—

They left us for the spirits' land !  
Beneath our pines yon greensward  
heap  
Shows where the restless found their  
sleep.

Son of the stranger ! if at eve  
Silence be 'midst us in thy place,  
Yet go not where the mighty leave  
The strength of battle and of  
chase !  
Let no vain dreams thy heart be-  
guile—  
Oh ! seek thou not the Fountain Isle !

### THE BENDED BOW

[It is supposed that war was anciently pro-  
claimed in Britain by sending messengers in  
different directions through the land, each  
bearing a *bended bow* ; and that peace was in  
like manner announced by a bow unstrung,  
and therefore straight.—See the *Cambrian*  
*Antiquities*.]

THERE was heard the sound of a  
coming foe,  
THERE was sent through Britain a  
bended bow ;  
And a voice was poured on the free  
winds far,  
As the land rose up at the sign of war.

“ Heard you not the battle  
horn ?—

Reaper ! leave thy golden corn :  
Leave it for the birds of heaven—  
Swords must flash and spears be  
riven !

Leave it for the winds to shed—  
Arm ! ere Britain's turf grow red.”

And the reaper armed, like a free-  
man's son ;  
And the bended bow and the voice  
passed on.

“ Hunter ! leave the mountain  
chase,  
Take the falchion from its place ;  
Let the wolf go free to-day,  
Leave him for a nobler prey ;  
Let the deer ungalled sweep by—  
Arm thee ! Britain's foes are  
nigh ! ”

And the hunter armed ere the chase  
was done ;  
And the bended bow and the voice  
passed on.

“ Chieftain ! quit the joyous feast—  
Stay not till the song hath ceased :  
Though the mead be foaming  
bright,  
Though the fires give ruddy light,  
Leave the hearth, and leave the  
hall—  
Arm thee ! Britain's foes must  
fall.”

And the chieftain armed, and the  
horn was blown ;  
And the bended bow and the voice  
passed on.

“ Prince ! thy father's deeds are  
told  
In the bower and in the hold,  
Where the goatherd's lay is sung,  
Where the minstrel's harp is strung !  
Foes are on thy native sea—  
Give our bards a tale of thee ! ”

And the prince came armed, like a  
leader's son ;  
And the bended bow and the voice  
passed on.

“ Mother ! stay thou not thy boy,  
He must learn the battle's joy ;  
Sister ! bring the sword and spear,  
Give thy brother words of cheer :  
Maiden ! bid thy lover part :  
Britain calls the strong in heart ! ”

And the bended bow and the voice  
passed on,  
And the bards made song for a battle  
won.

### HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN

[It is recorded of Henry the First, that after the  
death of his son, Prince William, who f r  
ished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy,  
he was never seen to smile.]

THE bark that held a prince went  
down,  
The sweeping waves rolled on ;  
And what was England's glorious  
crown  
To him that wept a son ?

He lived—for life may long be borne  
Ere sorrow break its chain ;  
Why comes not death to those who  
mourn ?

He never smiled again !

There stood proud forms around his  
throne,

The stately and the brave ;  
But which could fill the place of one,  
That one beneath the wave ?

Before him passed the young and  
fair,

In pleasure's reckless train ;  
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright  
hair—

He never smiled again !

He sat where festal bowls went round,

He heard the minstrel sing,

He saw the tourney's victor crowned

Amidst the knightly ring :

A murmur of the restless deep

Was blent with every strain,

A voice of winds that would not  
sleep—

He never smiled again !

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the  
trace

Of vows once fondly poured,  
And strangers took the kinsman's  
place

At many a joyous board ;  
Graves, which true love had bathed  
with tears,

Were left to heaven's bright rain,  
Fresh hopes were born for other  
years—

He never smiled again !

### CŒUR-DE-LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER

[The body of Henry the Second lay in state in the abbey church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Cœur-de-Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and bitterly reproached himself for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.]

TORCHES were blazing clear,  
Hymns pealing deep and slow,  
Where a king lay stately on his bier  
In the church of Fontevraud.  
Banners of battle o'er him hung,  
And warriors slept beneath ;

And light, as noon's broad light, was  
flung

On the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death

A strong and ruddy glare,  
Though dimmed at times by the  
censer's breath,

Yet it fell still brightest there :  
As if each deeply furrowed trace  
Of earthly years to show.

Alas ! that sceptred mortal's race  
Had surely closed in woe !

The marble floor was swept  
By many a long dark stole,  
As the kneeling priests round him  
that slept

Sang mass for the parted soul :  
And solemn were the strains they  
poured

Through the stillness of the night,  
With the cross above, and the crown  
and sword,

And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang,  
As of steel-girt men the tread,  
And the tombs and the hollow pave-  
ment rang

With a sounding thrill of dread ;  
And the holy chant was hushed awhile,  
As, by the torch's flame,  
A gleam of arms up the sweeping aisle  
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,  
An eagle-glance and clear ;  
But his proud heart through its  
breastplate shook

When he stood beside the bier !  
He stood there still with a drooping  
brow,

And clasped hands o'er it raised ;  
For his father lay before him low—  
It was Cœur-de-Lion gazed !

And silently he strove  
With the workings of his breast ;  
But there's more in late repentant  
love

Than steel may keep suppressed !  
And his tears brake forth, at last, like  
rain,—

Men held their breath in awe ;  
For his face was seen by his warrior  
train,

And he recked not that they saw.



He looked upon the dead—  
And sorrow seemed to lie,  
A weight of sorrow, even like lead,  
Pale on the fast-shut eye.  
He stooped—and kissed the frozen  
cheek,  
And the heavy hand of clay ;  
Till bursting words—yet all too  
weak—  
Gave his soul's passion way.

" O father ! is it vain,  
This late remorse and deep ?  
Speak to me, father ! once again :  
I weep—behold, I weep !  
Alas ! my guilty pride and ire !—  
Were but this work undone,  
I would give England's crown, my  
sire !  
To hear thee bless thy son.

" Speak to me ! Mighty grief !  
Ere now the dust hath stirred !  
Hear me, but hear me !—father,  
chief,  
My king ! I *must* be heard !  
Hushed, hushed—how is it that I  
call,  
And that thou answerest not ?  
When was it thus ?—Woe, woe for  
all  
The love my soul forgot !

" Thy silver hairs I see,  
So still, so sadly bright !  
And father, father ! but for me,  
They had not been so white !  
I bore thee down, high heart ! at  
last :  
No longer couldst thou strive.  
Oh ! for one moment of the past,  
To kneel and say—' forgive !'

" Thou wert the noblest king  
On royal throne e'er seen ;  
And thou didst wear in knightly ring,  
Of all, the stateliest mien ;  
And thou didst prove, where spears  
are proved,  
In war, the bravest heart ;  
Oh ! ever the renowned and loved  
Thou wert—and *there* thou art !

" Thou that my boyhood's guide  
Didst take fond joy to be !—  
The times I've sported at thy side,  
And climbed thy parent knee !

And there before the blessed shrine,  
My sire ! I see thee lie,—  
How will that sad still face of thine  
Look on me till I die ! "

### THE VASSAL'S LAMENT FOR THE FALLEN TREE

[ " Here [at Brereton, in Cheshire] is one thing  
incredibly strange, but attested, as I myself  
have heard, by many persons, and commonly  
believed. Before any heir of this family dies,  
there are seen, in a lake adjoining, the bodies  
of trees swimming on the water for several  
days."—CAMDEN'S *Britannia* ]

YES ! I have seen the ancient oak  
On the dark deep water cast,  
And it was not felled by the wood-  
man's stroke,  
Or the rush of the sweeping  
blast ;  
For the axe might never touch that  
tree,  
And the air was still as a summer sea.

I saw it fall, as falls a chief  
By an arrow in the fight,  
And the old woods shook to their  
loftiest leaf,  
At the crashing of its might ;  
And the startled deer to their coverts  
drew,  
And the spray of the lake as a foun-  
tain's flew !

'Tis fallen ! But think thou not I  
weep  
For the forest's pride o'er-  
thrown—  
An old man's tears lie far too deep  
To be poured for this alone ;  
But by that sign too well I know,  
That a youthful head must soon be  
low !

A youthful head, with its shining  
hair,  
And its bright quick-flashing  
eye—  
Well may I weep ! for the boy is  
fair,

Too fair a thing to die !  
But on his brow the mark is set—  
Oh ! could *my* life redeem him yet !

He bounded by me as I gazed  
Alone on the fatal sign,

And it seemed like sunshine when  
he raised

His joyous glance to mine.  
With a stag's fleet step he bounded  
by,  
So full of life—but he must die !

He must, he must ! in that deep  
dell,

By that dark water's side,  
'Tis known that ne'er a proud tree  
fell

But an heir of his fathers died.  
And he—there's laughter in his eye,  
Joy in his voice—yet he must die !

I've borne him in these arms, that  
now

Are nerveless and unstrung ;  
And must I see, on that fair brow,  
The dust untimely flung ?

I must !—yon green oak, branch and  
crest,  
Lies floating on the dark lake's  
breast !

The noble boy !—how proudly  
sprung

The falcon from his hand !

It seemed like youth to see *him*  
young,

A flower in his father's land !

But the hour of the knell and the  
dirge is nigh,  
For the tree had fallen, and the  
flower must die.

Say not 'tis vain ! I tell thee,  
some

Are warned by a meteor's light,  
Or a pale bird, flitting, calls them  
home,

Or a voice on the winds by night ;  
And they must go ! And he too,  
he !—

Woe for the fall of the glorious Tree !

### THE WILD HUNTSMAN

[It is a popular belief in the Odenwald, that the passing of the Wild Huntsman announces the approach of war. He is supposed to issue with his train from the ruined castle of Rodenstein, and traverse the air to the opposite castle of Schnellerts. It is confidently asserted that the sound of his phantom horses and hounds

was heard by the Duke of Baden before the commencement of the last war in Germany.]

THE rest was deep at the slumberer's  
hour,

If thou didst not hear the blast  
Of the savage horn from the moun-  
tain-tower,

As the Wild Night Huntsman  
passed,

And the roar of the stormy chase  
went by

Through the dark unquiet sky !

The stag sprung up from his mossy  
bed

When he caught the piercing  
sounds,

And the oak boughs crashed to his  
antlered head,

As he flew from the viewless  
hounds ;

And the falcon soared from her  
craggy height,

Away through the rushing night !

The banner shook on its ancient hold,  
And the pine in its desert place,  
As the cloud and tempest onward  
rolled

With the din of the trampling race ;  
And the glens were filled with the  
laugh and shout,

And the bugle, ringing out !

From the chieftain's hand the wine-  
cup fell,

At the castle's festive board,  
And a sudden pause came o'er the  
swell

Of the harp's triumphant chord ;  
And the minnesinger's thrilling lay  
In the hall died fast away.

The convent's chanted rite was stayed,  
And the hermit dropped his  
beads,

And a trembling ran through the  
forest shade,

At the neigh of the phantom  
steeds,

And the church bells pealed to the  
rocking blast,

As the Wild Night Huntsman  
passed.

The storm hath swept with the chase  
away,

There is stillness in the sky ;  
But the mother looks on her son to-day,  
With a troubled heart and eye,  
And the maiden's brow hath a shade of care  
'Midst the gleam of her golden hair !

The Rhine flows bright ; but its waves ere long  
Must hear a voice of war,  
And the clash of spears our hills among,  
And a trumpet from afar ;  
And the brave on a bloody turf must lie—  
For the Huntsman hath gone by !

#### BRANDENBURG HARVEST SONG FROM THE GERMAN OF LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ

[For the year of the Queen of Prussia's death.]

THE corn in golden light  
Waves o'er the plain ;  
The sickle's gleam is bright ;  
Full swells the grain.

Now send we far around  
Our harvest lay !—  
Alas ! a heavier sound  
Comes o'er the day !

Earth shrouds with burial sod  
Her soft eyes blue,—  
Now o'er the gifts of God  
Fall tears like dew !

On every breeze a knell  
The hamlets pour ;  
We know its cause too well—  
*She is no more !*

#### THE SHADE OF THESEUS

AN ANCIENT GREEK TRADITION

Know ye not when our dead  
From sleep to battle sprung ?—  
When the Persian charger's tread  
On their covering greensward rung ;  
When the trampling march of foes  
Had crushed our vines and flowers,  
When jewelled crests arose  
Through the holy laurel bowers ;

When banners caught the breeze,  
When helms in sunlight shone,  
When masts were on the seas,  
And spears on Marathon.

There was one, a leader crowned,  
And armed for Greece that day ;  
But the falchions made no sound  
On his gleaming war-array.  
In the battle's front he stood,  
With his tall and shadowy crest ;  
But the arrows drew no blood,  
Though their path was through his breast.

When banners caught the breeze,  
When helms in sunlight shone,  
When masts were on the seas,  
And spears on Marathon.

His sword was seen to flash  
Where the boldest deeds were done ;  
But it smote without a clash—  
The stroke was heard by none !  
His voice was not of those  
That swelled the rolling blast,  
And his steps fell hushed like snows—  
'Twas the Shade of Theseus passed !

When banners caught the breeze,  
When helms in sunlight shone,  
When masts were on the seas,  
And spears on Marathon.

Far sweeping through the foe,  
With a fiery charge he bore ;  
And the Mede left many a bow  
On the sounding ocean shore.  
And the foaming waves grew red,  
And the sails were crowded fast,  
When the sons of Asia fled,  
As the Shade of Theseus passed !

When banners caught the breeze,  
When helms in sunlight shone,  
When masts were on the seas,  
And spears on Marathon.

#### ANCIENT GREEK SONG OF EXILE

WHERE is the summer with her  
golden sun ?—  
That festal glory hath not passed  
from earth ;  
For me alone the laughing day is  
done !

Where is the summer with her  
voice of mirth

—Far in my own bright land !

Where are the Fauns, whose flute-  
notes breathe and die

On the green hills ?—the founts,  
from sparry caves

Through the wild places bearing  
melody ?—

The reeds, low whispering o'er the  
river waves ?

—Far in my own bright land !

Where are the temples, through the  
dim wood shining, [strains ?

The virgin dances, and the choral

Where the sweet sisters of my youth  
entwining [sylvan fanes ?

The spring's first roses for their

—Far in my own bright land !

Where are the vineyards, with their  
joyous throngs,

The red grapes pressing when the  
foliage fades ?

The lyres, the wreaths, the lovely  
Dorian songs,

An'! the pine forests, and the olive  
shades ?

—Far in my own bright land !

Where the deep haunted grots, the  
laurel bowers,

The Dryad's footsteps, and the  
minstrel's dreams ?—

Oh, that my life were as a southern  
flower's !—

I might not languish then by these  
chill streams,

—Far from my own bright  
land !

### GREEK FUNERAL CHANT, OR MYRIOLOGUE

[Les Chants Funébres par lesquels on déplore en Grèce la mort de ses proches, prennent le nom particulier de Myriologia—comme qui dirait, Discours de lamentation, complaintes. Un malade vient-il de rendre le dernier soupir, sa femme, sa mère, ses filles, ses sœurs, celles, en un mot, de ses plus proches parentes qui sont là, lui ferment les yeux et la bouche, en épanchant librement, chacune selon son naturel et sa mesure de tendresse pour le défunt, la douleur qu'elle ressent de sa perte. Ce premier devoir rempli, elles se retirent toutes chez une de leurs parentes ou de leurs amies. Là elles changent de vêtements, s'habillent de blanc, comme pour la cérémonie nuptiale, avec cette différence, qu'elles gardent la tête nue, les cheveux épars et pendans. Ces apprêts terminés, les parentes reviennent dans leur parure de deuil ; toutes se rangent en cercle autour du mort, et leur douleur s'exhale de nouveau, et comme la première fois, sans règle et sans contrainte. A ces plantes spontanées succèdent bientôt des lamentations d'une autre espèce : ce sont les *Myriologues*. Ordinairement c'est le plus proche parente qui prononce le sien la première ; après elle les autres parentes, les amies, les simples voisines. Les *Myriologues* sont toujours composés et chantés par les femmes. Ils sont toujours improvisés, toujours en vers, et toujours chantés sur un air qui diffère d'un lieu à un autre, mais qui, dans un lieu donné, reste invariablement consacré à ce genre de poésie.]—*Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*, par C. FAURIEL.]

A WAIL was heard around the bed, the deathbed of the young—

Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful mother sung :

" Ianthis ! dost thou sleep ? Thou sleepest !—but this is not the rest,

The breathing and the rosy calm, I have pillowed on my breast ?

I lulled thee not to *this* repose, Ianthis ! my sweet son !

As, in thy glowing childhood's time by twilight I have done.

How is it that I bear to stand and look upon thee now ?

And that I die not, seeking death on thy pale glorious brow ?

" I look upon thee, thou that wert of all most fair and brave !

I see thee wearing still too much of beauty for the grave.

Though mournfully thy smile is fixed, and heavily thine eye

Hath shut above the falcon glance that in it loved to lie ;

And fast is bound the springing step, that seemed on breezes borne,

When to thy couch I came and said,—' Wake, hunter, wake ! 'tis *morn* !'

Yet art thou lovely still, my flower ! untouched by slow decay,—

And I, the withered stem, remain. I would that grief might slay !

" Oh ! ever, when I met thy look, I knew that *this* would be !

I knew too well that length of days was not a gift for thee

I saw it in thy kindling cheek, and in thy bearing high ;—  
 A voice came whispering to my soul, and told me thou must die !  
 That thou must die, my fearless one ! where swords were flashing red.—  
 Why doth a mother live to say—'My first-born and my dead !'  
 They tell me of thy youthful fame, they talk of victory won :  
 Speak *thou*, and I will hear, my child ! Ianthis ! my sweet son ! "

A wail was heard around the bed, the deathbed of the young—  
 A fair-haired bride the Funeral Chant amidst her weeping sung :—  
 " Ianthis ! look'st thou not on *me* ? Can love indeed be fled ?  
 When was it woe before to gaze upon thy stately head ?  
 I would that I had followed thee, Ianthis, my beloved !  
 And stood as woman oft hath stood where faithful hearts are proved ;  
 That I had bound a breastplate on, and battled at thy side !—  
 It would have been a blessed thing together had we died !

" But where was I when thou didst fall beneath the fatal sword ?  
 Was I beside the sparkling fount, or at the peaceful board ?  
 Or singing some sweet song of old, in the shadow of the vine,  
 Or praying to the saints for thee, before the holy shrine ?  
 And thou wert lying low the while, the life-drops from thy heart  
 Fast gushing, like a mountain spring ! And couldst thou thus depart ?  
 Couldst thou depart, nor on my lips pour out thy fleeting breath ?—  
 Oh ! I was with thee but in joy, that should have been in death !

" Yes ! I was with thee when the dance through many rings was led,  
 And when the lyre and voice were tuned, and when the feast was spread ;  
 But not where noble blood flowed forth, where sounding javelins flew—  
 Why did I hear love's first sweet words, and not its last adieu ?  
 What now can breathe of gladness more,—what scene, what hour, what  
 tone ?  
 The blue skies fade with all their lights ; they fade, since thou art gone !  
 Even *that* must leave me, that still face, by all my tears unmoved :  
 Take me from this dark world with thee, Ianthis ! my beloved ! "

A wail was heard around the bed, the deathbed of the young—  
 Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful sister sung :—  
 " Ianthis ! brother of my soul !—oh ! where are now the days  
 That laughed among the deep-green hills, on all our infant plays ?  
 When we two sported by the streams, or tracked them to their source,  
 And like the stag's, the rocks along, was thy fleet, fearless course !—  
 I see the pines there waving yet, I see the rills descend,  
 But see thy bounding step no more—my brother and my friend !

" I come with flowers—for spring is come ! Ianthis ! art thou *here* ?  
 I bring the garlands she hath brought, I cast them on thy bier.  
 Thou shouldst be crowned with victory's crown—but oh ! more meet *they*  
 seem,  
 The first faint violets of the wood, and lilies of the stream—  
 More meet for one so fondly loved, and laid thus early low.  
 Alas ! how sadly sleeps thy face amidst the sunshine's glow—  
 The golden glow that through thy heart was wont such joy to send ;  
 Woe ! that it smiles, and not for thee !—my brother and my friend ! "

## GREEK PARTING SONG

[This piece is founded on a tale related by Fauriel, in his *Chansons Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*, and accompanied by some very interesting particulars respecting the *extempore* parting songs, or songs of expatriation, as he informs us they are called, in which the modern Greeks are accustomed to pour forth their feelings on bidding farewell to their country and friends.]

A YOUTH went forth to exile, from a home  
Such as to early thought gives images,  
The longest treasured, and most oft recalled,  
And brightest, kept of love ;—a mountain home,  
That, with the murmur of its rocking pines,  
And sounding waters, first in childhood's heart  
Wakes the deep sense of nature unto joy,  
And half-unconscious prayer ;—a Grecian home,  
With the transparence of blue skies o'erhung,  
And, through the dimness of its olive shades,  
Catching the flash of fountains, and the gleam  
Of shining pillars from the fanes of old.  
And this was what he left ! Yet many leave  
Far more—the glistening eye, that first from theirs  
Called out the soul's bright smile ; the gentle hand,  
Which through the sunshine led forth infant steps  
To where the violets lay ; the tender voice  
That earliest taught them what deep melody  
Lives in affection's tones. He left not these.  
Happy the weeper, that but weeps to part  
With all a mother's love ! A bitter grief  
Was his—to part *unloved* !—of her unloved  
That should have breathed upon his heart, like spring,  
Fostering its young faint flowers !

Yet had he friends,  
And they went forth to cheer him on his way  
Unto the parting spot, and she, too, went,  
That mother, tearless for her youngest-born.  
The parting spot was reached—a lone deep glen,  
Holy, perchance, of yore ; for cave and fount  
Were there, and sweet-voiced echoes ; and above,  
The silence of the blue still upper heaven  
Hung round the crags of Pindus, where they wore  
Their crowning snows. Upon a rock he sprang,  
The unloved one, for his home to gaze  
Through the wild laurels back ; but then a light  
Broke on the stern proud sadness of his eye,  
A sudden quivering light, and from his lips  
A burst of passionate song.

“ Farewell, farewell !

I hear thee, O thou rushing stream !—thou'rt from my native dell,  
Thou'rt bearing thence a mournful sound—a murmur of farewell !  
And fare *thee* well—flow on, my stream !—flow on, thou bright and free !  
I do but dream that in thy voice one tone laments for me ;  
But I have been a thing unloved from childhood's loving years,  
And therefore turns my soul to thee, for thou hast known my tears.  
The mountains, and the caves, and thou, my secret tears have known :  
The woods can tell where *he* hath wept, that ever wept alone !

“ I see thee once again, my home ! thou'rt there amidst thy vines,

And clear upon thy gleaming roof the light of summer shines.  
 It is a joyous hour when eve comes whispering through thy groves—  
 The hour that brings the son from toil, the hour the mother loves.  
 The hour *the mother* loves!—for *me* beloved it hath not been;  
 Yet ever in its purple smile, *thou* smil'st, a blessed scene!  
 Whose quiet beauty o'er my soul through distant years will come—  
 Yet what but as the dead, to thee, shall I be then, my home?

"Not as the dead!—no, not the dead! We speak of *them*—we keep  
*Their* names, like light that must not fade, within our bosoms deep:  
 We hallow even the lyre they touched, we love the lay they sung,  
 We pass with softer step the place *they* filled our band among!  
 But I depart like sound, like dew, like aught that leaves on earth  
 No trace of sorrow or delight, no memory of its birth!  
 I go!—the echo of the rock a thousand songs may swell  
 When mine is a forgotten voice. Woods, mountains, home, farewell!

"And farewell, mother! I have borne in lonely silence long,  
 But now the current of my soul grows passionate and strong;  
 And I will speak! though but the wind that wanders through the sky,  
 And but the dark, deep-rustling pines and rolling streams reply.  
 Yes! I will speak! Within my breast, whate'er hath seemed to be,  
 There lay a hidden fount of love that would have gushed for thee!  
 Brightly it would have gushed—but thou, my mother! thou hast thrown  
 Back on the forests and the wild, what should have been thine own!

"Then fare thee well! I leave thee not in loneliness to pine,  
 Since thou hast sons of statelier mien and fairer brow than mine.  
 Forgive me that thou couldst not love!—it may be that a tone  
 Yet from my burning heart may pierce through thine, when I am gone.  
 And thou, perchance, mayst weep for him on whom thou ne'er hast smiled,  
 And the grave give his birthright back to thy neglected child!  
 Might but my spirit *then* return, and midst its kindred dwell,  
 And quench its thirst with love's free tears! 'Tis all a dream—farewell!"

"Farewell!"—the echo died with that deep word;  
 Yet died not so the late repentant pang  
 By the strain quickened in the mother's breast!  
 There had passed many changes o'er her brow,  
 And cheek and eye; but into one bright flood  
 Of tears at last all melted; and she fell  
 On the glad bosom of her child, and cried,  
 "Return, return, my son!" The echo caught  
 A lovelier sound than song, and woke again,  
 Murmuring, "Return, my son!"

### THE SULIOTE MOTHER

[It is related, in a French life of Ali Pasha, that several of the Suliote women, on the advance of the Turkish troops into the mountain fastnesses, assembled on a lofty summit, and, after chanting a wild song, precipitated themselves, with their children, into the chasm below, to avoid becoming the slaves of the enemy.]

SHE stood upon the loftiest peak,  
 Amidst the clear blue sky;

A bitter smile was on her cheek,  
 And a dark flash in her eye.

"Dost thou see them, boy?—  
 through the dusky pines  
 Dost thou see where the foeman's  
 armour shines?  
 Hast thou caught the gleam of the  
 conqueror's crest?  
 My babe, that I cradled on my breast!

Wouldst thou spring from thy mother's arms with joy?  
—That sight hath cost thee a father, boy!"

For in the rocky strait beneath,  
Lay Suliote sire and son:  
They had heaped high the piles of death  
Before the pass was won.

"They have crossed the torrent, and on they come:  
Woe for the mountain hearth and home!  
There, where the hunter laid by his spear,  
There, where the lyre hath been sweet to hear,  
There, where I sang thee, fair babe! to sleep,  
Nought but the bloodstain our trace shall keep!"

And now the horn's loud blast was heard,  
And now the cymbal's clang,  
Till even the upper air was stirred,  
As cliff and hollow rang.

"Hark! they bring music, my joyous child!  
What saith the trumpet to Suli's wild?  
Doth it light thine eye with so quick a fire,  
As if at a glance of thine armed sire?  
Still!—be thou still!—there are brave men low  
Thou wouldst not smile couldst thou see him now!"

But nearer came the clash of steel,  
And louder swelled the horn,  
And farther yet the tambour's peal  
Through the dark pass was borne.

"Hear'st thou the sound of their savage mirth?  
Boy! thou wert free when I gave thee birth,—  
Free, and how cherished, my warrior's son!  
He too hath blessed thee, as I have done!  
Ay, and unchained must his loved ones be—

Freedom, young Suliote! for thee and me!"

And from the arrowy peak she sprung,  
And fast the fair child bore:—  
A veil upon the wind was flung,  
A cry—and all was o'er!

### THE FAREWELL TO THE DEAD

[The following piece is founded on a beautiful part of the Greek funeral service, in which relatives and friends are invited to embrace the deceased (whose face is uncovered) and to bid their final adieu.—See *Christian Researches in the Mediterranean*.]

'Tis hard to lay into the earth  
A countenance so benign! a form that walked  
But yesterday so stately o'er the earth!  
WILSON

COME near! Ere yet the dust  
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,  
Look on your brother; and embrace him now,  
In still and solemn trust!  
Come near!—once more let kindred lips be pressed  
On his cold cheek; then bear him to his rest!

Look yet on this young face!  
What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,  
Leave of its image, even where most it shone,  
Gladdening its hearth and race?  
Dim grows the semblance on man's heart impressed.  
Come near, and bear the beautiful to rest!

Ye weep, and it is well!  
For tears befit earth's partings!  
Yesterday,  
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,  
And sunshine seemed to dwell  
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the blessed.  
Now gaze! and bear the silent unto rest!

Look yet on him whose eye  
Meets yours no more, in sadness or in mirth.  
Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,



The beings born to die?—  
But not where death has power may  
love be blessed.  
Come near! and bear ye the beloved  
to rest!

How may the mother's heart  
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope  
again?

The spring's rich promise hath been  
given in vain—

The lovely must depart!  
Is *he* not gone, our brightest and our  
best? [to rest!

Come near! and bear the early called

Look on him! Is he laid  
To slumber from the harvest or the  
chase?—

Too still and sad the smile upon his  
face;

Yet that, even that must fade:  
Death holds not long unchanged his  
fairest guest.

Come near! and bear the mortal to  
his rest!

His voice of mirth hath ceased  
Amidst the vineyards! there is left  
no place

For him whose dust receives your  
vain embrace,

At the gay bridal-feast!  
Earth must take earth to moulder  
on her breast.

Come near! weep o'er him! bear  
him to his rest.

Yet mourn ye not as they  
Whose spirit's light is quenched!  
For him the past

Is sealed: he may not fall, he may  
not cast

His birthright's hope away!  
All is not *here* of our beloved and  
blessed.

Leave ye the sleeper with his God to  
rest!

## RECORDS OF WOMAN

### ARABELLA STUART

And is not love in vain  
Torture enough without a living tomb?  
BYRON.

Fermossi al fin il cor che balzò tanto.  
PINDEMONTE.

I  
'Twas but a dream! I saw the stag  
leap free,

Under the boughs where early  
birds were singing;

I stood o'ershadowed by the green-  
wood tree,

And heard, it seemed, a sudden  
bugle ringing

Far through a royal forest. Then  
the fawn

Shot, like a gleam of light, from  
grassy lawn

To secret covert; and the smooth  
turf shook,

And lilies quivered by the glade's  
lone brook,

And young leaves trembled, as, in  
fleet career,

A princely band, with horn, and  
hound, and spear,

Like a rich masque swept forth. I  
saw the dance

Of their white plumes, that bore a  
silvery glance

Into the deep wood's heart; and all  
passed by

Save one—I met the smile of *one*  
clear eye,

Flashing out joy to mine. Yes, *thou*  
wert there,

Seymour! A soft wind blew the  
clustering hair

Back from thy gallant brow, as thou  
didst rein

Thy courser, turning from that gor-  
geous train,

And fling, methought, thy hunting  
spear away, [array,

And, lightly graceful in thy green  
Bound to my side. And we, that

met and parted

Ever in dread of some dark watch-  
ful power,

Won back to childhood's trust, and  
fearless-hearted,

Blent the glad fulness of our  
thoughts that hour

Even like the mingling of sweet  
streams, beneath  
Dim woven leaves, and 'midst the  
floating breath  
Of hidden forest flowers.

II

'Tis past! I wake,  
A captive, and alone, and far from  
thee,  
My love and friend! Yet fostering,  
for thy sake,  
A quenchless hope of happiness to  
be;  
And feeling still my woman-spirit  
strong,  
In the deep faith which lifts from  
earthly wrong  
A heavenward glance. I know, I  
know our love [above,  
Shall yet call gentle angels from  
By its undying fervour, and prevail—  
Sending a breath, as of the spring's  
first gale,  
Through hearts now cold; and,  
raising its bright face,  
With a free gush of sunny tears, erase  
The characters of anguish. In this  
trust,  
I bear, I strive, I bow not to the dust,  
That I may bring thee back no faded  
form,  
No bosom chilled and blighted by the  
storm,  
But all my youth's first treasures,  
when we meet,  
Making past sorrow, by communion,  
sweet.

III

And thou too art in bonds! Yet  
droop thou not,  
O my beloved! there is *one* hopeless  
lot.  
But one, and that not ours. Beside  
the dead  
*There* sits the grief that mantles up  
its head,  
Loathing the laughter and proud  
pomp of light,  
When darkness, from the vainly  
doting sight  
Covers its beautiful! If thou wert  
gone  
To the grave's bosom, with thy  
radiant brow—

If thy deep-thrilling voice, with that  
low tone  
Of earnest tenderness, which now,  
even now  
Seems floating through my soul, were  
music taken  
For ever from this world—oh! thus  
forsaken  
Could I bear on? Thou livest, thou  
livest, thou'rt mine!  
With this glad thought I make my  
heart a shrine,  
And by the lamp which quenchless  
there shall burn,  
Sit a lone watcher for the day's return.

IV

And lo! the joy that cometh with  
the morning,  
Brightly victorious o'er the hours  
of care!  
I have not watched in vain, serenely  
scorning  
The wild and busy whispers of  
despair!  
Thou hast sent tidings, as of heaven  
—I wait  
The hour, the sign, for blessed  
flight to thee.  
Oh! for the skylark's wing that seeks  
its mate  
As a star shoots!—but on the  
breezy sea  
We shall meet soon. To think of  
such an hour!  
Will not my heart, o'erburdened  
by its bliss, [flower  
Faint and give way within me, as a  
Borne down and perishing by  
noontide's kiss?  
Yet shall I *fear* that lot—the perfect  
rest,  
The full deep joy of dying on thy  
breast,  
After long suffering won? So rich a  
close  
Too seldom crowns with peace affec-  
tion's woes.

V

Sunset! I tell each moment. From  
the skies  
The last red splendour floats along  
my wall,  
Like a king's banner! Now it melts,  
it dies!

I see one star—I hear—'twas not  
the call,  
The expected voice ; my quick heart  
throbbed too soon.  
I must keep vigil till yon rising moon  
Shower down less golden light.  
Beneath her beam  
Through my lone lattice poured, I  
sit and dream  
Of summer-lands afar, where holy  
love,  
Under the vine or in the citron grove,  
May breathe from terror.

Now the night grows deep,  
And silent as its clouds, and full of  
sleep.  
I hear my veins beat. Hark ! a  
bell's slow chime !  
My heart strikes with it. Yet again  
—'tis time !  
A step !—a voice !—or but a rising  
breeze ?  
Hark !—haste !—I come, to meet  
thee on the seas !

\* \* \*

#### VI

Now never more, oh ! never, in the  
worth  
Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love  
on earth  
Trust fondly—never more ! The  
hope is crushed  
That lit my life, the voice within  
me hushed  
That spoke sweet oracles ; and I  
return  
To lay my youth, as in a burial urn,  
Where sunshine may not find it.  
All is lost ! [tossed ;  
No tempest met our barks—no billow  
Yet were they severed, even as we  
must be,  
That so have loved, so striven our  
hearts to free  
From their close-coiling fate ! In  
vain—in vain !  
The dark links meet, and clasp them-  
selves again,  
And press out life. Upon the deck I  
stood  
And a white sail came gliding o'er the  
flood,  
Like some proud bird of ocean ; then  
mine eye

Strained out, one moment earlier to  
descry  
The form it ached for, and the bark's  
career  
Seemed slow to that fond yearning ;  
it drew near  
Fraught with our foes ! What boots  
it to recall  
The strife, the tears ? Once more  
a prison wall  
Shuts the green hills and woodlands  
from my sight,  
And joyous glance of waters to the  
light,  
And thee, my Seymour !—thee !

I will not sink  
Thou, *thou* hast rent the heavy  
chain that bound thee !  
And this shall be my strength—the  
joy to think  
That thou mayst wander with  
heaven's breath around thee,  
And all the laughing sky ! This  
thought shall yet  
Shine o'er my heart a radiant amulet,  
Guarding it from despair. Thy bonds  
are broken ;  
And unto me, I know, thy true love's  
token  
Shall one day be deliverance, though  
the years  
Lie dim between, o'erhung with mists  
of tears.

#### VII

My friend ! my friend ! where art  
thou ? Day by day,  
Gliding like some dark mournful  
stream away,  
My silent youth flows from me.  
Spring, the while,  
Comes and rains beauty on the  
kindling boughs  
Round hall and hamlet ; summer  
with her smile  
Fills the green forest ; young  
hearts breathe their vows ;  
Brothers long parted meet ; fair  
children rise  
Round the glad board ; hope laughs  
from loving eyes ;  
All this is in the world !—These joys  
lie sown,  
The dew of every path ! On *one*  
alone

Their freshness may not fall—the  
stricken deer  
Dying of thirst with all the waters  
near.

VIII

Ye are from dingle and fresh glade,  
ye flowers !  
By some kind hand to cheer my  
dungeon sent ;  
O'er you the oak shed down the  
summer showers,  
And the lark's nest was where your  
bright cups bent,  
Quivering to breeze and raindrop,  
like the sheen  
Of twilight stars On you heaven's  
eye hath been,  
Through the leaves pouring its dark  
sultry blue  
Into your glowing hearts ; the bee to  
you  
Hath murmured, and the rill. My  
soul grows faint  
With passionate yearning, as its  
quick dreams paint  
Your haunts by dell and stream—  
the green, the free,  
The full of all sweet sound—the shut  
from me !

IX

There went a swift bird singing past  
my cell—  
O Love and Freedom ! ye are lovely  
things !  
With you the peasant on the hills  
may dwell,  
And by the streams. But I—the  
blood of kings,  
A proud unmingling river, through  
my veins  
Flows in lone brightness, and its gifts  
are chains ! [bliss,  
Kings !—I had silent visions of deep  
Leaving their thrones far distant ; and  
for this  
I am cast under their triumphal car,  
An insect to be crushed ! Oh !  
Heaven is far—  
Earth pitiless !  
Dost thou forget me, Seymour ? I  
am proved  
So long, so sternly ! Seymour, my  
beloved

There are such tales of holy marvels  
done  
By strong affection, of deliverance  
won  
Through its prevailing power ! Are  
these things told  
Till the young weep with rapture, and  
the old  
Wonder, yet dare not doubt ; and  
thou ! oh, thou !  
Dost thou forget me in my hope's  
decay ?—  
Thou canst not ! Through the silent  
night, even now,  
I, that need prayer so much, awake  
and pray  
Still first for thee. O gentle, gentle  
friend !  
How shall I bear this anguish to the  
end ?  
Aid !—comes there yet no aid ? The  
voice of blood  
Passes heaven's gate, even ere the  
crimson flood  
Sinks through the greensward ! Is  
there not a cry  
From the wrung heart, of power,  
through agony,  
To pierce the clouds ? Hear, Mercy !  
—hear me ! None  
That bleed and weep beneath the  
smiling sun  
Have heavier cause ! Yet hear !—  
my soul grows dark !—  
Who hears the last shriek from the  
sinking bark [alone,  
On the mid seas, and with the storm  
And bearing to the abyss, unseen,  
unknown,  
Its freight of human hearts ? The  
o'ermastering wave,  
Who shall tell how it rushed—and  
none to save !  
Thou hast forsaken me ! I feel, I  
know,  
There would be rescue if this were not  
so.  
Thou'rt at the chase, thou'rt at the  
festive board,  
Thou'rt where the red wine free and  
high is poured,  
Thou'rt where the dancers meet ! A  
magic glass  
Is set within my soul, and proud  
shapes pass,

Flushing it o'er with pomp from  
bow' and hall ;  
I see one shadow, stateliest there of  
all—

*Thine!* What dost *thou* amidst the  
bright and fair,  
Whispering light words, and mocking  
my despair ?

It is not well of thee ! My love was  
more

Than fiery song may breathe, deep  
thought explore ;

And there thou smilest, while my  
heart is dying,

With all its blighted hopes around  
it lying :

Even thou, on whom they hung their  
last green leaf—

Yet smile, smile on ! too bright art  
thou for grief !

Death ! What ! is death a locked  
and treasured thing,

Guarded by swords of fire ? a hidden  
spring,

A fabled fruit, that I should thus  
endure,

As if the world within me held no  
cure ?

Wherefore not spread free wings—  
Heaven, heaven control

These thoughts !—they rush—I look  
into my soul

As down a gulf, and tremble at the  
array

Of fierce forms crowding it ! Give  
strength to pray !

So shall their dark host pass.

The storm is stilled.

Father in Heaven ! Thou, only Thou,  
canst sound

The heart's great deep, with floods  
of anguish filled,

For human line too fearfully pro-  
found.

Therefore, forgive, my Father ! if  
Thy child,

Rocked on its heaving darkness, hath  
grown wild

And sinned in her despair ! It well  
may be

That Thou wouldst lead my spirit  
back to Thee,

By the crushed hope too long on this  
world poured—

The stricken love which hath per-  
chance adored

A mortal in Thy place ! Now let me  
strive

With Thy strong arm no more !  
Forgive, forgive !

Take me to peace !

And peace at last is nigh.

A sign is on my brow, a token sent  
The o'erwearied dust from home : no

breeze flits by,

But calls me with a strange sweet  
whisper, blent

Of many mysteries.

Hark ! the warning tone

Deepens—its word is *Death!* Alone,  
alone,

And sad in youth, but chastened, I  
depart,

Bowing to heaven. Yet, yet my  
woman's heart

Shall wake a spirit and a power to  
bless,

Even in this hour's o'ershadowing  
fearfulness,

Thee, its first love ! O tender still,  
and true !

Be it forgotten if mine anguish threw  
Drops from its bitter fountain on thy

name,

Though but a moment !

Now, with fainting frame,

With soul just lingering on the flight  
begun,

To bind for thee its last dim thoughts  
in one,

I bless thee ! Peace be on thy noble  
head,

Years of bright fame, when I am  
with the dead !

I bid this prayer survive me, and  
retain

Its might, again to bless thee, and  
again !

Thou hast been gathered into my  
dark fate

Too much ; too long, for my sake,  
desolate

Hath been +hine exiled youth : but  
now take back,

From dying hands, thy freedom, and  
re-track

(After a few kind tears for her whose  
days

Went out in dreams of thee) the sunny  
ways  
Of hope, and find thou happiness !  
Yet send  
Even then, in silent hours, a thought,  
dear friend !  
Down to my voiceless chamber ; for  
thy love  
Hath been to me all gifts of earth  
above,  
Though bought with burning tears !  
It is the sting  
Of death to leave that vainly-precious  
thing  
In this cold world ! What were it,  
then, if thou,  
With thy fond eyes, wert gazing on  
me now ?  
Too keen a pang ! Farewell ! and  
yet once more,  
Farewell ! The passion of long years  
I pour  
Into that word ! Thou hear'st  
not—but the woe  
And fervour of its tones may one day  
flow  
To thy heart's holy place : there let  
them dwell.  
We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet.  
Farewell !

THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK  
ISLE

Fear ! I'm a Greek, and how should I fear  
death ?  
A slave, and wherefore should I dread my free-  
dom ?

I will not live degraded.

*Sardanapalus.*

I

COME from the woods with the citron  
flowers,  
Come with your lyres for the festal  
hours,  
Maids of bright Scio ! They came  
and the breeze  
Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian  
seas ;  
They came, and Eudora stood robed  
and crowned,  
The bride of the morn, with her train  
around,  
Jewels flashed out from her braided  
hair,  
Like starry dews 'midst the roses  
there ;

T'earls on her bosom quivering shone,  
Heaved by her heart through its  
golden zone.  
But a brow, as those gems of the  
ocean pale,  
Gleamed from beneath her trans-  
parent veil ;  
Changeful and faint was her fair  
cheek's hue,  
Though clear as a flower which the  
light looks through ;  
And the glance of her dark resplendent  
eye,  
For the aspect of woman at times too  
high,  
Lay floating in mists, which the  
troubled stream  
Of the soul sent up o'er its fervent  
beam.

She looked on the vine at her father's  
door,  
Like one that is leaving his native  
shore ;  
She hung o'er the myrtle once called  
her own,  
As it greenly waved by the threshold  
stone,  
She turned—and her mother's gaze  
brought back  
Each hue of her childhood's faded  
track.  
Oh ! hush the song, and let her tears  
Flow to the dream of her early years !  
Holy and pure are the drops that  
fall  
When the young bride goes from  
her father's hall ;  
She goes unto love yet untried and  
new,  
She parts from love which hath still  
been true ;  
Mute be the song and the choral  
strain,  
Till her heart's deep well-spring is  
clear again !  
She wept on her mother's faithful  
breast,  
Like a babe that sobs itself to rest ;  
She wept—yet laid her hand awhile  
In *his* that waited her dawning  
smile—  
Her soul's affianced, nor cherished  
less  
For the gush of nature's tenderness !  
She lifted her graceful head at last—

The choking swell of her heart was  
past ;  
And her lovely thoughts from their  
cells found way  
In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.

#### THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL

WHY do I weep ? To leave the  
vine  
Whose clusters o'er me bend ;  
The myrtle—yet, oh, call it mine !—  
The flowers I love to tend.  
A thousand thoughts of all things  
dear  
Like shadows o'er me sweep ,  
I leave my sunny childhood here,  
Oh ! therefore let me weep !

I leave thee, sister ! we have played  
Through many a joyous hour,  
Where the silvery green of the olive  
shade

Hung dim o'er fount and bower.  
Yes ! thou and I, by stream, by  
shore,  
In song, in prayer, in sleep,  
Have been as we may be no more—  
Kind sister, let me weep !

I leave thee, father ! Eve's bright  
moon  
Must now light other feet,  
With the gathered grapes, and the  
lyre in tune,  
Thy homeward step to greet.  
Thou, in whose voice, to bless thy  
child,

Lay tones of love so deep,  
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath  
smiled—  
I leave thee ! let me weep !

Mother ! I leave thee ! on thy  
breast  
Pouring out joy and woe,  
I have found that holy place of  
rest  
Still changeless—yet I go !  
Lips, that have lulled me with your  
strain !

Eyes that have watched my  
sleep !  
Will earth give love like *yours*  
again ?—  
Sweet mother ! let me weep !

And like a slight young tree that  
throws  
The weight of rain from its drooping  
boughs,  
Once more she wept. But a change-  
ful thing  
Is the human heart—as a mountain  
spring  
That works its way, through the  
torrent's foam,  
To the bright pool near it, the lily's  
home !  
It is well !—the cloud on her soul  
that lay  
Hath melted in glittering drops away.  
Wake again, mingle, sweet flute and  
lyre !  
She turns to her lover, she leaves her  
sire.  
Mother ! on earth it must still be so :  
Thou rearest the lovely to see them  
go !

They are moving onward, the bridal  
throng,  
Ye may track their way by the swells  
of song ;  
Ye may catch through the foliage  
their white robes' gleam,  
Like a swan 'midst the reeds of a  
shadowy stream ;  
Their arms bear up garlands, their  
gliding tread  
Is over the deep-veined violet's bed ;  
They have light leaves around them,  
blue skies above,  
An arch for the triumph of youth  
and love !

#### II

Still and sweet was the home that  
stood  
In the flowering depths of a Grecian  
wood,  
With the soft green light o'er its low  
roof spread,  
As if from the glow of an emerald shed,  
Pouring through lime leaves that  
mingled on high,  
Asleep in the silence of noon's clear  
sky.  
Citrons amidst their dark foliage  
glowed,  
Making a gleam round the lone abode ;  
Laurels o'erhung it, whose faintest  
shiver

Scattered out rays like a glancing  
river ;  
Stars of jasmine its pillars crowned,  
Vine-stalks its lattice and the walls  
had bound ;  
And brightly before it a fountain's  
play  
Flung showers through a thicket of  
glossy bay,  
To a cypress which rose in that  
flashing rain,  
Like one tall shaft of some fallen fane.  
  
And thither Ianthis had brought  
his bride,  
And the guests were met by that  
fountain side.  
They lifted the veil from Eudora's  
face—  
It smiled out softly in pensive grace,  
With lips of love, and a brow serene,  
Meet for the soul of the deep-wood  
scene.  
Bring wine, bring odours !—the board  
is spread ;  
Bring roses ! a chaplet for every  
head !  
The wine-cups foamed, and the rose  
was showered  
On the young and fair from the world  
embowered ;  
The sun looked not on them in that  
sweet shade,  
The winds amid scented boughs were  
laid ;  
And there came by fits, through some  
wavy tree,  
A sound and a gleam of the moaning  
sea.

Hush ! be still ! Was that no  
more

Than the murmur from the shore ?  
Silence !—did thick raindrops beat  
On the grass like trampling feet !  
Fling down the goblet, and draw  
the sword !

The groves are filled with a pirate  
horde !

Through the dim olives their sabres  
shine !—

Now must the red blood stream  
for wine !

The youths from the banquet to  
battle sprang,

The woods with the shrieks of the  
maidens rang ;

Under the golden-fruited boughs

There were flashing poniards and  
darkening brows—

Footsteps o'er garland and lyre that  
fled,

And the dying soon on a greensward  
bed.

—Eudora, Eudora ! *thou* dost not  
fly !—

She saw but Ianthis before her lie,  
With the blood from his breast in a

gushing flow,  
Like a child's large tears in its hour

of woe,  
And a gathering film in his lifted eye,

That sought his young bride out  
mournfully.

She knelt down beside him—her  
arms she wound

Like tendrils, his drooping neck  
around,

As if the passion of that fond grasp  
Might chain in life with its ivy-clasp.

But they tore her thence in her wild  
despair,

The sea's fierce rovers—they left him  
there : [vein,

They left to the fountain a dark-red  
And on the wet violets a pile of slain,

And a hush of fear through the sum-  
mer grove.—

So closed the triumph of youth and  
love

### III

Gloomy lay the shore that night,  
When the moon, with sleeping  
light,

Bathed each purple Sciote hill—  
Gloomy lay the shore, and still.

O'er the wave no gay guitar  
Sent its floating music far ;

No glad sound of dancing feet  
Woke the starry hours to greet.

But a voice of mortal woe,  
In its changes wild or low,

Through the midnight's blue  
repose,

From the sea-beat rocks arose,  
As Eudora's mother stood

Gazing o'er the Ægean flood,  
With a fixed and straining eye—

Oh ! was the spoiler's vessel  
nigh ?



Yes! there, becalmed in silent  
sleep,  
Dark and alone on a breathless  
deep,  
On a sea of molten silver, dark  
Brooding it frowned, that evil  
bark!  
There its broad pennon a shadow  
cast,  
Moveless and black from the tall  
still mast;  
And the heavy sound of its  
flapping sail  
Idly and vainly wooed the gale.  
Hushed was all else—had ocean's  
breast  
Rocked e'en Eudora that hour  
to rest?

To rest? the waves tremble!—what  
piercing cry  
Bursts from the heart of the ship on  
high!  
What light through the heavens, in  
a sudden spire,  
Shoots from the deck up? Fire!  
'tis fire!  
There are wild forms hurrying to and  
fro,  
Seen darkly clear on that lurid glow;  
There are shout, and signal gun, and  
call,  
An! the dashing of water—but  
fruitless all!  
Man may not fetter, nor ocean tame  
The might and wrath of the rushing  
flame!  
It hath twined the mast like a glitter-  
ing snake,  
That coils up a tree from a dusky  
brake,  
It hath touched the sails, and their  
canvas rolls  
Away from its breath into shrivelled  
scrolls;  
It hath taken the flag's high place  
in the air, <sup>[glare;</sup>  
And reddened the stars with its wavy  
And sent out bright arrows, and  
soared in glee,  
To a burning midst the moon-  
light sea.  
The swimmers are plunging from  
stern and prow—  
Eudora! Eudora! where, where art  
thou?

The slave and his master alike are  
gone—  
Mother! who stands on the deck  
alone?  
The child of thy bosom!—and lo!  
a brand  
Blazing up high in her lifted hand!  
And her veil flung back, and her free  
dark hair  
Swayed by the flames as they rock  
and flare;  
And her fragile form to its loftiest  
height  
Dilated, as if by the spirit's might;  
And her eye with an eagle-gladness  
fraught—  
Oh! could this work be of woman  
wrought?  
Yes! 'twas her deed!—by that  
haughty smile,  
It was hers: she hath kindled her  
funeral pile!  
Never might shame on that bright  
head be,  
Her blood was the Greek's, and hath  
made her free!  
Proudly she stands like an Indian  
bride,  
On the pyre with the holy dead beside;  
But a shriek from her mother hath  
caught her ear,  
As the flames to her marriage robe  
draw near,  
And starting, she spreads her pale  
arms in vain  
To the form they must never enfold  
again.  
—One moment more, and her hands  
are clasped—  
Fallen is the torch they had wildly  
grasped—  
Her sinking knee unto heaven is  
bowed,  
And her last look raised through the  
smoke's dim shroud,  
And her lips as in prayer for her  
pardon move;—  
Now the night gathers o'er youth  
and love!

#### THE SWITZER'S WIFE

[Werner Stauffacher, one of the three confederates of the field of Grutli, had been alarmed by the envy with which the Austrian bailiff, Landenberg, had noticed the appearance of wealth and comfort which distinguished his

dwelling. It was not, however, until roused by the entreaties of his wife, a woman who seems to have been of a heroic spirit, that he was induced to deliberate with his friends upon the measures by which Switzerland was finally delivered.]

Nor look nor tone revealeth aught  
Save woman's quietness of thought;  
And yet around her is a light  
Of inward majesty and might.

M. J. J.  
Wer solch ein Herz an sienem Busen drückt,  
Der kann für Herd und Hof mit freuden fechten.  
*Wilhelm Tell.*

It was the time when children bound  
to meet

Their father's homeward step from  
field or hill

And when the herd's returning bells  
are sweet,

In the Swiss valleys, and the lakes  
grow still,

And the last note of that wild horn  
swells by

Which haunts the exile's heart with  
melody.

And lovely smiled full many an  
Alpine home,

Touched with the crimson of the  
dying hour,

Which lit its low roof by the torrent's  
foam,

And pierced its lattice through  
the vine-hung bower ;

But one, the loveliest o'er the land  
that rose,

Then first looked mournful in its  
green repose.

For Werner sat beneath the linden  
tree,

That sent its lulling whispers  
through his door,

Even as man sits, whose heart alone  
would be

With some deep care, and thus can  
find no more

The accustomed joy in all which  
evening brings,

Gathering a household with her  
quiet wings.

His wife stood hushed before him—  
sad, yet mild

In her beseeching mien!—he  
marked it not.

The silvery laughter from his bright-  
haired child

Rang from the greensward round  
the sheltered spot,

But seemed unheard ; until at last  
the boy

Raised from his heaped-up flowers  
a glance of joy,

And met his father's face. But then  
a change

Passed swiftly o'er the brow of  
infant glee,

And a quick sense of something dimly  
strange

Brought him from play to stand  
beside the knee

So often climbed, and lift his loving  
eyes

That shone through clouds of sorrow-  
ful surprise.

Then the proud bosom of the strong  
man shook ;

But tenderly his babe's fair mother  
laid

Her hand on his, and with a pleading  
look,

Through tears half quivering, o'er  
him bent and said,

" What grief, dear friend, hath made  
thy heart its prey—

That thou shouldst turn thee from  
our love away ?

" It is too sad to see thee thus, my  
friend !

Mark'st thou the wonder on thy  
boy's fair brow,

Missing the smile from thine ! Oh,  
cheer thee ! bend

To his soft arms : unseal thy  
thoughts e'en now !

Thou dost not kindly to withhold the  
share

Of tried affection in thy secret care."

He looked up into that sweet earnest  
face,

But sternly, mournfully : not yet  
the band

Was loosened from his soul ; its in-  
most place

Not yet unveiled by love's o'er-  
mastering hand.

" Speak low ! " he cried, and pointed  
where on high

The white Alps glittered through the  
solemn sky :

<p>" We must speak low amidst our ancient hills And their free torrents ; for the days are come When tyranny lies couched by forest rills, And meets the shepherd in his mountain home. Go, pour the wine of our own grapes in fear— Keep silence by the hearth ! its foes are near.</p>	<p>As it found language :—" Are we thus oppressed ? Then must we rise upon our moun- tain-sod, And man must arm, and woman call on God !</p>
<p>" The envy of the oppressor's eye hath been Upon my heritage. I sit to-night Under my household tree, if not serene, Yet with the faces best beloved in sight : To-morrow eve may find me chained, and thee— How can I bear the boy's young smiles to see ? "</p>	<p>" I know what thou wouldst do ;— and be it done ! Thy soul is darkened with its fears for me. Trust me to heaven, my husband ! this, thy son, The babe whom I have borne thee, must be free ! And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth May well give strength—if aught be strong on earth.</p>
<p>The bright blood left that youth- ful mother's cheek ; Back on the linden stem she leaned her form ; And her lip trembled as it strove to speak, Like a frail harp-string shaken by the storm. 'Twas but a moment, and the faint- ness passed, And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.</p>	<p>" Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread Of my desponding tears ; now lift once more, [head, My hunter of the hills ! thy stately And let thine eagle glance my joy restore ! I can bear all, but seeing <i>thee</i> sub- dued— Take to thee back thine own un- daunted mood.</p>
<p>And she, that ever through her home had moved With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile Of woman, calmly loving and beloved, And timid in her happiness the while, Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour— Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.</p>	<p>" Go forth beside the waters, and along The chamois paths, and through the forests go ; And tell, in burning words, thy tale of wrong To the brave hearts that midst the hamlets glow. God shall be with thee, my beloved ! Away ! Bless but thy child, and leave me—I can pray ! "</p>
<p>Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light, And took her fair child to her holy breast, And lifted her soft voice, that gathered might</p>	<p>He sprang up, like a warrior youth awaking To clarion sounds upon the ringing air ; He caught her to his breast, while proud tears breaking From his dark eyes fell o'er her braided hair ; And " worthy art thou," was his joyous cry, " That man for thee should gird himself to die !</p>

"My bride, my wife, the mother of my child!

Now shall thy name be armour to my heart:

And this our land, by chains no more defiled,

Be taught of thee to choose the better part!

I go—thy spirit on my words shall dwell:

Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps. Farewell!"

And thus they parted, by the quiet lake,

In the clear starlight: he the strength to rouse

Of the free hills; she, thoughtful for his sake,

To rock her child beneath the whispering boughs,

Singing its blue half-curtained eyes to sleep

With a low hymn, amidst the stillness deep.

# PROPERZIA ROSSI

[Properzia Rossi, a celebrated female sculptor of Bologna, possessed also of talents for poetry and music, died in consequence of an unrequited attachment. A painting, by Ducis, represents her showing her last work, a basso-relievo of Ariadne, to a Roman knight, the object of her affection, who regards it with indifference.]

Tell me no more, no more Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain To quench its haunting thirst for happiness? Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind One true heart unto me, whereon my own Might find a resting-place, a home for all Its burden of affections? I depart, Unknown, though Fame goes with me; I must leave

The earth unknown. Yet it may be that death Shall give my name a power to win such tears As would have made life precious.

## I

ONE dream of passion and of beauty more!

And in its bright fulfilment let me pour

My soul away! Let earth retain a trace

Of that which lit my being, though its race

Might have been loftier far. Yet one more dream!

From my deep spirit one victorious gleam,

H.P.

Ere I depart! For thee alone, for thee!

May this last work, this farewell triumph be—

Thou, loved so vainly! I would leave enshrined

Something immortal of my heart and mind,

That yet may speak to thee when I am gone,

Shaking thine inmost bosom with a tone

Of lost affection,—something that may prove

What she hath been, whose melancholy love

On thee was lavished; silent pang and tear,

And fervent song that gushed when none was near,

And dream by night, and weary thought by day,

Stealing the brightness from her life away—

While thou—Awake! not yet within me die!

Under the burden and the agony Of this vain tenderness—my spirit, wake!

Even for thy sorrowful affection's sake,

Live! in thy work breathe out!—that he may yet,

Feeling sad mastery there, perchance regret

Thine unrequited gift.

## II

It comes! the power Within me born flows back—my fruitless dower

That could not win me love. Yet once again

I greet it proudly, with its rushing train

Of glorious images: they throng—they press—

A sudden joy lights up my loneliness—

I shall not perish all!

The bright work grows Beneath my hand, unfolded as a rose,

Leaf after leaf, to beauty; line by line,

I fix my thought, heart, soul, to burn, to shine,

Through the pale marble's veins.  
 It grows !—and now  
 I give my own life's history to thy  
 brow,  
 Forsaken Ariadne !—thou shalt wear  
 My form, my lineaments ; but oh !  
 more fair,  
 Touched into lovelier being by the  
 glow  
 Which in me dwells, as by the  
 summer light  
 All things are glorified. From thee  
 my woe  
 Shall yet look beautiful to meet his  
 sight,  
 When I am passed away. Thou art  
 the mould,  
 Wherein I pour the fervent thoughts,  
 the untold,  
 The self-consuming ! Speak to him  
 of me,  
 Thou, the deserted by the lonely sea,  
 With the soft sadness of thine earnest  
 eye—  
 Speak to him, lorn one ! deeply,  
 mournfully,  
 Of all my love and grief ! Oh ! could  
 I throw  
 Into thy frame a voice—a sweet, and  
 low,  
 And thrilling voice of song ! when  
 he came nigh,  
 To send the passion of its melody  
 Through his pierced bosom—on its  
 tones to bear  
 My life's deep feeling, as the southern  
 air  
 Wafts the faint myrtle's breath—to  
 rise, to swell,  
 To sink away in accents of farewell,  
 Winning but one, *one* gush of tears,  
 whose flow  
 Surely my parted spirit yet might  
 know,  
 If love be strong as death !

## III

Now fair thou art,  
 Thou form, whose life is of my burn-  
 ing heart !  
 Yet all the vision that within me  
 wrought,  
 I cannot make *thée*. Oh ! I might  
 have given  
 Birth to creations of far nobler  
 thought ;

I might have kindled, with the  
 fire of heaven,  
 Things not of such as die ! But I  
 have been  
 Too much alone ! A heart whereon  
 to lean,  
 With all these deep affections that  
 o'erflow  
 My aching soul, and find no shore  
 below ;  
 An eye to be my star ; a voice to  
 bring  
 Hope o'er my path like sounds that  
 breathe of spring .  
 These are denied me—dreamt of  
 still in vain.  
 Therefore my brief aspirings from  
 the chain  
 Are ever but as some wild fitful song,  
 Rising triumphantly, to die ere long  
 In dirge-like echoes.

## IV

Yet the world will see  
 Little of this, my parting work ! in  
 thee.  
 Thou shalt have fame ! Oh, mock-  
 ery ! give the reed  
 From storms a shelter—give the  
 drooping vine  
 Something round which its tendrils  
 may entwine—  
 Give the parched flower a rain-  
 drop, and the meed  
 Of love's kind words to woman !  
 Worthless fame !  
 That in *his* bosom wins not for my  
 name  
 The abiding place it asked ! Yet  
 how my heart,  
 In its own fairy world of song and art,  
 Once beat for praise ! Are those  
 high longings o'er ?  
 That which I have been can I be no  
 more ?  
 Never ! oh, never more ! though still  
 thy sky  
 Be blue as then, my glorious Italy !  
 And though the music, whose rich  
 breathings fill  
 Thin air with soul, be wandering  
 past me still ;  
 And though the mantle of thy sun-  
 light streams  
 Unchanged on forms, instinct with  
 poet-dreams.

Never! oh, never more! Where'er  
 I move,  
 The shadow of this broken-hearted  
 love  
 Is on me and around! Too well  
*they know*  
 Whose life is all within, too soon  
 and well,  
 When there the blight hath settled!  
 But I go  
 Under the silent wings of peace to  
 dwell;  
 From the slow wasting, from the  
 lonely pain,  
 The inward burning of those words—  
 “*in vain,*”  
 Scared on the heart—I go. ’Twill  
 soon be past!  
 Sunshine and song, and bright Italian  
 heaven,  
 And thou, oh! thou, on whom  
 my spirit cast  
 Unvalued wealth—who knowest not  
 what was given  
 In that devotedness—the sad, and  
 deep,  
 And unrepaid—farewell! If I could  
 weep  
 Once, only once, beloved one! on  
 thy breast,  
 Pouring my heart forth ere I sink  
 to rest!  
 But that were happiness!—and unto  
 me  
 Earth’s gift is *fame*. Yet I was  
 formed to be  
 So richly blessed! With thee to  
 watch the sky,  
 Speaking not, feeling but that thou  
 wert nigh;  
 With thee to listen, while the tones  
 of song  
 Swept even as part of our sweet air  
 along—  
 To listen silently; with thee to gaze  
 On forms, the deified of olden days—  
 This had been joy enough; and hour  
 by hour,  
 From its glad well-springs drinking  
 life and power,  
 How had my spirit soared, and made  
 its *fame*  
 A glory for thy brow! Dreams,  
 dreams!—the fire  
 Burns faint within me. Yet I leave  
 my name—

As a deep thrill may linger on the  
 lyre  
 When its full chords are hushed—  
 awhile to live,  
 And one day haply in thy heart  
 revive  
 Sad thoughts of me. I leave it, with  
 a sound,  
 A spell o’er memory, mournfully  
 profound;  
 I leave it, on my country’s air to  
 dwell—  
 Say proudly yet—“*’Twas hers who  
 loved me well!*”

### GERTRUDE; OR, FIDELITY TILL DEATH

[The Baron Von der Wart, accused—though it  
 is believed unjustly—as an accomplice in the  
 assassination of the Emperor Albert, was  
 bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his  
 wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonizing  
 hours, with the most heroic devotedness.  
 Her own sufferings, with those of her unfor-  
 tunate husband, are most affectingly described  
 in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a  
 female friend, and which was published some  
 years ago, at Haarlem, in a book entitled  
*Gertrude l’on der Wart; or, Fidelity unto  
 Death.*]

Dark lowers our fate,  
 And terrible the storm that gathers o’er us;  
 But nothing, till that latest agony  
 Which severs thee from nature, shall unloose  
 This fixed and sacred hold. In thy dark prison-  
 house,  
 In the terrific face of armed law,  
 Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be,  
 I never will forsake thee.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

HER hands were clasped, her dark  
 eyes raised,  
 The breeze threw back her hair;  
 Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—  
 All that she loved was there.  
 The night was round her clear and  
 cold,  
 The holy heaven above,  
 Its pale stars watching to behold  
 The might of earthly love.

“And bid me not depart,” she  
 cried;  
 “My Rudolph, say not so!  
 This is no time to quit thy side—  
 Peace! peace! I cannot go.  
 Hath the world aught for *me* to fear,  
 When death is on thy brow?  
 The world! what means it? *Mine*  
 is *here*—  
 I will not leave thee now.

I have been with thee in thine hour  
 Of glory and of bliss ;  
 Doubt not its memory's living power  
 To strengthen me through *this* !  
 And thou, mine honoured love and  
 true,  
 Bear on, bear nobly on !  
 We have the blessed heaven in view,  
 Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to  
 flow  
 From woman's breaking heart ?  
 Through all that night of bitterest woe  
 She bore her lofty part ;  
 But oh ! with such a glazing eye,  
 With such a curdling cheek—  
 Love, Love ! of mortal agony  
 Thou, only *thou*, shouldst speak !

The wind rose high—but with it rose  
 Her voice, that he might hear :—  
 Perchance that dark hour brought  
 repose  
 To happy bosoms near ;  
 While she sat striving with despair  
 Beside his tortured form,  
 And pouring her deep soul in prayer  
 Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his  
 brow  
 With her pale hands and soft,  
 Whose touch upon the lute-chords  
 low  
 Had stilled his heart so oft.  
 She spread her mantle o'er his breast,  
 She bathed his lips with dew,  
 And on his cheek such kisses pressed  
 As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh ! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,  
 Enduring to the last !  
 She had her meed—one smile in  
 death—  
 And his worn spirit passed !  
 While even as o'er a martyr's grave  
 She knelt on that sad spot,  
 And, weeping, blessed the God Who  
 gave  
 Strength to forsake it not !

## IMELDA

Sometimes  
 The young forgot the lessons they had learnt,  
 And loved when they should hate—like thee,  
 Imelda !

*Italy, a Poem.*

Passa la bella Donna, e par che dorma.  
 TASSO.

We have the myrtle's breath around  
 us here.  
 Amidst the fallen pillars : this  
 hath been  
 Some Narad's fane of old. How  
 brightly clear,  
 Flinging a vein of silver o'er the  
 scene,  
 Up through the shadowy grass the  
 fountain wells,  
 And music with it, gushing from  
 beneath  
 The ivied altar ! That sweet murmur  
 tells  
 The rich wild flowers no tale of woe  
 or death ;  
 Yet once the wave was darkened,  
 and a stain  
 Lay deep, and heavy drops—but not  
 of rain—  
 On the dim violets by its marble bed,  
 And the pale shining water-lily's  
 head.

Sad is that legend's truth.—A fair  
 girl met  
 One whom she loved, by this lone  
 temple's spring,  
 Just as the sun behind the pine grove  
 set,  
 And eve's low voice in whispers  
 woke, to bring  
 All wanderers home. They stood,  
 that gentle pair,  
 With the blue heaven of Italy  
 above,  
 And citron odours dying on the air,  
 And light leaves trembling round,  
 and early love  
 Deep in each breast. What recked  
*their* souls of strife  
 Between their fathers ! Unto them  
 young life [years ;  
 Spread out the treasures of its vernal  
 And if they wept, they wept far  
 other tears  
 Than the cold world brings forth.  
 They stood that hour  
 Speaking of hope ; while tree, and  
 fount, and flower,  
 And star, just gleaming through the  
 cypress boughs,  
 Seemed holy things, as records of  
 their vows.

<p>But change came o'er the scene. A          hurrying tread          Broke on the whispery shades.          Imelda knew          The footstep of her brother's wrath,          and fled          Up where the cedars make yon          avenue          Dim with green twilight: pausing          there, she caught—          Was it the clash of swords? A swift          dark thought          Struck down her lip's rich crimson          as it passed,          And from her eye the sunny sparkle          took          One moment with its fearfulness,          and shook          Her slight form fiercely, as a stormy          blast          Might rock the rose. Once more,          and yet once more,          She stilled her heart to listen—all          was o'er;          Sweet summer winds alone were          heard to sigh, [by.          Bearing the nightingale's deep spirit</p> <p>That night Imelda's voice was in          the song—          Lovely it floated through the festive          throng          Peopling her father's halls. That          fatal night          Her eye looked starry in its dazzling          light,          And her cheeked glowed with beauty's          flushing dyes,          Like a rich cloud of eve in southern          skies—          A burning, ruby cloud. There were          whose gaze          Followed her form beneath the clear          lamp's blaze,          And marvelled at its radiance. But          a few          Beheld the brightness of that feverish          hue          With something of dim fear; and          in that glance          Found strange and sudden tokens          of unrest,          Startling to meet amidst the mazy          dance,          Where thought, if present, an          unbidden guest,</p>	<p>Comes not unmasked. Howe'er this          were, the time          Sped as it speeds with joy, and grief,          and crime          Alike: and when the banquet's          hall was left          Unto its garlands of their bloom be-          reft;          When trembling stars looked silvery          in their wane,          And heavy flowers yet slumbered,          once again          There stole a footstep, fleet, and          light, and lone,          Through the dim cedar shade—the          step of one          That started at a leaf, of one that fled,          Of one that panted with some secret          dread.          What did Imelda there? She sought          the scene          Where love so late with youth and          hope had been.          Bodings were on her soul; a shudder-          ing thrill          Ran through each vein, when first          the Naiad's rill          Met her with melody—sweet sounds          and low; [flow—          We hear them yet, they live along its          Her voice is music lost! The foun-          tain-side          She gained—the wave flashed forth—          'twas darkly dyed          Even as from warrior hearts; and          on its edge,          Amidst the fern, and flowers, and          moss-tufts deep,          There lay, as lulled by stream and          rustling sedge,          A youth, a graceful youth. "Oh!          dost thou sleep?          Azzo!" she cried, "my Azzo! is          this rest?"          But then her low tones faltered:—          "On thy breast          Is the stain—yes, 'tis blood! And          that cold cheek—          That moveless lip!—thou dost not          slumber?—speak,          Speak, Azzo, my beloved! No          sound—no breath—          What hath come thus between our          spirits? Death!          Death?—I but dream—I dream!"          And there she stood,</p>
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A faint fair trembler, gazing first on blood,  
 With her fair arm around yon cypress thrown,  
 Her form sustained by that dark stem alone,  
 And fading fast, like spell-struck maid of old,  
 Into white waves dissolving, clear and cold;  
 When from the grass her dimmed eye caught a gleam—  
 'Twas where a sword lay shivered by the stream—  
 Her brother's sword!—she knew it; and she knew  
 'Twas with a venomed point that weapon slew!  
 Woe for young love! But love is strong. There came  
 Strength upon woman's fragile heart and frame;  
 There came swift courage! On the dewy ground  
 She knelt, with all her dark hair floating round  
 Like a long silken stole; she knelt, and pressed [breast,  
 Her lips of glowing life to Azzo's  
 Drawing the poison forth. A strange, sad sight!  
 Pale death, and fearless love, and solemn night!  
 —So the moon saw them last.

The morn came singing  
 Through the green forests of the Apennines,  
 With all her joyous birds their free flight winging,  
 And steps and voices out amongst the vines.  
 What found that dayspring *here*?  
 Two fair forms laid  
 Like sculptured sleepers; from the myrtle shade  
 Casting a gleam of beauty o'er the wave,  
 Still, mournful, sweet. Were such things for the grave?  
 Could it be so indeed? That radiant girl,  
 Decked as for bridal hours!—long braids of pearl  
 Amidst her shadowy locks were faintly shining,

As tears might shine, with melancholy light;  
 And there was gold her slender waist entwining;  
 And her pale graceful arms—how sadly bright!  
 And fiery gems upon her breast were lying,  
 And round her marble brow red roses dying.  
 But she died first!—the violet's hue had spread  
 O'er her sweet eyelids with repose oppressed;  
 She had bowed heavily her gentle head,  
 And on the youth's hushed bosom sunk to rest.  
 So slept they well!—the poison's work was done;  
 Love with true heart had striven—but Death had won.

## EDITH

## A TALE OF THE WOODS

Du Heilige! rufe dein Kind zurück?  
 Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,  
 Ich habe gelebt und geliebt.

*Wall's stin.*

THE woods—oh! solemn are the boundless woods  
 Of the great western world when day declines,  
 And louder sounds the roll of distant floods,  
 More deep the rustling of the ancient pines.  
 When dimness gathers on the stilly air,  
 And mystery seems o'er every leaf to brood,  
 Awful it is for human heart to bear  
 The might and burden of the solitude!  
 Yet, in that hour, 'midst those green wastes, there sate  
 One young and fair; and oh! how desolate!  
 But undismayed—while sank the crimson light,  
 And the high cedars darkened with the night.  
 Alone she sate; though many lay around,

They, pale and silent on the bloody  
ground,  
Were severed from her need and from  
her woe,  
Far as death severs life. O'er  
that wild spot  
Combat had raged, and brought the  
valiant low,  
And left them, with the history  
of their lot,  
Unto the forest oaks—a fearful scene  
For her whose home of other days  
had been  
Midst the fair halls of England! But  
the love  
Which filled her soul was strong  
to cast out fear;  
And by its might upborne all else  
above,  
She shrank not—marked not that  
the dead were near.  
Of him alone she thought, whose  
languid head [fell;  
Faintly upon her wedded bosom  
Memory of aught but him on earth  
was fled,  
While heavily she felt his life-  
blood well  
Fast o'er her garments forth, and  
vainly bound  
With her torn robe and hair the  
streaming wound—  
Yet hoped, still hoped! Oh! from  
such hope how long  
Affection woos the whispers that  
deceive,  
Even when the pressure of dismay  
grows strong!  
And we, that weep, watch, tremble,  
ne'er believe  
The blow indeed can fall. So bowed  
she there  
Over the dying, while unconscious  
prayer  
Filled all her soul. Now poured  
the moonlight down,  
Veining the pine stems through the  
foliage brown,  
And fireflies, kindling up the leafy  
place,  
Cast fitful radiance o'er the warrior's  
face,  
Whereby she caught its changes.  
To her eye,  
The eye that faded looked through  
gathering haze,

Whence love, o'er-mastering mortal  
agony,  
Lifted a long, deep, melancholy  
gaze,  
When voice was not; that fond,  
sad meaning passed—  
She knew the fulness of her woe at  
last!  
One shriek the forests heard—and  
mute she lay  
And cold, yet clasping still the  
precious clay  
To her scarce-heaving breast. O  
Love and Death!  
Ye have sad meetings on this  
changeable earth, [breath  
Many and sad!—but airs of heavenly  
Shall melt the links which bind  
you, for your birth  
Is far apart.  
  
Now light of richer hue  
Than the moon sheds, came flushing  
mist and dew;  
The pines grew red with morning;  
fresh winds played;  
Bright-coloured birds with splendour  
crossed the shade,  
Flitting on flowerlike wings; glad  
murmurs broke  
From reed, and spray, and leaf—  
the living strings  
Of earth's Æolian lyre, whose music  
woke  
Into young life and joy all happy  
things.  
And she, too, woke from that long  
dreamless trance,  
The widowed Edith: fearfully her  
glance  
Fell, as in doubt, on faces dark and  
strange,  
And dusky forms. A sudden sense  
of change  
Flashed o'er her spirit, even ere  
memory swept  
The tide of anguish back with  
thoughts that slept;  
Yet half instinctively she rose, and  
spread  
Her arms, as 'twere for something  
lost or fled,  
Then faintly sank again. The forest  
bough,  
With all its whispers, waved not o'er  
her now.

Where was she? Midst the people of the wild, By the red hunter's fire: an aged chief, Whose home looked sad—for therein played no child— Had borne her, in the stillness of her grief, To that lone cabin of the woods; and there, Won by a form so desolately fair, Or touched with thoughts from some past sorrow sprung, O'er her low couch an Indian matron hung; While in grave silence, yet with earnest eye, The ancient warrior of the waste stood by, Bending in watchfulness his proud grey head, And leaning on his bow.	Fear, that still bodes, be there—of pouring forth The heart's whole power of love, its wealth and worth Of strong affection, in one healthful flow, On something all its own! that kindly glow, Which to shut inward its consuming pain, Gives the glad soul its flowering time again, When, like the sunshine, freed. And gentle cares The adopted Edith meekly gave for theirs Who loved her thus. Her spirit dwelt the while With the departed, and her patient smile Spoke of farewells to earth; yet still she prayed E'en o'er her soldier's lowly grave, for aid One purpose to fulfil, to leave one trace Brightly recording that her dwelling- place Had been among the wilds; for well she knew The secret whisper of her bosom true, Which warned her hence.
And life returned, Life, but with all its memories of the dead, To Edith's heart; and well the sufferer learned Her task of meek endurance—well she wore The chastened grief that humbly can adore 'Midst blinding tears. But unto that old pair, Even as a breath of spring's awaken- ing air, Her presence was; or as a sweet wild tune Bringing back tender thoughts, which all too soon Depart with childhood. Sadly they had seen A daughter to the land of spirits go; And ever from that time her fading mien, And voice, like winds of summer, soft and low, Had haunted their dim years: but Edith's face Now looked in holy sweetness from her place, And they again seemed parents. Oh! the joy, The rich deep blessedness—though earth's alloy,	And now, by many a word Linked unto moments when the heart was stirred— By the sweet mournfulness of many a hymn, Sung when the woods at eve grew hushed and dim— By the persuasion of her fervent eye, All eloquent with childlike piety— By the still beauty of her life she strove To win for heaven, and heaven-born truth, the love Poured out on her so freely. Nor in vain Was that soft-breathing influence to enchain The soul in gentle bonds; by slow degrees Light followed on, as when a summer breeze Parts the deep masses of the forest shade,

<p>And lets the sunbeam through.          Her voice was made          Even such a breeze; and she, a          lowly guide,          By faith and sorrow raised and purified,          So to the Cross her Indian fosterers          led,          Until their prayers were one. When          morning spread          O'er the blue lake, and when the          sunset's glow          Touched into golden bronze the cypress          bough,          And when the quiet of the Sabbath          time          Sank on her heart, though no melodious          chime          Wakened the wilderness, their prayers          were one.          Now might she pass in hope—her          work was done! [away—          And she <i>was</i> passing from the woods          The broken flower of England might          not stay          Amidst those alien shades. Her eye          was bright          Even yet with something of a          starry light,          But her form wasted, and her fair          young cheek          Wore off and patiently a fatal streak,          A rose whose root was death. The          parting sigh          Of autumn through the forests had          gone by,          And the rich maple o'er her wanderings          lone          Its crimson leaves in many a shower          had strown,          Flushing the air; and winter's          blast had been          Amidst the pines; and now a softer          green          Fringed their dark boughs: for          spring again had come,          The sunny spring! but Edith to          her home          Was journeying fast. Alas! we          think it sad          To part with life when all the earth          looks glad          In her young lovely things—when          voices break          Into sweet sounds, and leaves and          blossoms wake:</p>	<p>Is it not brighter, then, in that far          clime          Where graves are not, nor blights          of changeful time,          If <i>here</i> such glory dwell with passing          blooms,          Such golden sunshine rest around          the tombs?          So thought the dying one. 'Twas          early day,          And sounds and odours, with the          breezes' play,          Whispering of spring time, through          the cabin door,          Unto her couch life's farewell          sweetness bore.          Then with a look where all her hope          awoke,          "My father!"—to the grey-haired          chief she spoke—          "Knowest thou that I depart?"          "I know, I know,"          He answered mournfully, "that thou          must go          To thy beloved, my daughter!"          "Sorrow not          For me, kind mother!" with          meek smiles once more          She murmured in low tones: "one          happy lot          Awaits us, friends! upon the          better shore;          For we have prayed together in one          trust, [dust          And lifted our frail spirits from the          To God, Who gave them. Lay me by          mine own,          Under the cedar shade: where he is          gone,          Thither I go. There will my sisters be,          And the dead parents, lisping at          whose knee          My childhood's prayer was learned—          the Saviour's prayer          Which now <i>ye</i> know—and I shall          meet you there.          Father and gentle mother! ye have          bound          The bruised reed, and mercy shall be          found          By Mercy's children." From the          matron's eye          Dropped tears, her sole and passionate          reply.          But Edith felt them not; for now a          sleep</p>
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Solemnly beautiful—a stillness deep,  
Fell on her settled face. Then, sad  
and slow,  
And mantling up his stately head in  
woe,  
“Thou’rt passing hence,” he sang,  
that warrior old,  
In sounds like those by plaintive  
waters rolled.

“Thou’rt passing from the lake’s  
green side,  
And the hunter’s hearth away :  
For the time of flowers, for the  
summer’s pride,  
Daughter ! thou canst not  
stay.

“Thou’rt journeying to thy  
spirit’s home,  
Where the skies are ever clear :  
The corn-month’s golden hours  
will come  
But they shall not find thee  
here.

“And we shall miss thy voice,  
my bird !  
Under our whispering pine ;  
Music shall midst the leaves be  
heard,  
But not a song like thine.

“A breeze that roves o’er stream  
and hill,  
Telling of winter gone,  
Hath such sweet falls—yet  
caught we still  
A farewell in its tone.

“But thou, my bright one !  
thou shalt be  
Where farewell sounds are o’er ;  
Thou, in the eyes thou lov’st,  
shalt see  
No fear of parting more.

“The mossy grave thy tears  
have wet,  
And the winds wild moanings  
by,  
Thou with thy kindred shalt  
forget,  
’Midst flowers—not such as  
die.

“The shadow from thy brow  
shall melt

The sorrow from thy strain,  
But where thine earthly smile  
hath dwelt  
Our heart shall thirst in vain.

“Dim will our cabin be, and lone,  
When thou, its light, art fled :  
Yet hath thy step the pathway  
shown  
Unto the happy dead.

“And we will follow thee, our  
guide !  
And join that shining band  
Thou’rt passing from the lake’s  
green side—  
Go to the better land ! ”

The song had ceased—the listeners  
caught no breath :  
That lovely sleep had melted into  
death.

### THE INDIAN CITY

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar ?  
The heart’s bleed longest, and but heal to wear  
That which disfigures it.

*Childs Harold.*

#### I

ROYAL in splendour went down the  
day  
On the plain where an Indian city  
lay,  
With its crown of domes o’er the  
forest high,  
Red, as if fused in the burning sky ;  
And its deep groves pierced by the  
rays which made  
A bright stream’s way through each  
long arcade,  
Till the pillared vaults of the banian  
stood  
Like torch-lit aisles ’midst the solemn  
wood ;  
And the plantain glittered with  
leaves of gold,  
As a tree midst the Genie gardens old,  
And the cypress lifted a blazing spire,  
And the stems of the cocoa were  
shafts of fire.  
Many a white pagoda’s gleam  
Slept lovely round upon lake and  
stream,  
Broken alone by the lotus flowers,  
As they caught the glow of the sun’s  
last hours,

Like rosy wine in their cups, and shed  
 Its glory forth on their crystal bed.  
 Many a graceful Hindoo maid,  
 With the water-vase from the palmy  
 shade,  
 Came gliding light as the desert's roe,  
 Down marble steps, to the tanks  
 below ;  
 And a cool sweet plashing was ever  
 heard,  
 As the molten glass of the wave was  
 stirred,  
 And a murmur, thrilling the scented  
 air,  
 Told where the Brahmin bowed in  
 prayer.  
 —There wandered a noble Moslem  
 boy  
 Through the scene of beauty in  
 breathless joy.  
 He gazed where the stately city rose,  
 Like a pageant of clouds, in its red  
 repose ;  
 He turned where birds through the  
 gorgeous gloom  
 Of the woods went glancing on starry  
 plume ;  
 He tracked the brink of the shining  
 lake,  
 By the tall canes feathered in tuft and  
 brake ;  
 Till the path he chose, in its mazes,  
 wound  
 To the very heart of the holy ground.  
  
 And there lay the water, as if en-  
 shrined  
 In a rocky urn, from the sun and  
 wind,  
 Bearing the hues of the grove on high,  
 Far down through its dark still purity.  
 The flood beyond, to the fiery west,  
 Spread out like a metal mirror's  
 breast ;  
 But that lone bay, in its dimness deep,  
 Seemed made for the swimmer's  
 joyous leap,  
 For the stag athirst from the noon-  
 tide's chase  
 For all free things of the wild wood's  
 race.  
  
 Like a falcon's glance on the wide blue  
 sky,  
 Was the kindling flash of the boy's  
 glad eye ;

Like a sea-bird's flight to the foaming  
 wave,  
 From the shadowy bank was the  
 bound he gave ;  
 Dashing the spray drops, cold and  
 white,  
 O'er the glossy leaves in its young  
 delight,  
 And bowing his locks to the waters  
 clear—  
 Alas ! he dreamt not that fate was  
 near.  
  
 His mother looked from her tent the  
 while,  
 O'er heaven and earth with a quiet  
 smile :  
 She, on her way unto Mecca's fane,  
 Had stayed the march of her pilgrim  
 train,  
 Calmly to linger a few brief hours  
 In the Brahmin city's glorious bowers ;  
 For the pomp of the forest, the wave's  
 bright fall,  
 The red gold of sunset—she loved  
 them all.

II

The moon rose clear in the splendour  
 given  
 To the deep-blue night of an Indian  
 heaven ;  
 The boy from the high-arched woods  
 came back—  
 Oh ! what had he met in his lonely  
 track ?  
 The serpent's glance through the long  
 reeds bright ?  
 The arrowy spring of the tiger's  
 might ?  
 No ! yet as one by a conflict worn,  
 With his graceful hair all soiled and  
 torn,  
 And a gloom on the lids of his dark-  
 ened eye,  
 And a gash on his bosom—he came to  
 die !  
 He looked for the face to his young  
 heart sweet,  
 And found it, and sank at his mother's  
 feet.

“ Speak to me ! whence does the  
 swift blood run ?  
 What hath befallen thee, my child,  
 my son ? ”

The mist of death on his brow lay  
pale,  
But his voice just lingered to breathe  
the tale.  
Murmuring faintly of wrongs and  
scorn,  
And wounds from the children of  
Brahma borne.  
This was the doom for a Moslem  
found  
With a foot profane on their holy  
ground—  
This was for sullyng the pure waves,  
free  
Unto them alone—'twas their god's  
decree.

A change came o'er his wandering  
look—  
The mother shrieked not then nor  
shook :  
Breathless she knelt in her son's  
young blood,  
Rending her mantle to staunch its  
flood ;  
But it rushed like a river which none  
may stay,  
Bearing a flower to the deep away.  
That which our love to the earth  
would chain, [vain—  
Fearfully striving with heaven in  
That which fades from us while yet  
we hold,  
Clasped to our bosoms, its mortal  
mould,  
Was fleeting before her, afar and fast;  
One moment—the soul from the face  
had passed ! [woe ?  
Are there no words for that common  
Ask of the thousands its depth that  
know !  
The boy had breathed, in his dream-  
ing rest,  
Like a low-voiced dove, on her gentle  
breast ;  
He had stood, when she sorrowed,  
beside her knee,  
Painfully stilling his quick heart's  
glee ;  
He had kissed from her cheek the  
widow's tears,  
With the loving lip of his infant  
years :  
He had smiled o'er her path like a  
bright spring day—  
Now in his blood on the earth he lay !

*Murdered !* Alas ! and we love so  
well  
In a world where anguish like this can  
dwell !

She bowed down mutely o'er her  
dead—  
They that stood round her watched  
in dread ;  
They watched—she knew not they  
were by—  
Her soul sat veiled in its agony.  
On the silent lips she pressed no kiss—  
Too stern was the grasp of her pangs  
for this :  
She shed no tear, as her face bent  
low  
O'er the shining hair of the lifeless  
brow ;  
She looked but into the half-shut eye  
With a gaze that found there no reply,  
And, shrieking, mantled her head  
from sight,  
And fell, struck down by her sorrow's  
might.

And what deep change, what work  
of power,  
Was wrought on her secret soul that  
hour ?  
How rose the lonely one ? She rose  
Like a prophetess from dark repose !  
And proudly flung from her face the  
veil,  
And shook the hair from her forehead  
pale,  
And 'midst her wondering handmaids  
stood,  
With the sudden glance of a dauntless  
mood—  
Ay, lifting up to the midnight sky  
A brow in its regal passion high,  
With a close and rigid grasp she  
pressed  
The blood-stained robe to her heaving  
breast,  
And said—"Not yet, not yet I weep,  
Not yet my spirit shall sink or sleep !  
Not till yon city, in ruins rent,  
Be piled 'or its victim's monument.  
Cover his dust ! bear it on before !  
It shall visit those temple gates once  
more."

And away in the train of the dead she  
turned,

The strength of her step was the heart  
that burned ;  
And the Brahm'in groves in the star-  
light smiled,  
As the mother passed with her slaugh-  
tered child.

## III

Hark ! a wild sound of the desert's  
horn  
Through the woods round the Indian  
city borne,  
A peal of the cymbal and tambour  
afar—  
War ! 'tis the gathering of Moslem  
war !  
The Brahmin looked from the leaguer-  
ed towers—  
He saw the will archer amidst his  
bowers ;  
And the lake that flashed through  
the plantain shade,  
As the light of the lances along it  
played ;  
And the canes that shook as if winds  
were high,  
When the fiery steed of the waste  
swept by ;  
And the camp as it lay like a billowy  
sea,  
Wide round the sheltering banian  
tree.

There stood one tent from the rest  
apart—  
That was the place of a wounded  
heart.  
Oh ! deep is a wounded heart, and  
strong  
A voice that cries against mighty  
wrong ;  
And full of death as a hot wind's  
blight,  
Doth the ire of a crushed affection  
light.

Maimuna from realm to realm had  
passed,  
And her tale had rung like a trumpet's  
blast.  
There had been words from her pale  
lips poured,  
Each one a spell to unsheath the  
sword.  
The Tartar had sprung from his steed  
to hear,

And the dark chief of Araby grasped  
his spear,  
Till a chain of long lances begirt the  
wall,  
And a vow was recorded that doomed  
its fall.  
Back with the dust of her son she  
came,  
When her voice had kindled that  
lightning flame ;  
She came in the might of a queenly  
foe,  
Banner, and javelin, and bended bow ;  
But a deeper power on her forehead  
sate—  
There sought the warrior his star of  
fate :  
Her eye's wild flash through the  
tented line  
Was hailed as a spirit and a sign,  
And the faintest tone from her lip  
was caught  
As a sybil's breath of prophetic  
thought. [grief,  
—Vain, bitter glory !—the gift of  
That lights up vengeance to find  
relief,  
Transient and faithless ! it cannot  
fill  
So the deep void of the heart, nor  
still  
The yearning left by a broken tie,  
That haunted fever of which we die !  
Sickening she turned from her sad  
renown,  
As a king in death might reject his  
crown.  
Slowly the strength of the walls gave  
way—  
She withered faster from day to day ;  
All the proud sounds of that bannered  
plain,  
To stay the flight of her soul were  
vain ;  
Like an eagle caged, it had striven,  
and worn  
The frail dust, ne'er for such conflicts  
born,  
Till the bars were rent, and the hour  
was come  
For its fearful rushing through dark-  
ness home.

The bright sun set in his pomp and  
pride,



As on that eve when the fair boy  
died :

She gazed from her couch, and a  
softness fell

O'er her weary heart with the day's  
farewell ;

She spoke, and her voice, in its dying  
tone,

Had an echo of feelings that long  
seemed flown.

She murmured a low sweet cradle-  
song,

Strange 'midst the din of a warrior  
throng—

A song of the time when her boy's  
young cheek

Had glowed on her breast in its  
slumber meek.

But something which breathed from  
that mournful strain

Sent a fitful gust o'er her soul again ;  
And starting, as if from a dream, she  
cried—

" Give him proud burial at my side !  
There, by yon lake, where the palm  
boughs wave,

When the temples are fallen, make  
there our grave "

And the temples fell, though the spirit  
passed,

That stayed not for victory's voice at  
last ;

When the day was won for the martyr  
dead,

For the broken heart and the bright  
blood shed.

Through the gates of the vanquished  
the Tartar steed

Bore in the avenger with foaming  
speed ;

Free swept the flame through the idol  
fanes,

And the streams glowed red, as from  
warrior veins ;

And the sword of the Moslem, let loose  
to slay,

Like the panther leapt on its flying  
prey,

Till a city of ruin begirt the shade  
Where the boy and his mother at rest  
were laid.

Palace and tower on that plain were  
left,

Like fallen trees by the lightning  
cleft ;

The wild vine mantled the stately  
square,

The Rajah's throne was the serpent's  
lair,

And the jungle grass o'er the altar  
sprung—

This was the work of one deep heart  
wrung !

### THE PEASANT GIRL OF THE RHÔNE

---There is but one place in the world—  
Hither, where he lies buried !

There, there is all that still remains of him :  
That single spot is the whole earth to me.

COLTRIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.  
Alas ! our young affections run to waste  
Or water but the desert."

*Childe Harold*.  
THERE went a warrior's funeral  
through the night,

A waving of tall plumes, a ruddy light  
Of torches, fitfully and wildly  
thrown

From the high woods, along the  
sweeping Rhône,

Far down the waters. Heavily and  
dead,

Under the moaning trees, the horse-  
hoof's tread

In muffled sounds upon the green-  
sward fell,

As chieftains passed ; and solemnly  
the swell

Of the deep requiem, o'er the gleam-  
ing river

Borne with the gale, and with the  
leaves' low shiver,

Floated and died. Proud mourners  
there, yet pale,

Wore man's mute anguish sternly ;  
—but of one,

Oh ! who shall speak ? What words  
his brow unveil ?

A father following to the grave his  
son !—

That is no grief to picture ! Sad  
and slow,

Through the wood-shadows, moved  
the brightly train,

With youth's fair form upon the bier  
laid low—

Fair even when found amidst the  
bloody slain,

Stretched by its broken lance. They  
reached the lone

<p>Baronial chapel, where the forest gloom Fell heaviest, for the massy boughs had grown Into thick archways, as to vault the tomb. Stately they trode the hollow- ringing aisle, A strange deep echo shuddered through the pile, Till crested heads at last in silence bent Round the DeCoucis' antique monu- ment, When dust to dust was given :—and Aymer slept Beneath the drooping banners of his line, Whose broidered folds the Syrian wind had swept Proudly and oft o'er fields of Palestine. So the sad rite was closed. The sculptor gave Trophies, ere long, to deck that lordly grave ; And the pale image of a youth, arrayed As warriors are for fight, but calmly laid In slumber on his shield. Then all was done— And still around the dead. His name was heard Perchance when wine-cups flowed, and hearts were stirred By some old song, or tale of battle won Told round the hearth. But in his father's breast Manhood's high passions woke again, and pressed On to their mark ; and in his friend's clear eye There dwelt no shadow of a dream gone by ; And with the brethren of his fields, the feast Was gay as when the voice whose sounds had ceased Mingled with theirs. Even thus life's rushing tide Bears back affection from the grave's dark side ; Alas ! to think of this !—the heart's void place</p>	<p>Filled up so soon !—so like a summer cloud, All that we loved to pass and leave no trace !— He lay forgotten in his early shroud. Forgotten ?—not of all ! The sunny smile Glancing in play o'er that proud lip erewhile, And the dark locks, whose breezy waving threw A gladness round, whene'er their shade withdrew From the bright brow ; and all the sweetness lying Within that eagle eye's jet radiance deep, And all the music with that young voice dying, Whose joyous echoes made the quick heart leap As at a hunter's bugle—these things lived Still in one breast, whose silent love survived The poms of kindred sorrow. Day by day, On Aymer's tomb fresh flowers in garlands lay, Through the dim fane soft summer odours breathing, And all the pale sepulchral trophies wreathing, And with a flush of deeper brilliance glowing In the rich light, like molten rubies flowing Through storied windows down. The violet there Might speak of love—a secret love and lowly ; And the rose image all things fleet and fair ; And the faint passion-flower, the sad and holy, Tell of diviner hopes. But whose light hand, As for an altar, wove the radiant band ? Whose gentle nurture brought, from hidden dells, That gem-like wealth of blossoms and sweet bells, To blush through every season ? Blight and chill</p>
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Might touch the changing woods ; but duly still	Who could reveal her story ? That still face
For years those gorgeous coronals renewed,	Had once been fair ; for on the clear arched brow
And brightly clasping marble spear and helm,	And the curved lip there lingered yet such grace
Even through mid-winter, filled the solitude	As sculpture gives its dreams ; and long and low
With a strange smile—a glow of summer's realm.	The deep black lashes, o'er the half- shut eye— [fully.
Surely some fond and fervent heart was pouring	For death was on its lids—fell mourn- But the cold cheek was sunk, the
Its youth's vain worship on the dust, adoring	raven hair
In lone devotedness !	Dimmed, the slight form all wasted, as by care.
	Whence came that early blight ? <i>Her</i> kindred's place
One spring morn rose, And found, within that tomb's proud shadow laid—	Was not amidst the high De Couci race ;
Oh ! not as 'midst the vineyards, to repose	Yet there her shrine had been ! She grasped a wreath—
From the fierce noon—a dark- haired peasant maid	The tomb's last garland !—This was love in death.

### INDIAN WOMAN'S DEATH-SONG

[An Indian woman, driven to despair by her husband's desertion of her for another wife, entered a canoe with her children, and rowed it down the Mississippi towards a cataract. Her voice was heard from the shore singing a mournful death-song, until overpowered by the sound of the waters in which she perished. The tale is related in Long's *Expédition to the Source of St. Peter's River.*]

Non, je ne puis vivre avec un cœur brisé. Il faut que je retrouve la joie, et que je m'unisse aux esprits libres de l'air.

*Bride of Messina*—Translated by MADAME DE STAËL.

Let not my child be a girl, for very sad is the life of a woman.

*The Prairie.*

Down a broad river of the western wilds,  
Piercing thick forest glooms, a light canoe  
Swept with the current : fearful was the speed  
Of the frail bark, as by a tempest's wing  
Borne leaf-like on to where the mist of spray  
Rose with the cataract's thunder. Yet within,  
Proudly, and dauntlessly, and all alone,  
Save that a babe lay sleeping at her breast,  
A woman stood ! Upon her Indian brow  
Sat a strange gladness, and her dark hair waved  
As if triumphantly. She pressed her child,  
In its bright slumber, to her beating heart,  
And lifted her sweet voice, that rose awhile  
Above the sound of waters, high and clear,  
Wafting a wild proud strain—a song of death.

" Roll swiftly to the spirits' land, thou mighty stream and free !  
Father of ancient waters, roll ! and bear our lives with thee !  
The weary bird that storms have tossed would seek the sunshine's calm,  
And the deer that hath the arrow's hurt flies to the woods of balm.

" Roll on !—my warrior's eye hath looked upon another's face,  
And mine hath faded from his soul, as fades a moonbeam's trace :

My shadow comes not o'er his path, my whisper to his dream,  
He flings away the broken reed. Roll swifter yet, thou stream !

" The voice that spoke of other days is hushed within *his* breast,  
But *mine* its lonely music haunts, and will not let me rest ;  
It sings a low and mournful song of gladness that is gone—  
I cannot live without that light. Father of waves ! roll on !

" Will he not miss the bounding step that met him from the chase ?  
The heart of love that made his home an ever-sunny place ?  
The hand that spread the hunter's board, and decked his couch of yore ?—  
He will not ! Roll, dark foaming stream, on to the better shore !

" Some blessed fount amidst the woods of that bright land must flow,  
Whose waters from my soul may lave the memory of this woe ;  
Some gentle wind must whisper there, whose breath may waft away  
The burden of the heavy night, the sadness of the day.

" And thou, my babe ! though born, like me, for woman's weary lot,  
Smile !— to that wasting of the heart, my own ! I leave thee not ;  
Too bright a thing art *thou* to pine in aching love away—  
Thy mother bears thee far, young fawn ! from sorrow and decay.

" She bears thee to the glorious bowers where none is heard to weep,  
And where the unkind one hath no power again to trouble sleep ;  
And where the soul shall find its youth, as wakening from a dream :  
One moment, and that realm is ours. On, on, dark rolling stream ! "

### JOAN OF ARC IN RHEIMS

[Jeanne d'Arc avait eu la joie de voir à  
Châlons quelques amis de son enfance. Une  
joie plus ineffable encore l'attendait à Rheims,  
au sein de son triomphe : Jacques d'Arc,  
son père, y se trouva, aussitôt que de troupes  
de Charles VII. y furent entrées ; et comme  
les deux frères de notre héroïne l'avaient  
accompagnée, elle se vit pour un instant au  
milieu de sa famille, dans les bras d'un père  
vertueux.—*Vie de Jeanne d'Arc.*]

Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame !  
A draught that mantles high,  
And seems to lift this earth-born frame  
Above mortality :  
Away ! to me—a woman—bring  
Sweet waters from affection's spring !

THAT was a joyous day in Rheims of  
old,  
When peal on peal of mighty music  
rolled  
Forth from her thronged cathedral ;  
while around,  
A multitude, whose billows made no  
sound,  
Chained to a hush of wonder, though  
elate,  
With victory, listened at their  
temple's gate.  
And what was done within ? Within,  
the light,

Through the rich gloom of pictured  
windows flowing  
Tinged with soft awfulness a stately  
sight—  
The chivalry of France their proud  
heads bowing  
In martial vassalage ! While 'midst  
that ring, [a king  
And shadowed by ancestral tombs,  
Received his birthright's crown.  
For this, the hymn  
Swelled out like rushing waters,  
and the day  
With the sweet censer's misty breath  
grew dim,  
As through long aisles it floated  
o'er the array  
Of arms and sweeping stoles. But  
who, alone  
And unapproached, beside the altar  
stone,  
With the white banner forth like  
sunshine streaming,  
And the gold helm through clouds of  
fragrance gleaming,  
Silent and radiant stood ? The  
helm was raised,  
And the fair face revealed, that up-  
ward gazed,

Intensely worshipping—a still, clear  
face,  
Youthful, but brightly solemn!  
Woman's cheek  
And brow were there, in deep devo-  
tion meek,  
Yet glorified, with inspiration's trace  
On its pure paleness; while, en-  
throned above,  
The pictured Virgin, with her smile  
of love,  
Seemed bending o'er her votaress.  
That slight form!  
Was that the leader through the battle  
storm?  
Had the soft light in that adoring  
eye  
Guided the warrior where the swords  
flashed high?  
'Twas so, even so!—and thou, the  
shepherd's child,  
Joanne, the lovely dreamer of the  
wild!  
Never before, and never since that  
hour,  
Hath woman, mantled with victor-  
ious power,  
Stood forth as *thou* beside the shrine  
didst stand,  
Holy amidst the knighthood of the  
land,  
And, beautiful with joy and with  
renown,  
Lift thy white banner o'er the olden  
crown,  
Ransomed for France by thee!

The rites are done,  
Now let the dome with trumpet notes  
be shaken,  
And bid the echoes of the tomb  
awaken,  
And come thou forth, that heaven's  
rejoicing sun  
May give thee welcome from thine  
own blue skies,  
Daughter of victory! A trium-  
phant strain,  
A proud rich stream of warlike  
melodies,  
Gushed through the portals of the  
antique fane,  
And forth she came. Then rose a  
nation's sound:  
Oh! what a power to bid the quick  
heart bound,

The wind bears onward with the  
stormy cheer  
Man gives to glory on her high career!  
Is there indeed such power?—far  
deeper dwells  
In one kind household voice, to reach  
the cells  
Whence happiness flows forth! The  
shouts that filled  
The hollow heaven tempestuously,  
were stilled  
One moment; and in that brief  
pause, the tone,  
As of a breeze that o'er her home had  
blown,  
Sank on the bright maid's heart.  
"Joanne!"—Who spoke  
Like those whose childhood with  
*her* childhood grew  
Under one roof? "Joanne!"—  
*that* murmur broke  
With sounds of weeping forth!  
She turned—she knew  
Beside her, marked from all the  
thousands there,  
In the calm beauty of his silver hair,  
The stately shepherd; and the youth,  
whose joy,  
From his dark eye flashed proudly;  
and the boy,  
The youngest born, that ever loved  
her best:—  
"Father! and ye, my brothers!"  
On the breast  
Of that grey sire she sank—and  
swiftly back,  
Even in an instant, to their native  
track  
Her free thoughts flowed. She saw  
the pomp no more,  
The plumes, the banners: to her  
cabin-door, [glade,  
And to the Fairy's Fountain in the  
Where her young sisters by her side  
had played  
And to her hamlet's chapel, where it  
rose  
Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,  
Her spirit turned. The very wood-  
note, sung  
In early spring time by the bird,  
which dwelt  
Where o'er her father's roof the beech  
leaves hung,  
Was in her heart; a music heard  
and felt,

Winning her back to nature. She  
unbound  
The helm of many battles from her  
head,  
And, with her bright locks bowed to  
sweep the ground,  
Lifting her voice up, wept for joy  
and said—  
" Bless me, my father! bless me!  
and with thee,  
To the still cabin and the beechen  
tree,  
Let me return ! "

Oh ! never did thine eye  
Through the green haunts of happy  
infancy  
Wander again, Joanne ! Too much  
of fame  
Had shed its radiance on thy peasant  
name ;  
And bought alone by gifts beyond  
all price—  
The trusting heart's repose, the para-  
dise  
Of home, with all its loves—doth fate  
allow  
The crown of glory unto woman's  
brow.

## PAULINE

To die for what we love ! Oh ! there is power  
In the true heart, and pride, and joy, for *this* :  
It is to *live* without the vanished light  
That strength is needed.

Così trapassa al trapassar d'un Giorno  
Della vita mortal il fiore e'l verde.

Tasso.

ALONG the starlit Seine went music  
swelling,  
Till the air thrilled with its exulting  
mirth ;  
Proudly it floated, even as if no  
dwelling  
For cares of stricken hearts were  
found on earth ;  
And a glad sound the measure lightly  
beat,  
A happy chime of many dancing feet.  
For in a palace of the land that night,  
Lamps, and fresh roses, and green  
leaves were hung,  
And from the painted walls a stream  
of light  
On flying forms beneath soft splen-  
dour flung ;

But loveliest far amidst the revel's  
pride  
Was one—the lady from the Danube  
side.

Pauline, the meekly bright ! though  
now no more  
Her clear eye flashed with youth's  
all-tameless glee,  
Yet something holier than its day-  
spring wore,  
There in soft rest lay beautiful to  
see ;  
A charm with graver, tenderer  
sweetness fraught—  
The blending of deep love and matron  
thought.

Through the gay throng she moved,  
serenely fair,  
And such calm joy as fills a moon-  
light sky  
Sat on her brow beneath its graceful  
hair,  
As her young daughter in the dance  
went by,  
With the fleet step of one that yet  
hath known  
Smiles and kind voices in this world  
alone.

Lurked there no secret boding in her  
breast ?  
Did no faint whisper warn of evil  
nigh ?  
Such oft awake when most the heart  
seems blest  
'Midst the light laughter of festivity.  
Whence come those tones ? Alas !  
enough we know  
To mingle fear with all triumphal  
show !

Who spoke of evil when young feet  
were flying  
In fairy rings around the echoing  
hall ?  
Soft airs through braided locks in  
perfume sighing,  
Glad pulses beating unto music's  
call ?  
Silence !—the minstrels pause—and  
hark ! a sound,  
A strange quick rustling which their  
notes had drowned !  
And lo ! a light upon the dancers  
breaking—

Not such their clear and silvery  
lamps had shed !

From the gay dream of revelry  
awaking,

One moment holds them still in  
breathless dread.

The wild fierce lustre grows : then  
bursts a cry—

*Fire !* through the hall and round  
it gathering—fly !

And forth they rush, as chased by  
sword and spear,

To the green coverts of the garden  
bowers—

A gorgeous masque of pageantry and  
fear ?

Startling the birds and trampling  
down the flowers :

While from the dome behind, red  
sparkles driven

Pierce the dark stillness of the mid-  
night heaven.

And where is she—Pauline ? The  
hurrying throng

Have swept her onward, as a  
stormy blast

Might sweep some faint o'erworn  
bird along—

Till now the threshold of that death  
is past,

And free she stands beneath the starry  
skies,

Calling her child—but no sweet voice  
replies.

" Bertha ! where art thou ? Speak !  
oh, speak, my own ! "

Alas ! unconscious of her pangs  
the while,

The gentle girl, in fear's cold grasp  
alone,

Powerless had sunk within the  
blazing pile ;

A young bright form, decked glor-  
iously for death,

With flowers all shrinking from the  
flame's fierce breath !

But oh ! thy strength, deep love !  
There is no power

To stay the mother from that  
rolling grave,

Though fast on high the fiery volumes  
tower,

And forth like banners from each  
lattice wave :

Back, back she rushes through a host  
combined—

Mighty is anguish, with affection  
twined !

And what bold step may follow, 'midst  
the roar,

Of the red billows, o'er their prey  
that rise ?

None !—Courage there stood still—  
and never more

Did those fair forms emerge on  
human eyes !

Was one bright meeting theirs, one  
wild farewell ?

And died they heart to heart ?—Oh !  
who can tell ?

Freshly and cloudlessly the morning  
broke

On that sad palace, 'midst its plea-  
sure shades ;

Its painted roofs had sunk—yet black  
with smoke

And lonely stood its marble colon-  
nades :

But yester eve their shafts with  
wreaths were bound,

Now lay the scenc one shrivelled scroll  
around !

And bore the ruins no recording trace  
Of all that woman's heart had

dared and done ?

Yes ! there were gems to mark its  
mortal place,

That forth from dust and ashes  
dimly shone !

Those had the mother, on her gentle  
breast,

Worn round her child's fair image,  
there at rest.

And they were all !—the tender and  
the true

Left this alone her sacrifice to  
prove,

Hallowing the spot where mirth once  
lightly flew,

To deep lone chastened thoughts  
of grief and love.

Oh ! we have need of patient faith  
below,

To clear away the mysteries of such  
woe !

## JUANA

[Juana, mother of the Emperor Charles V., upon the death of her husband, Philip the Handsome of Austria, who had treated her with uniform neglect, had his body laid upon a bed of state, in a magnificent dress ; and being possessed with the idea that it would revive, watched it for a length of time, incessantly waiting for the moment of returning life.]

It is but dust thou look'st upon. This love,  
This wild and passionate idolatry,  
What doth it in the shadow of the grave?  
Gather it back within thy lonely heart,  
So must it ever end : too much we give  
Unto the things that perish.

THE night wind shook the tapestry round an ancient palace room,  
And torches, as it rose and fell, waved through the gorgeous gloom,  
And o'er a shadowy regal couch threw fitful gleams and red,  
Where a woman with long raven hair sat watching by the dead.

Pale shone the features of the dead, yet glorious still to see,  
Like a hunter or a chief struck down while his heart and step were free :  
No shroud he wore, no robe of death, but there majestic lay,  
Proudly and sadly glittering in royalty's array.

But she that with the dark hair watched by the cold slumberer's side  
On *her* wan cheek no beauty dwelt, and in her garb no pride ;  
Only her full impassioned eyes, as o'er that clay she bent,  
A wildness and a tenderness in strange resplendence blent.

And as the swift thoughts crossed her soul, like shadows of a cloud,  
Amidst the silent room of death the dreamer spoke aloud ;  
She spoke to him that could not hear, and cried, " Thou yet wilt wake,  
And learn my watchings and my tears, beloved one ! for thy sake.

" They told me this was death, but well I knew it could not be :  
Fairest and stateliest of the earth ! who spoke of death for *thee* ?  
They would have wrapt the funeral shroud thy gallant form around,  
But I forbade—and there thou art, a monarch, robed and crowned !

" With all thy bright locks gleaming still, their coronal beneath,  
And thy brow so proudly beautiful—who said that this was death ?  
Silence hath been upon thy lips, and stillness round thee long,  
But the hopeful spirit in my breast is all undimmed and strong.

" I know thou hast not loved me yet ; I am not fair like thee,  
The very glance of whose clear eye threw round a light of glee !  
A frail and drooping form is mine—a cold unsmiling cheek—  
Oh ! I have but a woman's heart wherewith *thy* heart to seek.

" But when thou wak'st, my prince, my lord ! and hear'st how I have kept  
A lonely vigil by thy side, and o'er thee prayed and wept—  
How in one long deep dream of thee my nights and days have past—  
Surely that humble patient love *must* win back love at last !

" And thou wilt smile—my own, my own, shall be the sunny smile,  
Which brightly fell, and joyously, on all *but* me erewhile !  
No more in vain affection's thirst my weary soul shall pine—  
Oh ! years of hope deferred were paid by one fond glance of thine !

" Thou'lt meet me with that radiant look when thou comest from the chase—  
For me, for me, in festal halls it shall kindle o'er thy face !  
Thou'lt reck no more though beauty's gift mine aspect may not bless ;  
In thy kind eyes, this deep, deep love shall give me loveliness.



"But wake! my heart within me burns, yet once more to rejoice  
In the sound to which it ever leaped, the music of thy voice.  
Awake! I sit in solitude, that thy first look and tone,  
And the gladness of thine opening eyes, may all be mine alone."

In the still chambers of the dust, thus poured forth day by day,  
The passion of that loving dream from a troubled soul found way,  
Until the shadows of the grave had swept o'er every grace,  
Left 'midst the awfulness of death on the princely form and face.

And slowly broke the fearful truth upon the watcher's breast,  
And they bore away the royal dead with requiems to his rest,  
With banners and with knightly plumes all waving in the wind—  
But a woman's broken heart was left in its lone despair behind.

### THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL

A fearful gift upon thy heart is laid,  
Woman!—power to suffer and to love;  
Therefore thou so canst pity.

WILDLY and mournfully the Indian  
drum

On the deep hush of moonlight  
forests broke—

"Sing us a death-song, for thine hour  
is come"—

So the red warriors to their captive  
spoke.

Still, and amidst those dusky forms  
alone,

A youth, a fair-haired youth of  
England, stood,

Like a king's son; though from his  
check had flown

The mantling crimson of the island  
blood,

And his pressed lips looked marble.  
Fiercely bright

And high around him blazed the  
fires of night,

Rocking beneath the cedars to and  
fro,

As the wind passed, and with a  
fitful glow

Lighting the victim's face: but who  
could tell

Of what within his secret heart befell,  
Known but to heaven that hour?  
Perchance a thought

Of his far home then so intensely  
wrought,

That its full image, pictured to his eye  
On the dark ground of mortal agony,

Rose clear as day!—and he might see  
the band

Of his young sisters wandering hand  
in hand,

Where the laburnums drooped; or  
happily binding

The jasmine up the door's low pillars  
winding;

Or, as day closed upon their gentle  
mirth,

Gathering, with braided hair, around  
the hearth,

Where sat their mother; and that  
mother's face

Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in  
the place

Where so it ever smiled! Perchance  
the prayer

Learned at her knee came back on his  
despair;

The blessing from her voice, the very  
tone

Of her "Good-night" might breathe  
from boyhood gone

—He started and looked up: thick  
cypress boughs,

Full of strange sound, waved o'er him,  
darkly red

In the broad stormy firelight; savage  
brows,

With tall plumes crested and wild  
hues o'erspread,

Girt him like feverish phantoms; and  
pale stars

Looked through the branches as  
through dungeon bars,

Shedding no hope. He knew, he felt  
his doom—

Oh! what a tale to shadow with its  
gloom

That happy hall in England! Idle  
fear!

Would the winds tell it? Who  
might dream or hear

The secret of the forests? To the  
stake

They bound him; and that proud  
 young soldier strove  
 His father's spirit in his breast to  
 wake,  
 Trusting to die in silence! He, the  
 love  
 Of many hearts!—the fondly reared—  
 the fair,  
 Gladdening all eyes to see! And  
 fettered there  
 He stood beside his death-pyre, and  
 the brand  
 Flamed up to light it in the chieftain's  
 hand.  
 He thought upon his God. Hush!  
 hark! a cry  
 Breaks on the stern and dread so-  
 lemnity—  
 A step hath pierced the ring! Who  
 dares intrude  
 On the dark hunters in their vengeful  
 mood?  
 A girl—a young slight girl—a fawn-  
 like child  
 Of green savannas and the leafy wild,  
 Springing unmarked till then, as some  
 lone flower,  
 Happy because the sunshine is its  
 dower;  
 Yet one that knew how early tears  
 are shed,  
 For *hers* had mourned a playmate-  
 brother dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,  
 Until the pity of her soul grew strong;  
 And, by its passion's deepening fervour  
 swayed,  
 Even to the stake she rushed, and  
 gently laid  
 His bright head on her bosom, and  
 around  
 His form her slender arms to shield it  
 wound  
 Like close lianes; then raised her  
 glittering eye,  
 And clear-toned voice, that said, "He  
 shall not die!"  
 "He shall not die!"—the gloomy  
 forest thrilled  
 To that sweet sound. A sudden  
 wonder fell  
 On the fierce throng; and heart and  
 hand were stilled,  
 Struck down as by the whisper  
 of a spell,

They gazed: their dark souls bowed  
 before the maid,  
 She of the dancing step in wood and  
 glade!  
 And, as her cheek flushed through its  
 olive hue,  
 As her black tresses to the night-wind  
 flew,  
 Something o'ermastered them from  
 that young mien—  
 Something of heaven in silence felt and  
 seen;  
 And seeming, to their childlike faith,  
 a token  
 That the Great Spirit by her voice had  
 spoken.

They loosed the bonds that held their  
 captive's breath;  
 From his pale lips they took the cup  
 of death;  
 They quenched the brand beneath the  
 cypress tree:  
 "Away," they cried, "young stranger,  
 thou art free!"

## COSTANZA

Art thou then desolate?  
 Of friends, of hopes forsaken? Come to me!  
 I am thine own. Have trusted hearts proved  
 false?  
 Flatterers deceived thee? Wanderer, come to  
 me!  
 Why didst thou ever leave me? Knowest thou  
 all  
 I would have borne, and called it joy to bear,  
 For thy sake? Knowest thou that thy voice  
 hath power  
 To shake me with a thrill of happiness  
 By one kind tone?—to fill mine eyes with tears  
 Of yearning love? And thou—oh! thou didst  
 throw  
 That crushed affection back upon my heart;  
 Yet come to me!—it died not.

SHE knelt in prayer. A stream of  
 sunset fell  
 Through the stained window of her  
 lonely cell,  
 And with its rich, deep, melancholy  
 glow,  
 Flushing her cheek and pale Madonna  
 brow,  
 While o'er her long hair's flowing jet it  
 threw  
 Bright waves of gold—the autumn  
 forest's hue—  
 Seemed all a vision's mist of glory.  
 spread

By painting's touch around some holy head,  
 Virgin's or fairest martyr's. In her eye  
 Which glanced as dark clear water to the sky,  
 What solemn fervour lived ! And yet what woe,  
 Lay like some buried thing, still seen below  
 The glassy tide ! Oh ! he that could reveal  
 What life had taught that chastened heart to feel,  
 Might speak indeed of woman's blighted years,  
 And wasted love, and vainly bitter tears !  
 But she had told her griefs to heaven alone,  
 And of the gentle saint no more was known,  
 Than that she fled the world's cold breath, and made  
 A temple of the pine and chestnut shade,  
 Filling its depths with soul, whene'er her hymn  
 Rose through each murmur of the green, and dim,  
 And ancient solitude ; where hidden streams  
 Went moaning through the grass, like sounds in dreams—  
 Music for weary hearts ! 'Midst leaves and flowers  
 She dwelt, and knew all secrets of their powers,  
 All nature's balms, wherewith her gliding tread  
 To the sick peasant on his lowly bed  
 Came and brought hope ! while scarce of mortal birth  
 He deemed the pale fair form that held on earth  
 Communion but with grief.

Ere long, a cell,  
 A rock-hewn chapel rose, a cross of stone  
 Gleamed through the dark trees o'er a sparkling well ;  
 And a sweet voice, of rich yet mournful tone,  
 Told the Calabrian wilds that duly there

Costanza lifted her sad heart in prayer.  
 And now 'twas prayer's own hour.  
 That voice again  
 Through the dim foliage sent its heavenly strain,  
 That made the cypress quiver where it stood,  
 In day's last crimson soaring from the wood  
 Like spiry flame. But as the bright sun set,  
 Other and wilder sounds in tumult met  
 The floating song. Strange sounds !—the trumpet's peal,  
 Made hollow by the rocks ; the clash of steel ;  
 The rallying war-cry. In the mountain pass  
 There had been combat ; blood was on the grass,  
 Banners had strewn the waters ; chiefs lay dying,  
 And the pine branches crashed before the flying.

And all was changed within the still retreat,  
 Costanza's home : there entered hurrying feet,  
 Dark looks of shame and sorrow—mail-clad men,  
 Stern fugitives from that wild battle-glen,  
 Scaring the ringdoves from the porch roof, bore  
 A wounded warrior in. The rocky floor [sword,  
 Gave back deep echoes to his clanging  
 As there they laid their leader, and implored  
 The sweet saint's prayers to heal him : then for flight,  
 Through the wide forest and the mantling night,  
 Sped breathless again. They passed ; but he,  
 The stateliest of a host—alas ! to see  
 What mother's eyes have watched in rosy sleep,  
 Till joy, for very fulness, turned to weep,  
 Thus changed !—a fearful thing ! His golden crest  
 Was shivered, and the bright scarf on his breast—

Some costly love-gift—rent: but  
 what of these?  
 There were the clustering raven locks  
 —the breeze,  
 As it came in through lime and myrtle  
 flowers,  
 Might scarcely lift them; steeped in  
 bloody showers,  
 So heavily upon the pallid clay  
 Of the damp cheek they hung. The  
 eyes' dark ray,  
 Where was it? And the lips!—  
 they gasped apart,  
 With their light curve, as from the  
 chisel's art,  
 Still proudly beautiful! but that  
 white hue—  
 Was it not death's?—that stillness—  
 that cold dew  
 On the scarred forehead? No! his  
 spirit broke  
 From its deep trance ere long, yet but  
 awoke  
 To wander in wild dreams; and there  
 he lay,  
 By the fierce fever as a green reed  
 shaken,  
 The haughty chief of thousands—the  
 forsaken  
 Of all save one. *She* fled not. Day  
 by day—  
 Such hours are woman's birthright—  
 she, unknown,  
 Kept watch beside him, fearless and  
 alone;  
 Binding his wounds, and oft in silence  
 laving  
 His brow with tears that mourned the  
 strong man's raving.  
 He felt them not, nor marked the  
 light veiled form  
 Still hovering nigh! Yet sometimes,  
 when that storm  
 Of frenzy sank, her voice, in tones  
 as low  
 As a young mother's by the cradle  
 singing,  
 Would soothe him with sweet *Aves*,  
 gently bringing  
 Moments of slumber, when the fiery  
 glow  
 Ebbd from his hollow cheek.

At last faint gleams  
 Of memory dawned upon the cloud of  
 dreams,

And feebly lifting, as a child, his  
 head,  
 And gazing round him from his leafy  
 bed,  
 He murmured forth, "Where am I?  
 What soft strain  
 Passed like a breeze across my burning  
 brain?  
 Back from my youth it floated, with a  
 tone  
 Of life's first music, and a thought of  
 one—  
 Where is she now? and where the  
 gauds of pride,  
 Whose hollow splendour lured me  
 from her side?  
 All lost!—and this is death!—I  
*cannot* die  
 Without forgiveness from that mourn-  
 ful eye!  
 Away! the earth hath lost her. Was  
 she born  
 To brook abandonment, to strive with  
 scorn?  
 My first, my holiest love!—her broken  
 heart  
 Lies low, and I—unpardoned I de-  
 part."

But then Costanza raised the shadowy  
 veil  
 From her dark locks and features  
 brightly pale,  
 And stood before him with a smile—  
 oh! ne'er  
 Did aught that *smiled* so much of  
 sadness wear—  
 And said, "Cesario! look on me; I  
 live  
 To say my heart hath bled, and can  
 forgive.  
 I loved thee with such worship, such  
 deep trust,  
 As should be heaven's alone—and  
 heaven is just!  
 I bless thee—be at peace!"

But o'er his frame  
 Too fast the strong tide rushed—the  
 sudden shame,  
 The joy, the amaze! He bowed his  
 head—it fell  
 On the wronged bosom which had  
 loved so well;  
 And love, still perfect, gave him refuge  
 there—

His last faint breath just waved her  
floating hair.

### MADELINE

#### A DOMESTIC TALE

Who should it be?—Where shouldst thou look  
for kindness?

When we are sick, where can we turn for succour;  
When we are wretched, where can we complain;  
And when the world looks cold and surly on us,  
Where can we go to meet a warmer eye  
With such sure confidence as to a mother?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

"My child, my child, thou leavest me!  
I shall hear

The gentle voice no more that blest  
mine ear

With its first utterance: I shall miss  
the sound

Of thy light step amidst the flowers  
around,

And thy soft-breathing hymn at twilight's close,

And thy 'Good-night' at parting for  
repose.

Under the vine leaves I shall sit alone,  
And the low breeze will have a mourn-  
ful tone

Amidst their tendrils, while I think of  
thee,

My child! and thou, along the moonlit  
sea,

With a soft sadness haply in thy glance,  
Shalt watch thine own, thy pleasant

land of France,  
Fading to air. Yet blessings with  
thee go!

Love guard thee, gentlest! and the  
exile's woe

From thy young heart be far! And  
sorrow not

For me, sweet daughter! in my lonely  
lot,

God shall be with me. Now, farewell!  
farewell!

Thou that hast been what words may  
never tell

Unto thy mother's bosom, since the  
days

When thou wert pillowed there, and  
wont to raise

In sudden laughter thence thy loving  
eye

That still sought mine: these moments  
are gone by—

Thou, too, must go, my flower! Yet  
with thee dwell  
The peace of God! One, one more  
gaze: farewell!"

This was a mother's parting with her  
child—

A young meek bride, on whom fair  
fortune smiled,

And wooed her with a voice of love  
away

From childhood's home: yet there,  
with fond delay,

She lingered on the threshold, heard  
the note

Of her caged bird through trellised  
rose-leaves float,

And fell upon her mother's neck and  
wept,

Whilst old remembrances, that long  
had slept,

Gushed o'er her soul, and many a  
vanished day,

As in one picture traced, before her lay.

But the farewell was said; and on  
the deep,

When its breast heaved in sunset's  
golden sleep,

With a calmed heart, young Madeline  
ere long

Poured forth her own sweet, solemn  
vesper song,

Breathing of home. Through stillness  
heard afar,

And duly rising with the first pale star,  
That voice was on the waters; till at  
last

The sounding ocean solitudes were  
passed,

And the bright land was reached, the  
youthful world

That glows along the West: the sails  
were furled

In its clear sunshine, and the gentle  
bride

Looked on the home that promised  
hearts untried

A bower of bliss to come. Alas! we  
trace

The map of our own paths, and long  
ere years

With their dull steps the brilliant lines  
efface,

On sweeps the storm, and blots them  
out with tears!

That home was darkened soon : the  
summer breeze  
Welcomed with death the wanderers  
from the seas ;  
Death unto one, and anguish—how  
forlorn !  
To her that, widowed in her marriage  
morn,  
Sat in her voiceless dwelling, whence  
with him,  
Her bosom's first beloved, her friend  
and guide,  
Joy had gone forth, and left the green  
earth dim,  
As from the sun shut out on every  
side  
By the close veil of misery. Oh ! but  
ill,  
When with rich hopes o'erfraught,  
the young high heart  
Bears its first blow ! it knows not  
yet the part  
Which life will teach—to suffer and  
be still,  
And with submissive love to count  
the flowers  
Which yet are spared, and through  
the future hours  
To send no busy dream ! *She* had not  
learned  
Of sorrow till that hour, and therefore  
turned  
In weariness from life. Then came the  
unrest,  
The heart-sick yearning of the exile's  
breast,  
The haunting sounds of voices far  
away,  
And household steps : until at last  
she lay  
On her lone couch of sickness, lost in  
dreams  
Of the gay vineyards and blue-rushing  
streams  
In her own sunny land ; and murmur-  
ing oft  
Familiar names, in accents wild yet  
soft,  
To strangers round that bed, who  
knew not aught  
Of the deep spells wherewith each  
word was fraught,  
To strangers ? Oh ! could strangers  
raise the head  
Gently as *hers* was raised ? Did  
strangers shed

The kindly tears which bathed that  
feverish brow  
And wasted cheek with half-uncon-  
scious flow ?  
Something was there that, through  
the lingering night,  
Outwatches patiently the taper's  
light—  
Something that faints not through  
the day's distress,  
That fears not toil, that knows not  
weariness—  
Love, true and perfect love ! Whence  
came that power,  
Uprearing through the storm the  
drooping flower ?  
Whence ?—who can ask ? The wild  
delirium passed,  
And from her eyes the spirit looked  
at last  
Into her *mother's* face, and wakening  
knew  
The brow's calm grace, the hair's  
dear silvery hue,  
The kind sweet smile of old !—and  
had *she* come,  
Thus in life's evening from her distant  
home,  
To save her child ? Even so—nor yet  
in vain :  
In that young heart a light sprang up  
again,  
And lovely still, with so much love to  
give,  
Seemed this fair world, though faded ;  
still to live  
Was not to pine forsaken. On the  
breast  
That rocked her childhood, sinking in  
soft rest,  
“ Sweet mother ! gentlest mother !  
can it be ? ”  
The lorn one cried, “ and do I look on  
thee ?  
Take back thy wanderer from this  
fatal shore,  
Peace shall be ours beneath our vines  
once more.”

## THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S TOMB

[This tomb is in the garden of Charlottenburg, near Berlin. It was not without surprise that I came suddenly, among trees, upon a fair white Doric temple. I might and should have deemed it a mere adornment of the grounds, but the cypress and the willow declare it a habitation of the dead. Upon a sarcophagus

of white marble lay a sheet, and the outline of the human form was plainly visible beneath its folds. The person with me reverently turned it back, and displayed the statue of his queen. It is a portrait statue recumbent, said to be a perfect resemblance—not as in death, but when she lived to bless and be blessed. Nothing can be more calm and kind than the expression of her features. The hands are folded on the bosom; the limbs are sufficiently crossed to show the repose of life. Here the King brings her children annually, to offer garlands at her grave. These hang in withered mournfulness above this living image of their departed mother."—*SHERER'S Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany*]

In sweet pride upon that insult keen  
She smiled; then drooping mute and broken-  
hearted,  
To the cold comfort of the grave departed  
MILMAN.

It stands where northern willows weep,  
A temple fair and lone;  
Soft shadows o'er its marble sweep  
From cypress branches thrown;  
While silently around it spread,  
Thou feelest the presence of the dead.

And what within is richly shrined?  
A sculptured woman's form,  
Lovely, in perfect rest reclined,  
As one beyond the storm:  
Yet not of death, but slumber, lies  
The solemn sweetness on those eyes.

The folded hands, the calm pure face,  
The mantle's quiet flow,  
The gentle yet majestic grace  
Throned on the matron brow;  
These, in that scene of tender gloom,  
With a still glory robe the tomb.

There stands an eagle, at the feet  
Of the fair image wrought;  
A kingly emblem—nor unmeet  
To wake yet deeper thought:  
She whose high heart finds rest below,  
Was royal in her birth and woe.

There are pale garlands hung above,  
Of dying scent and hue;  
She was a mother—in her love  
How sorrowfully true!  
Oh! hallowed long be every leaf,  
The record of her children's grief!

Shesaw their birthright's warrior-crown  
Of olden glory spoiled,  
The standard of their sires borne down,  
The shield's bright blazon soiled:

She met the tempest, meekly brave,  
Then turned o'erwearied to the grave.

She slumbered: but it came—it came,  
Her land's redeeming hour,  
With the glad shout, and signal flame  
Sent on from tower to tower!  
Fast through the realm a spirit  
moved—  
'Twas hers, the lofty and the loved.

Then was her name a note that rung  
To rouse bold hearts from sleep;  
Her memory, as a banner flung  
Forth by the Baltic deep:  
Her grief, a bitter vial poured  
To sanctify the avenger's sword.

And the crowned eagle spread again  
His pinion to the sun;  
And the strong land shook off its  
chain—  
So was the triumph won!  
But woe for earth, where sorrow's tone  
Still blends with victory's!—*She* was  
gone!

### THE MEMORIAL PILLAR

[On the roadside, between Penrith and Appleby, stands a small pillar, with this inscription:—  
"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2nd of April 1616."—See Notes to the *Pleasures of Memory*.]

Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales,  
pursued  
Each mountain scene magnificently rude,  
Nor with attention's lifted eye revered  
That modest stone, by pious Pembroke reared,  
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,  
The silent sorrows of a parting hour?  
ROGERS.

MOTHER and child! whose blending  
tears

Have sanctified the place,  
Where, to the love of many years  
Was given one last embrace—  
Oh! ye have shrined a spell of power  
Deep in your record of that hour!

A spell to waken solemn thought—  
A still, small undertone,  
That calls back days of childhood,  
fraught  
With many a treasure gone;

And smites, perchance, the hidden  
source,  
Though long untroubled—of remorse.

For who, that gazes on the stone  
Which marks your parting spot,  
Who but a mother's love hath known—  
The *one* love changing not?  
Alas! and haply learned its worth  
First with the sound of "Earth to  
earth!"

But thou, high-hearted daughter! thou,  
O'er whose bright honoured head  
Blessings and tears of holiest flow  
E'en here were fondly shed—  
Thou from the passion of thy grief,  
In its full burst, couldst draw relief.

For, oh! though painful be the excess,  
The might wherewith it swells,  
In nature's fount no bitterness  
Of nature's mingling dwells;  
And thou hadst not, by wrong or  
pride,  
Poisoned the free and healthful tide.

But didst thou meet the face no more  
Which thy young heart first knew?  
And all—was all in this world o'er  
With ties thus close and true?  
It was! On earth no other eye  
Could give thee back thine infancy.

No other voice could pierce the maze  
Where, deep within thy breast,  
The sounds and dreams of other days  
With memory lay at rest;  
No other smile to thee could bring  
A gladdening, like the breath of spring.

Yet, while thy place of weeping still  
Its lone memorial keeps,  
While on thy name, midst wood and  
hill,

The quiet sunshine sleeps,  
And touches, in each graven line,  
Of reverential thought a sign;

Can I, while yet these tokens wear  
The impress of the dead,  
Think of the love embodied there  
As of a vision fled?  
A perished thing, the joy and flower  
And glory of one earthly hour?

Not so!—I will not bow me so  
To thoughts that breathe despair!

A loftier faith we need below,  
Life's farewell words to bear.  
Mother and child!—your tears are  
past—  
Surely your hearts have met at last.

### THE GRAVE OF A POETESS

[MARY TIGHE, AUTHOR OF "PSYCHE"]

Ne me plaignez pas—si vous saviez  
Combien de peines ce tombeau m'a épargnées!

I stood beside thy lowly grave;  
Spring odours breathed around,  
And music, in the river wave,  
Passed with a lulling sound.

All happy things that love the sun  
In the bright air glanced by,  
And a glad murmur seemed to run  
Through the soft azure sky.

Fresh leaves were on the ivy bough  
That fringed the ruins near;  
Young voices were abroad—but thou  
Thy sweetness couldst not hear.

And mournful grew my heart for thee!  
Thou in whose woman's mind  
The ray that brightens earth and sea,  
The light of song, was shrined.

Mournful, that thou wert slumbering  
low,  
With a dread curtain drawn  
Between thee and the golden glow  
Of this world's vernal dawn.

Parted from all the song and bloom  
Thou wouldst have loved so well,  
To thee the sunshine round thy tomb  
Was but a broken spell.

The bird, the insect on the wing,  
In their bright reckless play,  
Might feel the flush and life of spring—  
And thou wert passed away.

But then, e'en then, a nobler thought  
O'er my vain sadness came;  
The immortal spirit woke, and wrought  
Within my thrilling frame.

Surely on lovelier things, I said,  
Thou must have looked ere now,  
Than all that round our pathway shed  
Odours and hues below.



The shadows of the tomb are here,  
 Yet beautiful is earth !  
 What see'st thou, then, where no dim  
 fear,  
 No haunting dream hath birth ?  
 Here a vain love to passing flowers  
 Thou gavest ; but where thou art,  
 The sway is not with changeable  
 hours—  
*There* love and death must part.

Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,  
 A voice not loud but deep  
 The glorious bowers of earth among,  
 How often didst thou weep ?  
 Where couldst thou fix on mortal  
 ground  
 Thy tender thoughts and high ?—  
 Now peace the woman's heart hath  
 found,  
 And joy the poet's eye.

## SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS

They tell but dreams—a lonely spirit's dreams ;  
 Yet ever through their fleeting imagery  
 Wanders a vein of melancholy love,  
 An aimless thought of home ; as in the song  
 Of the caged skylark ye may deem there dwells  
 A passionate memory of blue skies and flowers,  
 And living streams, far off !

### A SPIRIT'S RETURN

This is to be a mortal,  
 And seek the things beyond mortality !  
*Manfred.*

THY voice prevails—dear friend, my  
 gentle friend !  
 This long-shut heart for thee shall be  
 unscaled,  
 And though thy soft eye mournfully  
 will bend  
 Over the troubled stream, yet once  
 revealed  
 Shall its freed waters flow ; then rocks  
 must close  
 For evermore, above their dark repose.  
 Come while the gorgeous mysteries  
 of the sky  
 Fused in the crimson sea of sunset lie ;  
 Come to the woods, where all strange  
 wandering sound  
 Is mingled into harmony profound ;  
 Where the leaves thrill with spirit,  
 while the wind  
 Fills with a viewless being, uncon-  
 fined,  
 The trembling reeds and fountains—  
 our own dell,  
 With its green dimness and Æolian  
 breath,  
 Shall suit the unveiling of dark  
 records well—  
 Hear me in tenderness and silent  
 faith !

Thou knewest me not in life's fresh  
 vernal morn—  
 I would thou hadst !—for then my  
 heart on thine  
 Had poured a worthier love ; now,  
 all o'erworn  
 By its deep thirst for something too  
 divine,  
 It hath but fitful music to bestow,  
 Echoes of harp-strings broken long  
 ago,  
 Yet even in youth companionless I  
 stood,  
 As a lone forest bird 'midst ocean's  
 foam ;  
 For me the silver cords of brotherhood  
 Were early loosed ; the voices from  
 my home  
 Passed one by one, and melody and  
 mirth  
 Left me a dreamer by a silent hearth.  
 But, with the fulness of a heart that  
 burned  
 For the deep sympathies of mind, I  
 turned  
 From that unanswering spot, and  
 fondly sought  
 In all wild scenes with thrilling  
 murmurs fraught,  
 In every still small voice and sound  
 of power,  
 And flute-note of the wind through  
 cave and bower

<p>A perilous delight!—for then first          woke          My life's lone passion, the mysterious          quest          Of secret knowledge; and each tone          that broke          From the wood-arches or the foun-          tain's breast,          Making my quick soul vibrate as a          lyre,          But ministered to that strange          inborn fire.</p> <p>'Midst the bright silence of the moun-          tain dells,          In noontide hours or golden summer          eves,          My thoughts have burst forth as a          gale that swells          Into a rushing blast, and from the          leaves          Shakes out response. O thou rich          world unseen!          Thou curtained realm of spirits!—          thus my cry          Hath troubled air and silence—dost          thou lie          Spread all around, yet by some filmy          screen          Shut from us ever? The resounding          woods,          Do their depths teem with marvels?          —and the floods,          And the pure fountains, leading          secret veins          Of quenchless melody through rock          and hill,          Have they bright dwellers?—are          their lone domains          Peopled with beauty, which may          never still          Our weary thirst of soul? Cold,          weak and cold,          Is earth's vain language, piercing not          one fold          Of our deep being! Oh, for gifts          more high!          For a seer's glance to rend mortality!          For a charmed rod, to call from each          dark shrine          The oracles divine!</p> <p>I woke from those high fantasies, to          know          My kindred with the earth—I woke          to love;</p>	<p>O gentle friend! to love in doubt          and woe,          Shutting the heart the worshipped          name above,          Is to love deeply—and <i>my</i> spirit's          dower          Was a sad gift, a melancholy power          Of so adoring—with a buried care,          And with the o'erflowing of a voiceless          prayer,          And with a deepening dream that          day by day,          In the still shadow of its lonely sway,          Folded me closer, till the world held          nought          Save the <i>one</i> being to my centred          thought.          There was no music but his voice to          hear, [near;          No joy but such as with <i>his</i> step drew          Light was but where he looked—life          where he moved;          Silently, fervently, thus, thus I loved          Oh! but such love is fearful!—and I          knew          Its gathering doom: the soul's          prophetic sight          Even then unfolded in my breast,          and threw          O'er all things round a full, strong,          vivid light,          Too sorrowfully clear!—an under-          tone          Was given to Nature's harp, for me          alone          Whispering of grief. Of grief?—be          strong, awake!          Hath not thy love been victory, O          my soul?          Hath not its conflict won a voice to          shake          Death's fastnesses?—a magic to con-          trol          Worlds far removed?—from o'er the          grave to thee          Love hath made answer; and <i>thy</i>          tale should be          Sung like a lay of triumph! Now          return,          And take thy treasure from its          bosomed urn,          And lift it once to light!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">In fear, in pain,          I said I loved—but yet a heavenly          strain</p>
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Of sweetness floated down the tearful  
stream,  
A joy flashed through the trouble of  
my dream !  
I knew myself beloved !—we breathed  
no vow,  
No mingling visions might our fate  
allow,  
As unto happy hearts ; but still and  
deep,  
Like a rich jewel gleaming in a grave,  
Like golden sand in some dark river's  
wave,  
So did my soul that costly knowledge  
keep  
So jealousy !—a thing o'er which to  
shed,  
When stars alone beheld the drooping  
head,  
Lone tears ! yet oftentimes burdened  
with the excess  
Of our strange nature's quivering  
happiness.

But, oh ! sweet friend ! we dream  
not of love's might  
Till death has robed with soft and  
solemn light  
The image we enshrine !—Before  
*that* hour,  
We have but glimpses of the o'er-  
mastering power  
Within us laid !—*then* doth the spirit-  
flame  
With swordlike lightning rend its  
mortal frame ;  
The wings of that which pants to  
follow fast  
Shake their clay-bars, as with a  
prisoned blast—  
The sea is in our souls !

He died—he died  
On whom my lone devotedness was  
cast !  
I might not keep one vigil by his side,  
*I*, whose wrung heart watched with  
him to the last !  
I might not once his fainting head  
sustain,  
Nor bathe his parched lips in the hour  
of pain,  
Nor say to him “ Farewell ! ” He  
passed away—  
Oh ! had *my* love been there, its  
conquering sway

Had won him back from death !—  
but thus removed,  
Borne o'er the abyss no sounding-  
line hath proved,  
Joined with the unknown, the view-  
less—he became  
Unto my thoughts another, yet the  
same—  
Changed — hallowed — glorified !—  
and his low grave  
Seemed a bright mournful altar—  
mine, all mine :—  
Brother and friend soon left me *that*  
sole shrine,  
The birthright of the faithful !—  
*their* world's wave  
Soon swept them from its brink. Oh !  
deem thou not  
That on the sad and consecrated spot  
My soul grew weak ! I tell thee that  
a power [shower  
There kindled heart and lip—a fiery  
My words were made—a might was  
given to prayer,  
And a strong grasp to passionate  
despair,  
And a dread triumph ! Knowest  
thou what I sought ?  
For what high boon my struggling  
spirit wrought ?  
—Communion with the dead !—I  
sent a cry  
Through the veiled empires of eternity,  
A voice to cleave them ! By the  
mournful truth,  
By the lost promise of my blighted  
youth,  
By the strong chain a mighty love  
can bind  
On the beloved, the spell of mind o'er  
mind ;  
By words, which in themselves are  
magic high,  
Armed and inspired, and winged with  
agony ;  
By tears, which comfort not, but  
burn, and seem  
To bear the heart's blood in their  
passion-stream ;  
I summoned, I adjured—with quick-  
ened sense,  
With the keen vigil of a life intense,  
I watched, an answer from the winds  
to wring,  
I listened, if perchance the stream  
might bring

<p>Token from worlds afar : I taught <i>one</i>          sound          Unto a thousand echoes—one pro-          found          Imploring accent to the tomb, the          sky—          One prayer to-night—"Awake,          appear, reply!"          Hast thou been told that from the          viewless bourne,          The dark way never hath allowed          return?          That all, which tears can move, with          life is fled—          That earthly love is powerless on the          dead?          Believe it not!—there is a large lone          star          Now burning o'er yon western hill          afar,          And under its clear light there lies a          spot          Which well might utter forth—          "Believe it not!"</p> <p>I sat beneath that planet—I had          wept          My woe to stillness, every night wind          slept;          A hush was on the hills; the very          streams          Went by like clouds, or noiseless          founts in dreams,          And the dark tree o'ershadowing me          that hour,          Stood motionless, even as the grey          church-tower          Whereon I gazed unconsciously :—          there came          A low sound, like the tremor of a          flame, [wing,          Or like the light quick shiver of a          Flitting through twilight woods,          across the air;          And I looked up! Oh! for strong          words to bring          Conviction o'er thy thought! Be-          fore me there,          He, the departed, stood! Ay, face          to face,          So near, and yet how far! His form,          his mien,          Gave to remembrance back each          burning trace          Within :—Yet something awfully          serene,</p>	<p>Pure, sculpture-like, on the pale brow,          that wore          Of the once beating heart no token          more;          And stillness on the lip—and o'er the          hair          A gleam, that trembled through the          breathless air;          And an unfathomed calm, that          seemed to lie          In the grave sweetness of the illumined          eye;          Told of the gulfs between our being          set,          And, as that unsheathed spirit-glance          I met,          Made my soul faint :—with <i>fear</i>?          Oh! <i>not</i> with fear!          With the sick feeling that in <i>his</i> far          sphere          My love could be as nothing! But          he spoke—          How shall I tell thee of the startling          thrill          In that low voice, whose breezy tones          could fill          My bosom's infinite? O friend! I          woke          Then first to heavenly life! Soft,          solemn, clear,          Breathed the mysterious accents on          mine ear          Yet strangely seemed as if the while          they rose          From depths of distance, o'er the wide          repose          Of slumbering waters wafted, or the          dells          Of mountains, hollow with sweet          echo-cells;          But, as they murmured on, the mortal          chill          Passed from me, like a mist before          the morn,          And, to that glorious intercourse          upborne          By slow degrees, a calm, divinely          still,          Possessed my frame: I sought that          lighted eye—          From its intense and searching          purity          I drank in <i>soul</i>!—I questioned of the          dead—          Of the hushed, starry shores their          footsteps tread,</p>
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And I was answered. If remembrance  
 there,  
 With dreamy whispers fill the im-  
 mortal air ;  
 If thought, here piled from many a  
 jewel-heap,  
 Be treasure in that pensive land to  
 keep ;  
 If love, o'ersweeping change, and  
 blight, and blast,  
 Find *there* the music of his home at  
 last ;  
 I asked, and I was answered. Full  
 and high  
 Was that communion with etern-  
 ity,  
 Too rich for aught so fleeting ! Like  
 a knell  
 Swept o'er my sense its closing words,  
 " Farewell,  
 On earth we meet no more ! " And  
 all was gone—  
 The pale bright settled brow—the  
 thrilling tone,  
 The still and shining eye ! and never  
 more  
 May twilight gloom or midnight hush  
 restore  
 That radiant guest ! One full-  
 fraught hour of heaven,  
 To earthly passion's wild implorings  
 given,  
 Was made my own—the ethereal fire  
 hath shivered  
 The fragile censer in whose mould  
 it quivered,  
 Brightly, consumingly ! What now  
 is left ?  
 A faded world, of glory's hues be-  
 reft—  
 A void, a chain ! I dwell 'midst  
 throngs, apart,  
 In the cold silence of the stranger's  
 heart ;  
 A fixed, immortal shadow stands be-  
 tween  
 My spirit and life's fast-receding  
 scene ;  
 A gift hath severed me from human  
 ties,  
 A power is gone from all earth's  
 melodies,  
 Which never may return : their  
 chords are broken,  
 The music of another land hath  
 spoken—

No after-sound is sweet ! This  
 weary thirst !  
 And I have heard celestial fountains  
 burst !—  
 What *here* shall quench it ?  
                     Dost thou not rejoice,  
 When the spring sends forth an  
 awakening voice  
 Through the young woods ? Thou  
 dost ! And in that birth  
 Of early leaves, and flowers, and  
 songs of mirth,  
 Thousands, like thee, find gladness !  
 Couldst thou know  
 How every breeze then summons *me*  
 to go !  
 How all the light of love and beauty  
 shed  
 By those rich hours, but woos me to  
 the dead !  
 The *only* beautiful that change no  
 more—  
 The only loved !—the dwellers on the  
 shore  
 Of spring fulfilled ! The dead !—  
*whom* call we so ?  
 They that breathe the purer air, that feel,  
 that know  
 Things wrapt from us ! Away !—  
 within me pent,  
 That which is barred from its own  
 element  
 Still droops or struggles ! But the  
 day *will* come—  
 Over the deep the free bird finds its  
 home,  
 And the stream lingers 'midst the  
 rocks, yet greets  
 The sea at last ; and the winged  
 flower-seed meets  
 A soil to rest in : shall not *I*, too,  
 be,  
 My spirit-love ! upborne to dwell  
 with thee ?  
 Yes ! by the power whose conquering  
 anguish stirred  
 The tomb, whose cry beyond the stars  
 was heard,  
 Whose agony of triumph won thee  
 back  
 Through the dim pass no mortal step  
 may track,  
 Yet shall we meet !—that glimpse  
 of joy divine  
 Proved thee for ever and for ever  
 mine !

## THE LADY OF PROVENCE

Courage was cast about her like a dress  
Of solemn comeliness,  
A gathered mind and an untroubled face  
Did give her dangers grace.

DONNE.

THE war-note of the Saracen  
Was on the winds of France ;  
It had stilled the harp of the Trou-  
badour,  
And the clash of the tourney's  
lance.

The sounds of the sea, and the sounds  
of the night,  
And the hollow echoes of charge and  
flight,  
Were around Clotilde, as she knelt  
to pray  
In a chapel where the mighty lay,  
On the old Provençal shore ;  
Many a Chatillon beneath,  
Unstirred by the ringing trumpet's  
breath,  
His shroud of armour wore.  
And the glimpses of moonlight that  
went and came  
Through the clouds, like bursts of a  
dying flame,  
Gave quivering life to the slumber pale  
Of stern forms crouched in their  
marble mail,  
At rest on the tombs of the knightly  
race,  
The silent throngs of that burial-  
place.

They were imaged there with helm  
and spear,  
As leaders in many a bold career—  
And haughty their stillness looked  
and high,  
Like a sleep whose dreams were of  
victory.  
But meekly the voice of the lady rose  
Through the trophies of their proud  
repose ;  
Meekly, yet fervently, calling down  
aid,  
Under their banners of battle she  
prayed ;  
With her pale fair brow, and her eyes  
of love,  
Upraised to the Virgin's portrayed  
above,  
And her hair flung back, till it swept  
the grave

Of a Chatillon with its gleamy wave.  
And her fragile frame, at every blast,  
That full of the savage war-horn  
passed,  
Trembling, as trembles a bird's quick  
heart,  
When it vainly strives from its cage  
to part—  
So knelt she in her woe ;  
A weeper alone with the tearless  
dead—  
Oh ! they reck not of tears o'er their  
quiet shed,  
Or the dust that stirred below !

Hark ! a swift step ! she hath caught  
its tone  
Through the dash of the sea, through  
the wild wind's moan ;  
Is her lord returned with his conquer-  
ing bands ?  
No ! a breathless vassal before her  
stands !  
—" Hast thou been on the field ?—  
Art thou come from the host ? "  
—" From the slaughter, lady !—All,  
all is lost !  
Our banners are taken, our knights  
laid low,  
Our spearmen chased by the Paynim  
foe ;  
And thy lord," his voice took a sadder  
sound—  
" Thy lord—he is not on the bloody  
ground !  
There are those who tell that the  
leader's plume  
Was seen on the flight through the  
gathering gloom."  
—A change o'er her mien and her  
spirit passed ;  
She ruled the heart which had beat  
so fast,  
She dashed the tears from her kindling  
eye,  
With a glance, as of sudden royalty :  
The proud blood sprang in a fiery  
flow,  
Quick o'er bosom, and cheek, and  
brow,  
And her young voice rose till the  
peasant shook  
At the thrilling tone and the falcon  
look .  
—" Dost thou stand by the tombs  
of the glorious dead,

And fear not to say that their son  
hath fled ?

Away ! he is lying by lance and  
shield,—

Point me the path to his battle-field ! ”

The shadows of the forest  
Are about the lady now ;  
She is hurrying through the mid-  
night on,  
Beneath the dark pine-bough.

There's a murmur of omens in every  
leaf,

There's a wail in the stream like the  
dirge of a chief ;

The branches that rock to the tempest  
strife

Are groaning like things of troubled  
life ;

The wind from the battle seems  
rushing by

With a funeral march through the  
gloomy sky ;

The pathway is rugged, and wild, and  
long,

But her fame in the daring of love  
is strong,

And her soul as on swelling seas  
upborne,

And girded all fearful things to scorn.

And fearful things were around her  
spread,

When she reached the field of the  
warrior dead ;

There lay the noble, the valiant, low—  
Ay ! but *one* word speaks of deeper  
woe ;

There lay the *loved*—on each fallen  
head [shed ;

Mothers' vain blessings and tears had  
Sisters were watching in many a home

For the fettered footstep, no more to  
come ;

Names in the prayer of that night were  
spoken,

Whose claim unto kindred prayer  
was broken ;

And the fire was heaped, and the  
bright wine poured,

For those, now needing nor hearth  
nor board ;

Only a requiem, a shroud, a knell,  
And oh ! ye beloved of women,  
farewell !

Silently, with lips compressed,  
Pale hands clasped above her  
breast,

Stately brow of anguish high,  
Deathlike cheek, but dauntless  
eye ;

Silently, o'er that red plain,  
Moved the lady 'midst the slain.

Sometimes it seemed as a charging  
cry,

Or the ringing tramp of a steed, came  
nigh ;

Sometimes a blast of the Paynim horn,  
Sudden and shrill from the mountains  
borne ;

And her maidens trembled ;—but on  
*her* ear

No meaning fell with those sounds  
of fear ;

They had less of mastery to shake  
*her* now,

Than the quivering, erewhile, of an  
aspen bough,

She searched into many an unclosed  
eye,

That looked, without soul, to the  
starry sky ;

She bowed down o'er many a  
shattered breast,

She lifted up helmet and cloven  
crest—

Not there, not there he lay !  
“ Lead where the most hath been  
dared and done,

Where the heart of the battle hath  
bled,—lead on ! ”

And the vassal took the way.

He turned to a dark and lonely tree  
That waved o'er a fountain red ;

Oh ! swiftest *there* had the currents  
free

From noble veins been shed.

Thickest there the spear heads  
gleamed,

And the scattered plumage  
streamed,

And the broken shields were tossed,  
And the shivered lances crossed,

And the mail-clad sleepers round  
Made the harvest of that ground.

He was there ! the leader amidst  
his band,

Where the faithful had made their  
last vain stand ;  
He was there ! but affection's glance  
alone  
The darkly-changed in that hour had  
known ;  
With the falchion yet in his cold hand  
grasped,  
And a banner of France to his bosom  
clasped,  
And the form that of conflict bore  
fearful trace,  
And the face—oh ! speak not of that  
dead face !  
As it lay to answer love's look no  
more,  
Yet never so proudly loved before !

She quelled in her soul the deep floods  
of woe,  
The time was not yet for their waves  
to flow ;  
She felt the full presence, the might  
of death,  
Yet there came no sob with her  
struggling breath,  
And a proud smile shone o'er her pale  
despair,  
As she turned to his follower—" Your  
lord is there !  
Look on him ! know him by scarf  
and crest !—  
Bear him away with his sires to rest ! "

Another day, another night,  
And the sailor on the deep  
Hears the low chant of a funeral  
rite  
From the lordly chapel sweep.

It comes with a broken and muffled  
tone,  
As if that rite were in terror done ;  
Yet the song 'midst the seas hath a  
thrilling power,  
And he knows 'tis a chieftain's burial  
hour.

Hurriedly, in tear and woe,  
Through the aisle the mourners go ;  
With a hushed and stealthy tread,  
Bearing on the noble dead ;  
Sheathed in armour of the field—  
Only his wan face revealed,  
Whence the still and solemn gleam  
Doth a strange sad contrast seem

To the anxious eyes of that pale  
band,  
With torches wavering in every  
hand,  
For they dread each moment the  
shout of war,  
And the burst of the Moslem  
scimitar.

There is no plumed head o'er the bier  
to bend,  
No brother of battle, no princely  
friend :  
No sound comes back like the sounds  
of yore,  
Unto sweeping swords from the  
marble floor ;  
By the red fountain the valiant lie,  
The flower of Provençal chivalry ;  
But *one* free step, and one lofty heart,  
Bear through that scene to the last  
their part.

She hath led the death-train of the  
brave  
To the verge of his own ancestral  
grave ;  
She hath held o'er her spirit long  
rigid sway,  
But the struggling passion must now  
have way ;  
In the cheek, half seen through her  
mourning veil,  
By turns does the swift blood flush  
and fail ;  
The pride on the lip is lingering still,  
But it shakes as a flame to the blast  
might thrill ;  
Anguish and triumph are met at  
strife,  
Rending the cords of her frail young  
life ; [bier,  
And she sinks at last on her warrior's  
Lifting her voice, as if death might  
hear.  
" I have won thy fame from the  
breath of wrong,  
My soul hath risen for thy glory  
strong !  
Now call me hence, by thy side to be,  
The world thou leavest has no place  
for me,  
The light goes with thee, the joy, the  
worth—  
Faithful and tender ! Oh ! call me  
forth !



Give me my home on thy noble heart,—  
 Well have we loved, let us both depart!"—  
 And pale on the breast of the dead she lay,  
 The living cheek to the cheek of clay;  
 The *living* cheek!—Oh! it was not vain,  
 That strife of the spirit to rend its chain;  
 She is there at rest in her place of pride,  
 In death how queenlike—a glorious bride!

Joy for the freed one!—she might not stay  
 When the crown had fallen from her life away;  
 She might not linger—a weary thing,  
 A dove with no home for its broken wing,  
 Thrown on the harshness of alien skies,  
 That know not its own land's melodies.  
 From the long heart-withering early gone;  
 She hath lived—she hath loved—her task is done!

### THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO

Tableau, où l'Amour fait alliance avec la  
 Tonibe; union redoutable de la mort et de la  
 vie!—MADAME DE STAËL.

THERE was music on the midnight:  
 From a royal fane it rolled,  
 And a mighty bell, each pause between,  
 Sternly and slowly tolled.  
 Strange was their mingling in the sky,  
 It hushed the listener's breath;  
 For the music spoke of triumph high,  
 The lonely bell, of death.

There was hurrying through the mid-  
 night,  
 A sound of many feet;  
 But they fell with a muffled fearful-  
 ness  
 Along the shadowy street:

And softer, fainter, grew their tread,  
 As it neared the minster gate,  
 Whence a broad and solemn light was shed  
 From a scene of royal state.

Full glowed the strong red radiance  
 In the centre of the nave,  
 Where the folds of a purple canopy  
 Swept down in many a wave;  
 Loading the marble pavement old  
 With a weight of gorgeous gloom,  
 For something lay 'midst their fretted gold,  
 Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion,  
 High on a glittering throne,  
 A woman's form sat silently  
 'Midst the glare of light alone.  
 Her jewelled robes fell strangely still—  
 The drapery on her breast  
 Seemed with no pulse beneath to thrill,  
 So stonelike was its rest!

But a peal of lordly music  
 Shook e'en the dust below,  
 When the burning gold of the diadem  
 Was set on her pallid brow!  
 Then died away that haughty sound,  
 And from the encircling band  
 Stepped prince and chief, 'midst the hush profound,  
 With homage to her hand.

Why passed a faint, cold shuddering  
 Over each martial frame,  
 As one by one, to touch that hand,  
 Noble and leader came?  
 Was not the settled aspect fair?  
 Did not a queenly grace,  
 Under the parted ebon hair,  
 Sit on the pale still face?

Death! death! canst *thou* be lovely  
 Unto the eye of life?  
 Is not each pulse of the quick high  
 breast  
 With thy cold mien at strife?  
 —It was a strange and fearful sight,  
 The crown upon that head,  
 The glorious robes, and the blaze of  
 light,  
 All gathered round the Dead!

And beside her stood in silence  
 One with a brow as pale,  
 And white lips rigidly compressed,  
 Lest the strong heart should  
 fail :

King Pedro, with a jealous eye,  
 Watching the homage done,  
 By the land's flower and chivalry,  
 To her, his martyred one.

But on the face he looked not,  
 Which once his star had been ;  
 To every form his glance was  
 turned,

Save of the breathless queen :  
 Though something, won from the  
 grave's embrace,

Of her beauty still was there,  
 Its hues were all of that shadowy  
 place,

It was not for *him* to bear.

Alas ! the crown, the sceptre,  
 The treasures of the earth,  
 And the priceless love that poured  
 those gifts,

Alike of wasted worth !

The rites are closed—bear back the  
 dead

Unto the chamber deep !

Lay down again the royal head,  
 Dust with the dust to sleep !

There is music on the midnight—  
 A requiem sad and slow,  
 As the mourners through the sound-  
 ing aisle

In dark procession go ;

And the ring of state, and the starry  
 crown,

And all the rich array,  
 Are borne to the house of silence  
 down,

With her, that queen of clay !

And tearlessly and firmly  
 King Pedro led the train ;  
 But his face was wrapt in his folding  
 robe,

When they lowered the dust  
 again.

'Tis hushed at last the tomb above,  
 Hymns die, and steps depart :

Who called thee strong as Death, O  
 Love ?

*Mightier* thou wast and art.

## ITALIAN GIRL'S HYMN TO THE VIRGIN

O sanctissima, O purissima !

Dulcis Virgo Maria,

Mater amata, intemerata,

Ora, ora pro nobis.

*Sicilian Mariner's Hymn.*

IN the deep hour of dreams,  
 Through the dark woods, and past  
 the moaning sea,  
 And by the starlight gleams,  
 Mother of sorrows ! lo, I come to  
 thee !

Unto thy shrine I bear  
 Night-blowing flowers, like my own  
 heart, to lie,  
 All, all unfolded there,  
 Beneath the meekness of thy pitying  
 eye.

For thou, that once didst move,  
 In thy still beauty, through an early  
 home,  
 Thou knowest the grief, the love,  
 The fear of woman's soul ;—to thee  
 I come !

Many, and sad, and deep,  
 Were the thoughts folded in thy silent  
 breast ; [weep—  
 Thou, too, couldst watch and  
 Hear, gentlest mother ! hear a heart  
 oppressed !

There is a wandering bark  
 Bearing one from me o'er the restless  
 wave :

Oh ! let thy soft eye mark  
 His course ;—be with him, holiest,  
 guide and save !

My soul is on that way ;  
 My thoughts are travellers o'er the  
 waters dim :  
 Through the long weary day  
 I walk, o'ershadowed by vain dreams  
 of him.

Aid him—and me, too, aid !  
 Oh ! 'tis not well, this earthly love's  
 excess !

On thy weak child is laid  
 The burden of too deep a tenderness.

Too much o'er *him* is poured  
 My being's hope—scarce leaving  
 Heaven a part ;

Too faithfully adored,  
Oh! make not him the chastener of  
my heart!

I tremble with a sense  
Of grief to be;—I hear a warning  
low—

Sweet mother! call me hence!  
This wild idolatry must end in woe.

The troubled joy of life,  
Love's lightning happiness, my soul  
hath known

And, worn with feverish strife,  
Would fold its wings; take back, take  
back thine own.

Hark! how the wind swept by!  
The tempest's voice comes rolling o'er  
the wave—

Hope of the sailor's eye,  
And maiden's heart, blest mother,  
guide and save!

#### TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT

FROM the bright stars, or from the  
viewless air,  
Or from some world unreach'd by  
human thought,  
Spirit, sweet spirit! if thy home be  
there,  
And if thy visions with the past be  
fraught,

Answer me, answer me!

Have we not communed here of life  
and death?

Have we not said that love, such love  
as ours,

Was not to perish as a rose's breath,  
To melt away, like song from festal  
bowers?

Answer, oh! answer me!

Thine eye's last light was mine—the  
soul that shone

Intensely, mournfully, through gather-  
ing haze—

Didst thou bear with thee to the shore  
unknown,

Nought of what lived in that long,  
earnest gaze!

Hear, hear, and answer me!

Thy voice—its low, soft, fervent, fare-  
well tone

Thrilled through the tempest of the  
parting strife,

Like a faint breeze.—oh, from that  
music flown,

Send back *one* sound, if love's be  
quenchless life,

But once, oh! answer me!

In the still noontide, in the sunset's  
hush,

In the dead hour of night, when  
thought grows deep,

When the heart's phantoms from the  
darkness rush,

Fearfully beautiful, to strive with  
sleep—

Spirit! then answer me!

By the remembrance of our blended  
prayer;

By all our tears, whose mingling  
made them sweet;

By our last hope, the victor o'er  
despair;—

Speak! if our souls in deathless  
yearnings meet;

Answer me, answer me!

The grave is silent:—and the far-off  
sky,

And the deep midnight—silent all,  
and lone!

Oh! if thy buried love make no reply,  
What voice has earth!—Hear, pity,  
speak, mine own!

Answer me, answer me!

#### THE CHAMOIS HUNTER'S LOVE

For all his wildness and proud phantasies,  
I love him! (ROLY.)

Thy heart is in the upper world, where fleet the chamois bounds;  
Thy heart is where the mountain fir shakes to the torrent sounds;  
And where the snow peaks gleam like stars, through the stillness of the air,  
And where the Lauwine's peal is heard—hunter! thy heart is there!

I know thou lov'st me well, dear friend! but better, better far,  
Thou lov'st that high and haughty life, with rocks and storms at war;

In the green sunny vales with me, thy spirit would but pine,  
And yet I will be thine, my love ! and yet I will be thine !

And I will not seek to woo thee down from those thy native heights,  
With the sweet song, our land's own song, of pastoral delights ;  
For thou must live as eagles live, thy path is not as mine,  
And yet I will be thine, my love ! and yet I will be thine !

And I will leave my blessed home, my father's joyous hearth,  
With all the voices meeting there in tenderness and mirth,  
With all the kind and laughing eyes that in its firelight shine,  
To sit forsaken in thy hut, yet know that thou art mine !

It is my youth, it is my bloom, it is my glad free heart,  
That I cast away for thee—for thee, all reckless as thou art !  
With tremblings and with vigils lone, I bind myself to dwell,  
Yet, yet I would not change that lot, oh no ! I love too well !

A mournful thing is love which grows to one so wild as thou,  
With that bright restlessness of eye, that tameless fire of brow,  
Mournful !—but dearer far I call its mingled fear and pride,  
And the trouble of its happiness, than aught on earth beside.

To listen for thy step in vain, to start at every breath,  
To watch through long long nights of storm, to sleep and dream of death  
To wake in doubt and loneliness—this doom I know is mine,  
And yet I will be thine, my love ! and yet I will be thine !

That I may greet thee from thine Alps, when thence thou com'st at last,  
That I may hear thy thrilling voice tell o'er each danger past,  
That I may kneel and pray for thee, and win thee aid divine—  
For this I will be thine, my love ! for this I will be thine !

#### THE INDIAN WITH HIS DEAD CHILD

In the silence of the midnight  
I journey with my dead ;  
In the darkness of the forest boughs  
A lonely path I tread.

But my heart is high and fearless,  
As by mighty wings upborne ;  
The mountain eagle hath not plumes  
So strong as love and scorn.

I have raised thee from the grave-sod,  
By the white man's path  
defiled ;

On to the ancestral wilderness  
I bear thy dust, my child !

I have asked the ancient deserts  
To give my dead a place,  
Where the stately footsteps of the  
free  
Alone should leave a trace.

And the tossing pines made answer—  
" Go, bring us back thine own ! "  
And the streams from all the hunters'  
hills  
Rushed with an echoing tone.

Thou shalt rest by sounding waters  
That yet untamed may roll ;  
The voices of that chainless host  
With joy shall fill thy soul.

In the silence of the midnight  
I journey with the dead,  
Where the arrows of my father's bow  
Their falcon flight have sped.

I have left the spoilers' dwellings  
For evermore behind ;  
Unmingled with their household  
sounds,  
For me shall sweep the wind.

Alone, amidst their hearth-fires,  
I watched my child's decay ;

Uncheered, I saw the spirit-light  
From his young eyes fade away.

When his head sank on my bosom,  
When the death-sleep o'er him fell,  
Was there one to say, "A friend is  
near?"

There was none!—Pale race, fare-  
well!

To the forests, to the cedars,  
To the warrior and his bow,  
Back, back!—I bore thee laughing  
thence,  
I bear thee slumbering now!

I bear thee unto burial  
With the mighty hunters gone;  
I shall hear thee in the forest breeze,  
Thou wilt speak of joy, my son!

In the silence of the midnight  
I journey with the dead;  
But my heart is strong, my step is  
fleet,  
My father's path I tread.

### SONG OF EMIGRATION

THERE was heard a song on the  
chiming sea,  
A mingled breathing of grief and glee;  
Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was  
there,  
Filling with triumph the sunny air;  
Of fresh green lands, and of pastures  
new,  
It sang, while the bark through the  
surges flew.

But ever and anon  
A murmur of farewell  
Told, by its plaintive tone,  
That from woman's lip it fell.

"Away, away o'er the foaming  
main!"

This was the free and the joyous  
strain;

"There are clearer skies than ours,  
afar,

We will shape our course by a brighter  
star;

There are plains whose verdure no  
foot hath pressed,  
And whose wealth is all for the first  
brave guest."

"But, alas! that we should go,"  
Sang the farewell voices then,  
"From the homesteads, warm  
and low,  
By the brook and in the glen!"

"We will rear new homes under trees  
that glow,  
As if gems were the fruitage of every  
bough;  
O'er our white walls we will train the  
vine,  
And sit in its shadows at day's decline;  
And watch our herds, as they range  
at will  
Through the green savannas, all  
bright and still."

"But woe for that sweet shade  
Of the flowering orchard trees,  
Where first our children played,  
'Midst the birds and honey-  
bees!"

"All, all our own shall the forests be,  
As to the bound of the roebuck free!  
None shall say, 'Hither, no further  
pass!' [wavy grass;  
We will track each step through the  
We will chase the elk in his speed and  
might,  
And bring proud spoils to the hearth  
at night."

"But, oh! the grey church-  
tower,  
And the sound of Sabbath-bell,  
And the sheltered garden-bower,  
We have bid them all fare-  
well!"

"We will give the names of our  
fearless race [trace;  
To each bright river whose course we  
We will leave our memory with  
mounts and floods,  
And the path of our daring in bound-  
less woods!  
And our works unto many a lake's  
green shore,  
Where the Indians' graves lay, alone,  
before."

"But who shall teach the flowers,  
Which our children loved, to  
dwell,  
In a soil that is not ours?  
—Home, home and friends,  
farewell!"

## THE KING OF ARAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER

If I could see him, it were well with me.  
COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

THERE were lights and sounds of revelling in the vanquished city's halls  
As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls,  
And the conquerors filled the wine-cup high, after years of bright blood shed ;  
But their lord, the King of Aragon, 'midst the triumph, wailed the dead.

He looked down from the fortress won, on the tents and towers below  
The moonlit sea, the torchlit streets—and a gloom came o'er his brow ;  
The voice of thousands floated up, with the horn and cymbal's tone :  
But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more utterly alone.

And he cried, " Thou art mine, fair city ! thou city of the sea !  
But, oh ! what portion of delight is mine at last in thee ?—  
I am lonely 'midst thy palaces, while the glad waves past them roll,  
And the soft breath of thine orange bowers is mournful to my soul.

" My brother ! oh, my brother ! thou art gone—the true and brave,  
And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon thy grave ;  
There are many round my throne to stand, and to march where I lead on .  
There was *one* to *love* me in the world—my brother ! thou art gone !

" In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean-tempest's wrath,  
We stood together, side by side ; one hope was ours—one path ;  
Thou hast wrapped me in thy soldier's cloak, thou hast tenced me with thy  
breast ;  
Thou hast watched beside my couch of pain—oh ! bravest heart, and best !

" I see the festive lights around—o'er a dull sad world they shine,  
I hear the voice of victory—my Pedro ! where is *thine* ?  
The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit found reply !—  
Oh, brother ! I have bought too dear this hollow pageantry !

" I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to spread my glory and my sway,  
And chiefs to lead them fearlessly—my *friend* hath passed away !  
For the kindly look, the word of cheer, my heart may thirst in vain,  
And the face that was as light to mine—it cannot come again !

" I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the offering for a crown ;  
With love, which earth bestows not twice, I have purchased cold renown ;  
How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds of triumph die,  
When I think of thee, my brother ! thou flower of chivalry !

" I am lonely—I am lonely ! this rest is even as death !  
Let me hear again the ringing spears, and the battle-trumpet's breath ;  
Let me see the fiery charger foam, and the royal banner wave—  
But where art thou, my brother ? where ?—in thy low and early grave ! "

And louder swelled the songs of joy through that victorious night,  
And faster flowed the red wine forth, by the stars' and torches' light ;  
But low and deep, amidst the mirth, was heard the conqueror's moan—  
" My brother ! oh, my brother ! best and bravest ! thou art gone ! "

## THE RETURN

"Hast thou come with the heart of  
thy childhood back?  
The free, the pure, the kind?"  
So murmured the trees in my home-  
ward track  
As they played to the mountain  
wind.

"Hath thy soul been true to its early  
love?"  
Whispered my native streams:  
"Hath the spirit nursed amidst hill  
and grove,  
Still revered its first high dreams?"

"Hast thou borne in thy bosom the  
holy prayer  
Of the child in his parent-halls?"  
Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling  
air  
From the old ancestral walls.

"Hast thou kept thy faith with the  
faithful dead,  
Whose place of rest is nigh?  
With the father's blessing o'er thee  
shed,  
With the mother's trusting eye?"

Then my tears gushed forth in sudden  
rain,  
As I answered—"O, ye shades!  
I bring not my childhood's heart  
again  
To the freedom of your glades.

"I have turned from my first pure  
love aside,  
O bright and happy streams!  
Light after light, in my soul have  
died  
The dayspring's glorious dreams.

"And the holy prayer from my  
thoughts hath passed—  
The prayer at my mother's knee;  
Darkened and troubled I come at last,  
Home of my boyish glee!

"But I bear from my childhood a  
gift of tears  
To soften and atone;  
And oh! ye scenes of those blessed  
years,  
They shall make me again your  
own."

## THE VAUDOIS WIFE

Clasp me a little longer, on the brink  
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;  
And when this heart hath ceased to beat, oh!  
think—  
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess—  
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,  
And friend, to more than human friendship just.  
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,  
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,  
God shall assuage thy pangs when I am laid in  
dust.

*Gertrude of Wyoming.*

Thy voice is in mine ear, beloved!  
Thy look is in my heart,  
Thy bosom is my resting-place,  
And yet I must depart,  
Earth on my soul is strong—too  
strong—  
Too precious is its chain,  
All woven of thy love, dear friend,  
Yet vain, though mighty, vain!

Thou seest mine eye grow dim,  
beloved!  
Thou seest my lifeblood flow,  
Bow to the chastener silently,  
And calmly let me go!  
A little while between our hearts  
The shadowy gulf must lie,  
Yet have we for their communing  
Still, still Eternity!

Alas! thy tears are on my cheek,  
My spirit they detain;  
I know that from thine agony  
Is wrung that burning rain.  
Best, kindest, weep not: make the  
pang,  
The bitter conflict, less—  
Oh! sad it is, and yet a joy,  
To feel thy love's excess!

But calm thee! Let the thought  
of death  
A solemn peace restore!  
The voice that must be silent soon  
Would speak to thee once more,  
That thou mayst bear its blessing on  
Through years of after life—  
A token of consoling love,  
Even from this hour of strife.

I bless thee for the noble heart,  
The tender, and the true,  
Where mine hath found the happiest  
rest  
That e'er fond woman's knew;  
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,

For my own, my treasured share,  
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,  
In thy sorrow, in thy prayer.

I bless thee for kind looks and words  
Showered on my path like dew,  
For all the love in those deep eyes !  
A gladness ever new !  
For the voice which ne'er to mine  
replied  
But in kindly tones of cheer ;  
For every spring of happiness  
My soul hath tasted here !

I bless thee for the last rich boon  
Won from affection tried,  
The right to gaze on death with thee,  
To perish by thy side !  
And yet more for the glorious hope  
Even to *these* moments given—  
Did not *thy* spirit ever lift—  
The trust of *mine* to Heaven ?

Now be *thou* strong ! Oh, knew we  
not  
Our path must lead to this ?  
A shadow and a trembling still  
Were mingled with our bliss !  
We plighted our young hearts when  
storms  
Were dark upon the sky,  
In full, deep knowledge of their task  
To suffer and to die !

Be strong ! I leave the living voice  
Of this, my martyred blood,  
With the thousand echoes of the hills,  
With the torrent's foaming flood ;  
A spirit 'midst the caves to dwell,  
A token on the air,  
To rouse the valiant from repose,  
The fainting from despair.

Hear it, and bear thou on, my love !  
Ay, joyously endure !  
Our mountains must be altars yet,  
Inviolat and pure ; [still  
There must our God be worshipped  
With the worship of the free :  
Farewell !—there's but *one* pang in  
death,  
One only—leaving thee !'

#### THE GUERRILLA LEADER'S VOW

Did you say all ?  
All my pretty ones !  
• • •

Let us make medicine of this great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief !

*Macbeth.*

My battle-vow !—no minster walls  
Gave back the burning word,  
Nor cross nor shrine the low deep  
tone  
Of smothered vengeance heard :  
But the ashes of a ruined home  
Thrilled, as it sternly rose,  
With the mingling voice of blood that  
shook  
The midnight's dark repose.

I breathed it not o'er kingly tombs,  
But where my children lay.  
And the startled vulture at my step  
Soared from their precious clay.  
I stood amidst my dead alone—  
I kissed their lips—I poured,  
In the strong silence of that hour,  
My spirit on my sword.

The roof-tree fallen, the smouldering  
floor,  
The blackened threshold-stone,  
The bright hair torn, and soiled with  
blood,  
Whose fountain was my own ;  
These, and the everlasting hills,  
Bore witness that wild night ;  
Before them rose the avenger's soul,  
In crushed affection's might.

The stars, the searching stars of  
heaven,  
With keen looks would upbraid,  
If from my heart the fiery vow,  
Seared on it then, could fade.  
They have no cause !—Go, ask the  
streams  
That by my paths have swept.  
The red waves that unstained were  
borne—  
How hath my faith been kept ?

And other eyes are on my soul,  
That never, never close,  
The sad, sweet glances of the lost—  
They leave me no repose.  
Haunting my night-watch 'midst the  
rocks,  
And by the torrent's foam,  
Through the dark-rolling mists they  
shine,  
Full, full of love and home !



Alas ! the mountain eagle's heart  
 When wronged, may yet find rest ;  
 Scorning the place made desolate,  
 He seeks another nest.  
 But I—your soft looks wake the thirst  
 That wins no quenching rain ;  
 Ye drive me back, my beautiful !  
 To the stormy fight again.

### THEKLA AT HER LOVER'S GRAVE

Thither where he lies buried !  
 That single spot is the whole world to me.  
 COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

THY voice was in my soul ! it called  
 me on ;  
 O my lost friend ! thy voice was in  
 my soul :  
 From the cold, faded world whence  
 thou art gone,  
 To hear no more life's troubled  
 billows roll,  
 I come, I come !

Now speak to me again ! we loved so  
 well—

We *loved* ! oh ! still, I know that  
 still we love !

I have left all things with thy dust to  
 dwell,

Through these dim aisles in dreams  
 of *thee* to rove :

This is my home !

Speak to me in the thrilling minster's  
 gloom !

Speak ! thou hast died, and sent me  
 no farewell !

I will not shrink ; oh ! mighty is the  
 tomb,

But one thing mightier, which it  
 cannot quell,

This woman's heart !

This lone, full, fragile heart !—the  
 strong alone

In love and grief—of both the  
 burning shrine !

Thou, my soul's friend ! with grief  
 hast surely done,

But with the love which made thy  
 spirit mine,

Say, couldst thou part ?

I hear the rustling banners ; and I  
 hear

The wind's low singing through the  
 fretted stone ;

I hear not *thee* ; and yet I feel thee  
 near—

What is this bound that keeps thee  
 from thine own ?

Breathe it away !

I wait thee—I adjure thee ! hast  
 thou known—

How I have loved thee ? couldst  
 thou dream it all !

Am I not here, with night and death  
 alone,

And fearing not ? and hath my  
 spirit's call

O'er thine no sway ?

Thou *canst* not come ! or thus I  
 should not weep !

Thy love is deathless—but no  
 longer free !

Soon would its wing triumphantly  
 o'ersweep

The viewless barrier, if such power  
 might be,

Soon, soon, and fast !

But I shall come to thee ! our soul's  
 deep dreams,

Our young affections, have not  
 gushed in vain ;

Soon in one tide shall blend the  
 severed streams,

The worn heart break its bonds—  
 and death and pain

Be with the past !

### THE SISTERS OF SCIO

As are our hearts, our way is one,  
 And cannot be divided. Strong affection  
 Contents with all things and o'ercometh all  
 things.

Will I not live with thee ? will I not cheer thee ?  
 Wouldst thou be lonely then ? wouldst thou be  
 sad ?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

"SISTER, sweet sister ! let me weep  
 awhile !

Bear with me—give the sudden  
 passion way !

Thoughts of our own lost home, our  
 sunny isle,

Come, as a wind that o'er a reed  
 hath sway ;

Till my heart dies with yearnings and  
 sick fears !

<p>Oh! could my life melt from me in these tears!</p> <p>"Our father's voice, our mother's gentle eye, Our brother's bounding step—where are they, where? Desolate, desolate our chambers lie! How hast <i>thou</i> won thy spirit from despair? O'er <i>mine</i> swift shadows, gusts of terror, sweep;— I sink away—bear with me—let me weep!"</p> <p>"Yes! weep, my sister! weep, till from thy heart Thy weight flow forth in tears! yet sink thou not; I bind my sorrow to a lofty part, For thee, my gentle one! our orphan lot To meet in quenchless trust; my soul is strong— Thou, too, wilt rise in holy might</p>	<p>"A breath of our free heavens and noble sires, A memory of our old victorious dead,— These mantle me with power! and though their fires In a frail censer briefly may be shed, Yet shall they light us onward, side by side; Have the wild birds, and have not <i>we</i>, a guide?</p> <p>"Cheer, then, beloved! on whose meek brow is set Our mother's image—in whose voice a tone, A faint sweet sound of hers is lingering yet, An echo of our childhood's music gone;— Cheer thee! thy sister's heart and faith are high: Our path is one—with thee I live and die!"</p>
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## BERNARDO DEL CARPIO

[The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso, of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the King, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso, accordingly, offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his stronghold, with all his captives; and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the King to meet him. And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed, says the ancient chronicle, "Oh, God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?"—"Look where he is," replied the cruel King, "and now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to see." The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's history after this event.]

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,  
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;  
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train,  
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh, break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day:  
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way."  
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,  
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from afar, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,  
With one that midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land  
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,  
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's blood came and went;  
He reached that grey-haired chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent

A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,—  
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook ?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from his like lead,—  
He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead !  
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fixed and white—  
He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no sight !

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed, but who could paint that gaze ?  
They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze ;  
'They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood,  
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

" Father ! " at length he murmured low—and wept like childhood then,—  
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men !—  
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown,—  
He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sate down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,  
" No more, there is no more," he said, " to lift the sword for now.  
My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father—oh ! the worth,  
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth !

" I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire ! beside thee yet,  
I would that *there* our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met,—  
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then—for thee my fields were won,—  
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son ! "

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,  
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train ;  
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,  
And sternly set them face to face—the king before the dead !

" Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss ?  
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king ! and tell me what is this !  
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where are they ?  
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay !

" Into these glassy eyes put light—be still ! keep down thine ire,  
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is *not* my sire !  
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed,—  
Thou canst not ?—and a king !—his dust be mountains on thy head ! "

He loosed the steed ; his slack hand fell—upon the silent face  
He cast one long, deep, troubled look—then turned from that sad place :  
His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial strain,—  
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

#### THE TOMB OF MADAME LANGHANS

To a mysteriously consorted pair  
This place is consecrate ; to death and life,  
And to the best affections that proceed  
From this conjunction.

WORDSWORTH.

How many hopes were borne upon  
thy bier,  
O bride of stricken love ! in anguish  
hither !  
Like flowers, the first and fairest of  
the year,

Plucked on the bosom of the dead  
to wither ;  
Hopes from their source all holy,  
though of earth,  
All brightly gathering round affec-  
tion's hearth.

Of mingled prayer they told : of  
Sabbath hours ;  
Of morn's farewell, and evening's  
blessed meeting ;  
Of childhood's voice, amidst the  
household bowers ;

And bounding step, and smile of joy-  
ous greeting ;—  
But thou, young mother ! to thy  
gentle heart  
Didst take thy babe, and meekly so  
depart.

How many hopes have sprung in  
radiance hence !  
Their trace yet lights the dust where  
thou art sleeping !  
A solemn joy comes o'er me, and a  
sense  
Of triumph, blent with nature's  
gush of weeping,  
As, kindling up the silent stone, I  
see  
The glorious vision, caught by faith,  
of thee.

Slumberer ! love calls thee, for the  
night is past ;  
Put on the immortal beauty of thy  
waking !  
Captive ! and hear'st thou not the  
trumpet's blast,  
The long, victorious note, thy bondage  
breaking !  
Thou hear'st, thou answer'st, " God  
of earth and heaven !  
Here am I, with the child whom  
Thou hast given ! "

### THE EXILE'S DIRGE

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages,  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.  
*Cymbeline.*

[I attended a funeral where there were a number of the German settlers present. After I had performed such service as is usual on similar occasions, a most venerable-looking old man came forward, and asked me if I were willing that they should perform some of their peculiar rites. He opened a very ancient version of Luther's Hymns, and they all began to sing, in German, so loud that the woods echoed the strain. There was something affecting in the singing of these ancient people, carrying one of their brethren to his last home, and using the language and rites which they had brought with them over the sea from the *Vaterland*, a word which often occurred in this hymn. It was a long, slow, and mournful air, which they sung as they bore the body along : the words '*mein Gott*,' '*mein Bruder*,' and '*Vaterland*,' died away in distant echoes amongst the woods. I shall long remember that funeral hymn."—*FLINT'S Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi.*]

H.P.

THERE went a dirge through the  
forest's gloom—  
An exile was borne to a lonely tomb.

" Brother ! " (so the chant was  
sung  
In the slumberer's native tongue),  
" Friend and brother ! not for thee  
Shall the sound of weeping be :  
Long the exile's woe hath lain  
On thy life a withering chain ;  
Music from thine own blue streams,  
Wandered through thy fever-  
dreams ;  
Voices from thy country's vines  
Met thee 'midst the alien pines ;  
And thy true heart died away,  
And thy spirit would not stay."

So swelled the chant ; and the  
deep wind's moan  
Seemed through the cedars to murmur  
—" *Gone !* "

" Brother ! by the rolling Rhine  
Stands the home that once was  
thine ;  
Brother ! now thy dwelling lies  
Where the Indian arrow flies !  
He that blessed thine infant head,  
Fills a distant greensward bed ;  
She that heard thy lisping prayer,  
Slumbers low beside him there ;  
They that earliest with thee  
played,  
Rest beneath their own oak shade,  
Far, far hence !—yet sea nor shore  
Haply, brother ! part ye more ;  
God hath called thee to that band  
In the immortal Fatherland ! "

" The *Fatherland* ! "—with that  
sweet word  
A burst of tears 'midst the strain  
was heard.

" Brother ! were we there with  
thee,  
Rich would many a meeting be !  
Many a broken garland bound,  
Many a mourned and lost one  
found !  
But our task is still to bear,  
Still to breathe in changeful air  
Loved and bright things to resign,  
As even now this dust of thine ;  
Yet to hope !—to hope in heaven,

M

Though flowers fall, and ties be  
riven—

Yet to pray ! and wait the hand  
Beckoning to the Fatherland ! ”

And the requiem died in the forest's  
gloom ;

They had reached the exile's lonely  
tomb.

### THE DREAMING CHILD

Alas ! what kind of grief should thy years  
know ?

Thy brow and cheek are smooth as waters be  
When no breath troubles them.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

And is there sadness in *thy* dreams,  
my boy ?

What should the cloud be made of ?—  
blessed child !

Thy spirit, borne upon a breeze of  
joy,

All day hath ranged through sun-  
shine, clear, yet mild.

And now thou tremblest !—where-  
fore ?—in *thy* soul

There lies no past, no future. Thou  
hast heard

No sound of presage from the distance  
roll,

Thy heart bears traces of no arrowy  
word.

From thee no love hath gone ; thy  
mind's young eye

Hath looked not into death's, and  
thence become

A questioner of mute eternity,  
A weary searcher for a viewless

home :

Nor hath thy sense been quickened  
unto pain,

By feverish watching for some step  
beloved ;

Free are thy thoughts, an ever-  
changeable train,

Glancing like dew drops, and as  
lightly moved.

Yet now, on billows of strange  
passion tossed,

How art thou wildered in the cave of  
sleep !

My gentle child ! 'midst what dim  
phantoms lost,

Thus in mysterious anguish dost thou  
weep ?

Awake ! they sadden me—those  
early tears,

First gushings of the strong dark  
river's flow,

That *must* o'ersweep thy soul with  
coming years,

The unfathomable flood of human  
woe !

Awful to watch, even rolling through  
a dream,

Forcing wild spray-drops but from  
childhood's eyes !

Wake, wake ! as yet *thy* life's trans-  
parent stream

Should wear the tinge of none but  
summer skies.

Come from the shadow of those  
realms unknown,

Where now thy thoughts dismayed  
and darkling rove ;

Come to the kindly region all thine  
own,

The home, still bright for thee with  
guardian love.

Happy, fair child ! that yet a  
mother's voice

Can win thee back from visionary  
strife !

Oh ! shall *my* soul, thus wakened  
to rejoice,

Start from the dreamlike wilderness  
of life ?

### THE CHARMED PICTURE

Oh ! that those lips had language !—Life hath  
passed

With me but roughly since I saw thee last.

COWPER.

THINE eyes are charmed—thine  
earnest eyes—

Thou image of the dead !

A spell within their sweetness lies,  
A virtue thence is shed.

Oft in their meek blue light enshrined  
A blessing seems to be,

And sometimes there my wayward  
mind

A still reproach can see ;

And sometimes pity, soft and deep,  
And quivering through a tear ;  
Even as if love in heaven could weep,  
For grief left drooping here.

And oh, my spirit needs that balm !  
Needs it 'midst fitful mirth !  
And in the night-hour's haunted  
calm,  
And by the lonely hearth.

Look on me *thus*, when hollow  
praise  
Hath made the weary pine  
For one true tone of other days,  
One glance of love like thine !

Look on me *thus*, when sudden glee  
Bears my quick heart along,  
On wings that struggle to be free,  
As bursts of skylark song.

In vain, in vain !—too soon are felt  
The wounds they cannot flee ;  
Better in childlike tears to melt,  
Pouring my soul on thee !

Sweet face, that o'er my childhood  
shone,  
Whence is thy power of change,  
Thus ever shadowing back my own,  
The rapid and the strange ?

Whence are they charmed—those  
earnest eyes ?  
I know the mystery well !  
In mine own trembling bosom lies  
The spirit of the spell !

Of Memory, Conscience, Love, 'tis  
born  
Oh ! change no longer, thou !  
For ever be the blessing worn  
On thy pure thoughtful brow !

### PARTING WORDS

One struggle more and I am free.  
BYRON.

LEAVE me, oh ! leave me !—unto all  
below  
Thy presence binds me with too deep  
a spell ;  
Thou makest those mortal regions,  
whence I go,  
Too mighty in their loveliness—  
farewell,  
That I may part in peace !

Leave me !—thy footstep, with its  
lightest sound,  
The very shadow of thy waving hair,  
Wakes in my soul a feeling too pro-  
found,  
Too strong for aught that loves and  
dies, to bear—  
Oh ! bid the conflict cease !

I hear thy whisper—and the warm  
tears gush  
Into mine eyes, the quick pulse thrills  
my heart ;  
Thou biddest the peace, the reveren-  
tial hush,  
The still submission, from my  
thoughts depart ;  
Dear one ! this must not be.

The past looks on me from thy mourn-  
ful eye,  
The beauty of our free and vernal  
days,  
Our communings with sea, and hill  
and sky—  
Oh ! take that bright world from my  
spirit's gaze,  
Thou art all earth to me !

Shut out the sunshine from my dying  
room,  
The jasmine's breath, the murmur  
of the bee ;  
Let not the joy of bird-notes pierce  
the gloom !  
They speak of love, of summer, and of  
thee,  
Too much—and death is here !

Doth our own spring make happy  
music now,  
From the old beech-roots flashing  
into day ?  
Are the pure lilies imaged in its flow ?  
Alas ! vain thoughts ! that fondly  
thus can stray  
From the dread hour so near !

If I could but draw courage from the  
light  
Of thy clear eye, that ever shone  
to bless !—  
Not now ! 'twill not be now !—my  
aching sight  
Drinks from that fount a flood of  
tenderness,  
Bearing all strength away !

Leave me!—thou comest between  
 my heart and Heaven;  
 I would be still, in voiceless prayer  
 to die!  
 Why must our souls thus love, and  
 then be riven!  
 Return! thy parting wakes mine  
 agony!  
 Oh, yet awhile delay!

### THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD

THOU'RT passing hence, my brother!  
 Oh! my earliest friend, farewell!  
 Thou'rt leaving me, without thy  
 voice,

In a lonely home to dwell;  
 And from the hills, and from the  
 hearth,  
 And from the household tree,  
 With thee departs the lingering  
 mirth,  
 The brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend, my brother!  
 Thou'rt speeding to the shore  
 Where the dirge-like tone of parting  
 words

Shall smite the soul no more!  
 And thou wilt see our holy dead,  
 The lost on earth and main:  
 Into the sheaf of kindred hearts  
 Thou wilt be bound again!

Tell, then, our friend of boyhood,  
 That yet his name is heard  
 On the blue mountains, whence his  
 youth

Passed like a swift bright bird.  
 The light of his exulting brow,  
 The vision of his glee,  
 Are on me still—Oh! still I trust  
 That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister,  
 The rose cut down in spring,  
 That yet my gushing soul is filled  
 With lays she loved to sing.  
 Her soft deep eyes look through my  
 dreams,

Tender and sadly sweet;—  
 Tell her my heart within me burns  
 Once more that gaze to meet.

And tell our white-haired father,  
 That in the paths he trod,

The child he loved, the last on earth,  
 Yet walks and worships God.  
 Say, that his last fond blessing yet  
 Rests on my soul like dew,  
 And by its hallowing might I trust  
 Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother,  
 That on her grave I pour  
 The sorrows of my spirit forth,  
 As on her breast of yore.  
 Happy thou art that soon, how soon,  
 Our good and bright wilt see!—  
 Oh! brother, brother! may I  
 dwell,  
 Ere long, with them and thee!

### THE TWO HOMES

Oh! if the soul immortal be,  
 Is not its love immortal, too?

SEE'ST thou my home?—'tis where  
 yon woods are waving,  
 In their dark richness, to the summer  
 air,  
 Where yon blue stream, a thousand  
 flower banks laving,  
 Leads down the hill a vein of light,—  
 'tis there!

'Midst those green wilds how many a  
 fount lies gleaming,  
 Fringed with the violet, coloured with  
 the skies!  
 My boyhood's haunt, through days of  
 summer dreaming,  
 Under young leaves that shook with  
 melodies.

My home! the spirit of its love is  
 breathing  
 In every wind that plays across my  
 track;  
 From its white walls the very  
 tendrils wreathing,  
 Seem with soft links to draw the  
 wanderer back.

There am I loved—there prayed for  
 —there my mother  
 Sits by the hearth with meekly  
 thoughtful eye;  
 There my young sisters watch to  
 greet their brother;  
 Soon their glad footsteps down the  
 path will fly.

There, in sweet strains of kindred  
music blending,  
All the home-voices meet at day's  
decline ;  
One are those tones, as from one  
heart ascending,—  
There laughs *my* home—sad stran-  
ger ! where is thine ?

Askest thou of mine ?—In solemn  
peace 'tis lying,  
Far o'er the deserts and the tombs  
away ;  
'Tis where *I*, too, am loved with love  
undying,  
And fond hearts wait my step—But  
where are they ?

Ask where the earth's departed have  
their dwelling,  
Ask of the clouds, the stars, the track-  
less air !  
I know it not, yet trust the whisper,  
telling  
My lonely heart that love unchanged  
is there.

And what is home, and where, but  
with the loving ?  
Happy *thou* art that so canst gaze on  
thine !  
My spirit feels but, in its weary rov-  
ing,  
That with the dead, where'er they  
be, is mine.

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and  
brother !  
Bear in fresh gladness to the house-  
hold scene !  
For me, too, watch the sister and the  
mother,  
I well believe—but dark seas roll  
between.

### THE SOLDIER'S DEATH-BED

Wie herrlich die Sonne dort untergeht ! da  
ich noch ein Bube war—war's mein Lieblings-  
gedanke, wie sie zu leben, wie sie zu sterben !  
*Die Räuber.*

*Like thee to die, thou sun!*—My  
boyhood's dream  
Was this ; and now my spirit, with  
thy beam,  
Ebbs from a field of victory !—yet  
the hour

Bears back upon me, with a torrent's  
power,  
Nature's deep longings :—Oh ! for  
some kind eye,  
Wherein to meet love's fervent fare-  
well gaze ;  
Some breast to pillow life's last  
agony,  
Some voice, to speak of hope and  
brighter days,  
Beyond the pass of shadows ! But I  
go,  
I that have been so loved, go hence  
alone ;  
And ye, now gathering round my  
own hearth's glow,  
Sweet friends ! it may be that a  
softer tone,  
Even in this moment, with your  
laughing glee,  
Mingles its cadence while you speak  
of me :  
Of me, your soldier, 'midst the  
mountains lying,  
On the red banner of his battles  
dying,  
Far, far away !—and oh ! your  
parting prayer—  
Will not his name be fondly murmured  
there ?  
It will ! A blessing on that holy  
hearth,  
Though clouds are darkening to  
o'ercast its mirth !  
Mother ! I may not hear thy voice  
again ;  
Sisters ! ye watch to greet my step  
in vain ;  
Young brother, fare thee well !—  
on each dear head  
Blessing and love a thousandfold be  
shed,  
My soul's last earthly breathings !  
May your home  
Smile for you ever ! May no  
winter come,  
No *world*, between your hearts !  
May even your tears,  
For my sake, full of long-remembered  
years,  
Quicken the true affections that  
entwine  
Your lives in one bright bond ! I  
may not sleep  
Amidst our fathers, where those  
tears might shine



Over my slumbers ; yet your love  
will keep  
My memory living in the ancestral  
halls,  
Where shame hath never trod :—  
the dark night falls,  
And I depart. The brave are gone  
to rest,  
The brothers of my combats, on the  
breast  
Of the red field they reaped :—their  
work is done—  
*Thou*, too, art set !—farewell, fare-  
well, thou sun !  
The last lone watcher of the bloody  
sod,  
Offers a trusting spirit up to God.

## THE IMAGE IN THE HEART

TO —

True, indeed, it is,  
That they whom death has hidden from our sight,  
Are worthiest of the mind's regard ; with them  
The future cannot contradict the past—  
Mortality's last exercise and proof  
Is undergone.

WORDSWORTH.

The love where death has set his seal,  
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,  
Nor falsehood disavow.

BYRON.

I CALL thee blessed !—though now  
the voice be fled  
Which to thy soul brought dayspring  
with its tone,  
And o'er the gentle eyes though dust  
be spread,  
Eyes that ne'er looked on thine but  
light was thrown  
Far through thy breast :  
And though the music of thy life be  
broken,  
Or changed in every chord, since he is  
gone,  
Feeling all this, even yet, by many  
a token,  
O thou, the deeply, but the brightly  
lone !

I call thee blessed !

For in thy heart there is a holy spot,  
As 'mid the waste an Isle of fount  
and palm,  
For ever green !—the world's breath  
enters not,  
The passion-tempests may not break  
its calm ;

'Tis thine, all thine !

Thither, in trust un baffled, mayest  
thou turn  
From bitter words, cold greetings,  
heartless eyes,  
Quenching thy soul's thirst at the  
hidden urn  
That, filled with waters of sweet  
memory, lies  
In its own shrine.

Thou hast thy *home* !—there is no  
power in change  
To reach that temple of the past ; no  
sway,  
In all time brings of sudden, dark, or  
strange,  
To sweep the still transparent peace  
away

From its hushed air !

And oh ! that glorious image of the  
dead !  
Sole thing whereon a deathless love  
may rest,  
And in deep faith and dreamy worship  
shed  
Its high gifts fearlessly !—I call thee  
blessed,  
If only *there*.

Blessed for the beautiful within thee  
dwelling  
Never to fade !—a refuge from  
distrust,  
A spring of purer life, still freshly  
welling,  
To clothe the barrenness of earthly  
dust

With flowers divine.

And thou hast been beloved !—it is  
no dream,  
No false mirage for *thee*, the fervent  
love.  
The rainbow still unreached, the  
ideal gleam,  
That ever seems before, beyond,  
above,

Far off to shine.

But thou, from all the daughters of  
the earth  
Singled and marked, hast *known* its  
home and place ;  
And the high memory of its holy  
worth,  
To this our life a glory and a grace  
For thee hath given.

And art thou not *still* fondly, truly  
loved ?

Thou art !—the love his spirit bore  
away

Was not for death !—a treasure but  
removed,

A bright bird parted for a clearer  
day,—

Thine still in heaven !

### THE LAND OF DREAMS

And dreams, in their development, have breath,  
And tears and tortures, and the touch of joy :  
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,  
They make us what we were not—what they  
will,

And shake us with the vision that's gone by.  
BYRON.

O SPIRIT-LAND ! thou land of dreams !

A world thou art of mysterious  
gleams,

Of startling voices, and sounds at  
strife,

A world of the dead in the hues of life.

Like a wizard's magic glass thou art,  
When the wavy shadows float by,  
and part :

Visions of aspects, now loved, now  
strange,

Glimmering and mingling in ceaseless  
change.

Thou art like a city of the past,  
With its gorgeous halls into frag-  
ments cast,

Amidst whose ruins there glide and  
play

Familiar forms of the world's to-day.

Thou art like the depths where the  
seas have birth,

Rich with the wealth that is lost from  
earth,—

All the sere flowers of our days gone  
by,

And the buried gems in thy bosom  
lie.

Yes ! thou art like those dim sea-  
caves,

A realm of treasures, a realm of  
graves !

And the shapes through thy mysteries  
that come and go

Are of beauty and terror, of power  
and woe.

But for *me*, O thou picture-land of  
sleep !

Thou art all one world of affections  
deep,—

And wrung from my heart is each  
flushing dye,

That sweeps o'er thy chambers of  
imagery.

And thy bowers are fair—even as  
Eden fair :

All the beloved of my soul are there !

The forms my spirit most pines to see,

The eyes whose love hath been life to  
*me*—

They are there ; and each blessed  
voice I hear,

Kindly, and joyous, and silvery  
clear ;

But under-tones are in each, that  
say—

" It is but a dream ; it will melt  
away ! "

I walk with sweet friends in the sun-  
set's glow ;

I listen to music of long ago ;—

But one thought, like an omen,  
breathes faint through the lay,—

" It is but a dream : it will melt  
away ! "

I sit by the hearth of my early days ;  
All the home-faces are met by the  
blaze,—

And the eyes of the mother shine  
soft, yet say,

" It is but a dream ; it will melt  
away ! "

And away, like a flower's passing  
breath, 'tis gone,

And I wake more sadly, more deeply  
lone !

Oh ! a haunted heart is a weight to  
bear,—

Bright faces, kind voices ! where are  
ye, where ?

Shadow not forth, O thou land of  
dreams,

The past, as it fled by my own  
blue streams !

Make not my spirit within me burn  
For the scenes and the hours that may  
ne'er return !

Call out from the *future* my visions  
 bright,  
 From the world o'er the grave take  
 thy solemn light,  
 And oh ! with the loved, whom no  
 more I see,  
 Show me my home, as it yet may be !

As it yet may be in some purer sphere,  
 No cloud, no parting, no sleepless  
 fear ;  
 So my soul may bear on through the  
 long, long day,  
 Till I go where the beautiful melts  
 not away !

### WOMAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

Where hath not woman stood,  
 Strong in affection's might ? a reed, upborne  
 By an o'ermastering current !

GENTLE and lovely form,  
 What didst thou here,  
 When the fierce battle-storm  
 Bore down the spear !

Banner and shivered crest  
 Beside thee strown,  
 Tell, that amidst the best,  
 Thy work was done !

Yet strangely, sadly fair,  
 O'er that wild scene,  
 Gleams, through its golden hair,  
 That brow serene.

Low lies the stately head,—  
 Earth-bound the free ;  
 How gave those haughty dead  
 A place to thee ?

Slumberer ! *thine* early bier  
 Friends should have crowned,  
 Many a flower and tear  
 Shedding around.

Soft voices, clear and young,  
 Mingling their swell,  
 Should o'er thy dust have sung  
 Earth's last farewell.

Sisters, above the grave  
 Of thy repose,  
 Should have bid violets wave  
 With the white rose.

Now must the trumpet's note,  
 Savage and shrill,  
 For requiem o'er thee float,  
 Thou fair and still !

And the swift charger sweep  
 In full career,  
 Trampling thy place of sleep,—  
 Why cam'st thou here ?

Why ?—ask the true heart why  
 Woman hath been  
 Ever, where brave men die,  
 Unshrinking seen ?

Unto this harvest ground  
 Proud reapers came,—  
 Some, for that stirring sound,  
 A warrior's name ;

Some for the stormy play  
 And joy of strife ;  
 And some, to fling away  
 A weary life ;—

But thou, pale sleeper, thou,  
 With the slight frame,  
 And the rich locks, whose glow  
 Death cannot tame ;

Only one thought, one power,  
*Thee* could have led,  
 So, through the tempest's hour,  
 To lift thy head !

Only the true, the strong,  
 The love, whose trust  
 Woman's deep soul too long  
 Pours on the dust !

### THE DESERTED HOUSE

GLOOM is upon thy lonely hearth,  
 Oh, silent house ! once filled with  
 mirth ;  
 Sorrow is in the breezy sound  
 Of thy tall poplars whispering  
 round.

The shadow of departed hours  
 Hangs dim upon *thine* early flowers ;  
 Even in thy sunshine seems to brood  
 Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to a stranger's gaze,  
 Mine own sweet home of other days !  
 My children's birthplace ! yet for me  
 It is too much to look on thee.

Too much ! for all about thee spread  
I feel the memory of the dead,  
And almost linger for the feet  
That never more my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles, all vanished  
now,  
Follow me where thy roses blow ;  
The echoes of kind household words  
Are with me 'midst thy singing-birds.

Till my heart dies, it dies away  
In yearnings for what might not stay ;  
For love which ne'er deceived my  
trust,  
For all which went with " dust to  
dust ! "

What now is left me, but to raise  
From thee, lorn spot ! my spirit's  
gaze—  
To lift, through tears, my straining  
eye  
Up to my Father's house on high ?

Oh ! many are the mansions there,  
But not in one hath grief a share !  
No haunting shade from things gone  
by  
May there o'ersweep the unchanging  
sky.

And *they* are there, whose long-love  
men  
In earthly home no more is seen ;  
Whose places, where they smiling  
sate,  
Are left unto us desolate.

We miss them when the board is  
spread ;  
We miss them when the prayer is  
said ;  
Upon our dreams their dying eyes  
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings  
vain  
Trouble no more the heart and brain :  
The sadness of this aching love  
Dims not our Father's house above.

Ye are at rest, and I in tears,<sup>1</sup>  
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres !

<sup>1</sup> From an ancient Hebrew dirge :—  
" Mourn for the mourner, and not for the dead,  
For he is at rest, and we in tears ! "

Under the poplar boughs I stand,  
And mourn the broken household  
band.

But, by your life of lowly faith,  
And by your joyful hope in death,  
Guide me, till on some brighter  
shore  
The severed wreath is bound once  
more !

Holy ye were, and good, and true !  
No change can cloud my thoughts of  
you ;  
Guide me, like you to live and die,  
And reach my Father's house on  
high !

### THE STRANGER'S HEART

THE stranger's heart ! Oh, wound  
it not !

A yearning anguish is its lot ;  
In the green shadow of thy tree  
The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou thinkst the vine's low rustling  
leaves

Glad music round thy household  
caves ;

To him that sound hath sorrow's  
tone—

The stranger's heart is with his  
own.

Thou thinkst thy children's laughing  
play

A lovely sight at fall of day ;—  
Then are the stranger's thoughts  
oppressed—

His mother's voice comes o'er his  
breast.

Thou thinkst it sweet when friend  
with friend

Beneath one roof in prayer may  
blend ;

Then doth the stranger's eye grow  
dim—

Far, far are those who prayed with  
him.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage-  
land—

The voices of thy kindred band—  
Oh ! 'midst them all when blest thou  
art,

Deal gently with the stranger's  
heart!

### TO A REMEMBERED PICTURE

[THAT OF DAVID RIZZIO]

THEY haunt me still—those calm,  
pure, holy eyes!

Their piercing sweetness wanders  
through my dreams. [hes,

The soul of music that within them  
Comes o'er *my* soul in soft and  
sudden gleams;

Life—spirit life, immortal and divine,  
Is there—and yet how dark a death  
was thine!

Could it—oh! *could* it be—meek  
child of song?

The might of gentleness on that  
fair brow— [wrong?

Was the celestial guilt no shield from  
Bore it no talisman to ward the  
blow?

Ask if a flower, upon the billows cast,  
Might brave their strife—a flute-note  
hush the blast?

Are there not deep sad oracles to  
read

In the clear stillness of that radiant  
face?

Yes, even like thee must gifted  
spirits bleed,

Thrown on a world, for heavenly  
things no place!

Bright exiled birds that visit alien  
skies,

Pouring on storms their suppliant  
melodies.

And seeking ever some true, gentle  
breast,

Whereon their trembling plumage  
might repose,

And their free song-notes, from that  
happy nest,

Gush as a fount that forth from  
sunlight flows;

Vain dream! the love whose precious  
balms might save,

Still, still denied—they struggle  
to the grave.

Yet my heart shall not sink!—  
another doom,

Victim! hath set its promise in  
thine eye;

A light is there, too quenchless for  
the tomb,

Bright earnest of a nobler destiny;  
Telling of answers, in some far-off

sphere,  
To the deep souls that find no  
echo here.

### COME HOME!

COME home! there is a sorrowing  
breath

In music since ye went,  
And the early flower-scents wander  
by,

With mournful memories blent.  
The tones in every household voice

Are grown more sad and deep,  
And the sweet word—*brother*—wakes  
a wish

To turn aside and weep.

O ye beloved! come home!—the  
hour

Of many a greeting tone,  
The time of hearth-light and of  
song

Returns—and ye are gone!

And darkly, heavily it falls

On the forsaken room,

Burdening the heart with tenderness,  
That deepens 'midst the gloom.

Where finds it *you*, ye wandering  
ones?

With all your boyhood's glee  
Untamed, beneath the desert's palm,

Or on the lone mid-sea?

By stormy hills of battles old?

Or where dark rivers foam?—

Oh! life is dim where ye are not—

Back, ye beloved, come home!

Come with the leaves and winds of  
spring,

And swift birds, o'er the main

Our love is grown too sorrowful—

Bring us its youth again!

Bring the glad tones to music back!

Still, still your home is fair,

The spirit of your sunny life

Alone is wanting there!

## THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION

*" Implora pace ! "*

ONE draught, kind fairy ! from  
 that fountain deep,  
 To lay the phantoms of a haunted  
 breast,  
 And lone affections, which are  
 griefs, to steep  
 In the cool honey-dews of dreamless  
 rest ;  
 And from the soul the lightning-marks  
 to lave—  
 One draught of that sweet wave !

Yet, mortal, pause !—within thy  
 mind is laid  
 Wealth, gathered long and slowly ;  
 thoughts divine  
 Heap that full treasure-house ; and  
 thou hast made  
 The gems of many a spirit's ocean  
 thine ;  
 Shall the dark waters to oblivion  
 bear

A pyramid so fair ?

Pour from the fount ! and let the  
 draught efface  
 All the vain lore by memory's pride  
 amassed,  
 So it but swept along the torrent's  
 trace,  
 And fill the hollow channels of the  
 past ;  
 And from the bosom's inmost folded  
 leaf

Raise the one master-grief !

Yet pause once more ! All, *all* thy  
 soul hath known,  
 Loved, felt, rejoiced in, from its  
 grasp must fade !  
 Is there no voice whose kind awaken-  
 ing tone  
 A sense of springtime in thy heart  
 hath made ?

No eye whose glance thy day-dreams  
 would recall ?

Think—wouldst thou part with all ?

Fill with forgetfulness !—there are,  
 there *are*

Voices whose music I have loved too  
 well ;

Eyes of deep gentleness—but they  
 are far— [dwell !

Never ! oh—never, in my home to  
 Take their soft looks from off my

yearning soul—  
 Fill high the oblivious bowl !

Yet pause again ! With memory  
 wilt thou cast

The undying hope away, of memory  
 born ?

Hope of reunion, heart to heart at  
 last,

No restless doubt between, no rank-  
 ling thorn ? [delight

Wouldst thou erase all records of  
 That make such visions bright ?

Fill with forgetfulness, fill high !—  
 Yet stay—

'Tis from the past we shadow forth  
 the land

Where smiles, long lost, again shall  
 light our way,

And the soul's friends be wreathed  
 in one bright band.

Pour the sweet waters back on their  
 own rill—

I *must* remember still.

For their sake, for the dead—whose  
 image nought

May dim within the temple of my  
 breast—

For their love's sake, which now no  
 earthly thought

May shake or trouble with its own  
 unrest,

Though the past haunt me as a spirit  
 —yet

I ask not to forget.

## WELSH MELODIES

## THE HARP OF WALES

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS, INSCRIBED  
TO THE RUTHIN WELSH LITERARY  
SOCIETY

HARP of the mountain-land ! sound  
forth again

As when the foaming Hirlas horn  
was crowned,

And warrior hearts beat proudly  
to the strain,

And the bright mead at Owain's  
feast went round :

Wake with the spirit and the power of  
yore !

Harp of the ancient hills ! be heard  
once more !

Thy tones are not to cease ! The  
Roman came

O'er the blue waters with his  
thousand oars :

Through Mona's oaks he sent the  
wasting flame ;

The Druid shrines lay prostrate  
on our shores :

All gave their ashes to the wind and  
sea—

Ring out, thou harp ! he could not  
silence thee.

Thy tones are not to cease ! The  
Saxon passed,

His banners floated on Eryri's gales ;  
But thou wert heard above the trum-  
pet's blast,

E'en when his towers rose loftiest  
o'er the vales !

*Thine* was the voice that cheered  
the brave and free ;

They had their hills, their chainless  
hearts, and thee.

Those were dark years !—They saw  
the valiant fall,

The rank weeds gathering round  
the chieftain's board,

The hearth left lonely in the ruined  
hall—

Yet power was *thine*—a gift in  
every chord !

Call back that spirit to the days of  
peace,

Thou noble harp ! thy tones are not  
to cease !

### DRUID CHORUS ON THE LAND- ING OF THE ROMANS

By the dread and viewless powers  
Whom the storms and seas obey,

From the Dark Isle's mystic bowers,  
Romans ! o'er the deep away !

Think ye, 'tis but nature's gloom  
O'er our shadowy coast which

broods ?  
By the altar and the tomb,

Shun these haunted solitudes !

Know ye Mona's awful spells ?  
She the rolling orbs can stay !

She the mighty grave compels  
Back to yield its fettered prey !

Fear ye not the lightning-stroke ?  
Mark ye not the fiery sky ?

Hence !—around our central oak  
Gods are gathering—Romans, fly !

### THE GREEN ISLES OF OCEAN

WHERE are they, those green fairy  
islands, reposing

In sunlight and beauty on ocean's  
calm breast ?

What spirit, the things which are  
hidden disclosing,

Shall point the bright way to  
their dwellings of rest ?

Oh ! lovely they rose on the dreams  
of past ages,

The mighty have sought them,  
undaunted in faith ;

But the land hath been sad for her  
warriors and sages,

For the guide to those realms of  
the blessed is death.

Where are they, the high-minded  
children of glory,

Who steered for those distant  
green spots on the wave ?

To the winds of the ocean they left  
their wild story,

In the fields of their country they  
found not a grave.

Perchance they repose where the  
summer breeze gathers

From the flowers of each vale  
immortality's breath ;  
But their steps shall be ne'er on the  
hills of their fathers—  
For the guide to those realms of  
the blessed is death.

## THE SEA-SONG OF GAFRAN

WATCH ye well ! The moon is  
shrouded  
On her bright throne ;  
Storms are gathering, stars are  
clouded,  
Waves make wild moan.  
'Tis no night of hearth-fires glowing,  
And gay songs and wine-cups flow-  
ing ;  
But of winds, in darkness blowing,  
O'er seas unknown !

In the dwellings of our fathers,  
Round the glad blaze,  
Now the festive circle gathers  
With harps and lays ;  
Now the rush-strewn halls are ringing,  
Steps are bounding, bards are sing-  
ing,  
—Ay ! the hour to all is bringing  
Peace, joy, or praise.

Save to us, our night-watch keeping,  
Storm winds to brave,  
While the very sea-bird sleeping  
Rests in its cave !  
Think of us when hearts are beaming,  
Think of us when mead is streaming,  
Ye, of whom our souls are dreaming  
On the dark wave !

## THE HIIRLAS HORN

FILL high the blue hirlas, that shines  
like the wave,  
When sunbeams are bright on the  
spray of the sea :  
And bear thou the rich foaming mead  
to the brave,  
The dragons of battle, the sons of  
the free !  
To those from whose spears, in the  
shock of the fight,  
A beam, like heaven's lightning,  
flashed over the field ;  
To those who came rushing as storms  
in their might,

Who have shivered the helmet, and  
cloven the shield ;  
The sound of whose strife was like  
oceans afar,  
When lances were red from the  
harvest of war.

Fill high the blue hirlas ! O cup-  
bearer, fill  
For the lords of the field in their  
festival's hour,  
And let the mead foam, like the  
stream of the hill  
That bursts o'er the rock in the  
pride of its power :  
Praise, praise to the mighty, fill high  
the smooth horn  
Of honour and mirth, for the con-  
flict is o'er ;  
And round let the golden-tipped  
hirlas be borne  
To the lion-defenders of Gwynedd's  
fair shore,  
Who rushed to the field where the  
glory was won,  
As eagles that soar from their cliffs to  
the sun.

Fill higher the hirlas ! forgetting not  
those  
Who shared its bright draught  
in the days that are fled,  
Though cold on their mountains the  
valiant repose,  
Their lot shall be lovely—renown  
to the dead !  
While harps in the hall of the feast  
shall be strung,  
While regal Eryri with snow shall  
be crowned—  
So long by the bards shall their  
battles be sung,  
And the heart of the hero shall burn  
at the sound.  
The free winds of Maclor shall swell  
with their name,  
And Owain's rich hirlas be filled to  
their fame.

## THE HALL OF CYNDDYLAN

THE Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy to-  
night ;  
I weep, for the grave has extinguished  
its light ;  
The beam of the lamp from its summit  
is o'er,



The blaze of its hearth shall give  
welcome no more !

The Hall of Cynddylan is voiceless  
and still,

The sound of its harpings hath died  
on the hill !

Be silent for ever, thou desolate  
scene,

Nor let e'en an echo recall what hath  
been.

The Hall of Cynddylan is lonely and  
bare,

No banquet, no guest, not a footstep  
is there !

Oh ! where are the warriors who  
circled its board ?

—The grass will soon wave where the  
mead-cup was poured !

The Hall of Cynddylan is loveless to-  
night,

Since he is departed whose smile  
made it bright !

I mourn ; but the sigh of my soul  
shall be brief,

The pathway is short to the grave of  
my chief !

### THE LAMENT OF LLYWARCH HEN

[Llywarch Hen, or Llywarch the Aged, a celebrated bard and chief of the times of Arthur, was prince of Argoed, supposed to be a part of the present Cumberland. Having sustained the loss of his patrimony, and witnessed the fall of most of his sons, in the unequal contest maintained by the North Britons against the growing power of the Saxons, Llywarch was compelled to fly from his country, and seek refuge in Wales. He there found an asylum for some time in the residence of Cynddylan, Prince of Powys, whose fall he pathetically laments in one of his poems. These are still extant ; and his elegy on old age and the loss of his sons, is remarkable for its simplicity and beauty.—See *Cambrian Biography*, and OWIN'S *Heroic Elegies and other poems of Llywarch Hen*.]

THE bright hours return, and the  
blue sky is ringing

With song, and the hills are all  
mantled with bloom ;

But fairer than aught which the  
summer is bringing,

The beauty and youth gone to people  
the tomb !

Oh ! why should I live to hear  
music resounding,

Which cannot awake ye, my lovely,  
my brave ?

Why smile the waste flowers, my sad  
footsteps surrounding ?

—My sons ! they but clothe the  
green turf of your grave !

Alone on the rocks of the stranger I  
linger, [dream !

My spirit all wrapt in the past as a  
Mine ear hath no joy in the voice of

the singer,

Mine eye sparkles not to the sun-  
light's glad beam ;

Yet, yet I live on, though forsaken  
and weeping !

—O grave ! why refuse to the aged  
thy bed,

When valour's high heart on thy  
bosom is sleeping,

When youth's glorious flower is gone  
down to the dead !

Fair were ye, my sons ! and all kingly  
your bearing,

As on to the fields of your glory ye  
trod !

Each prince of my race the bright  
golden chain wearing,

Each eye glancing fire, shrouded now  
by the sod !

I weep when the blast of the trumpet  
is sounding,

Which rouses ye not, O my lovely !  
my brave !

When warriors and chiefs to their  
proud steeds are bounding,

I turn from heaven's light, for it  
smiles on your grave !

### GRUFYDD'S FEAST

[Grufydd ab Rhys ab Tewdwr, having resisted the English successfully in the time of Stephen, and at last obtained from them an honourable peace, made a great feast at his palace in *Ystrad Tywi* to celebrate this event. To this feast, which was continued for forty days, he invited all who would come in peace from *Gwynedd*, *Powys* the *Deheubarth*, *Glamorgan*, and the marches. Against the appointed time, he prepared all kinds of delicious viands and liquors ; with every entertainment of vocal and instrumental song ; thus patronising the poets and musicians. He encouraged, too, all sorts of representations and manly games, and afterwards sent away all those who had excelled in them with honourable gifts.—*Cambrian Biography*.]

LET the yellow mead shine for the  
sons of the brave,

By the bright festal torches around  
us that wave !

Set open the gates of the prince's  
wide hall,

And hang up the chief's ruddy spear  
on the wall !

There is peace in the land we have  
battled to save :

Then spread ye the feast, bid the  
wine-cup foam high,

That those may rejoice who have  
feared not to die !

Let the horn whose loud blast gave  
the signal for fight ;

With the bee's sunny nectar now  
sparkle in light ;

Let the rich draught it offers with  
gladness be crowned,

For the strong hearts in combat  
that leaped at its sound !

Like the billows' dark swell was  
the path of their might,

Red, red as their blood, fill the wine-  
cup on high,

That those may rejoice who have  
feared not to die !

And wake ye the children of song  
from their dreams,

On Maelor's wild hills and by Dyfed's  
fair streams !

Bid them haste with those strains of  
the lofty and free,

Which shall float down the waves of  
long ages to be.

Sheathe the sword which hath given  
them unperishing themes,

And pour the bright mead : let the  
wine-cup foam high,

That those may rejoice who have  
feared not to die !

### THE CAMBRIAN IN AMERICA

WHEN the last flush of eve is dying  
On boundless lakes afar that shine ;

When winds amidst the palms are  
sighing,

And fragrance breathes from every  
pine :

When stars through cypress boughs  
are gleaming,

And fire flies wander bright and  
free,

Still of thy harps, thy mountains  
dreaming,

My thoughts, wild Cambria ! dwell  
with thee.

Alone o'er green savannas roving,  
Where some broad stream in silence

flows,  
Or through the eternal forests

moving,  
One only home my spirit knows !

Sweet land, whence memory ne'er  
hath parted !

To thee on sleep's light wing I fly ;  
But happier could the weary-hearted

Look on his own blue hills and die !

### THE FAIR ISLE

FOR THE MELODY CALLED THE  
" WELSH GROUND "

[The Bard of the Palace, under the ancient Welsh Princes, always accompanied the army when it marched into an enemy's country ; and, while it was preparing for battle or dividing the spoils, he performed an ancient song, called *Unbennach Prydan*, " the Monarchy of Britain." It has been conjectured that this poem referred to the tradition of the Welsh, that the whole island had once been possessed by their ancestors, who were driven into a corner of it by their Saxon invaders. When the prince had received his share of the spoils, the bard, for the performance of this song, was rewarded with the most valuable beast that remained.—See JONES's *Historical Account of the Welsh Bards*.]

Sons of the Fair Isle ! forget not the  
time

Ere spoilers had breathed the free air  
of your clime :

All that its eagles behold in their  
flight

Was yours, from the deep of each  
storm-mantled height,

Though from your race that proud  
birthright be torn,

Unquenched is the spirit for mon-  
archy born.

### CHORUS

Darkly though clouds may hang o'er  
us awhile,

The crown shall not pass from the  
Beautiful Isle.

Agnes may roll ere your children re-  
gain

The land for which heroes have  
perished in vain ;

Yet, in the sound of your names  
shall be power,

Around her still gathering in glory's  
full hour,  
Strong in the fame of the mighty that  
sleep,  
Your Britain shall sit on the throne  
of the deep.

## CHORUS

Then shall their spirits rejoice in her  
smile,  
Who died for the crown of the Beautiful Isle.

## TALIESIN'S PROPHECY

[A prophecy of Taliesin relating to the Ancient Britons is still extant, and has been strikingly verified. It is to the following effect. —

"Their God they shall worship,  
Their language they shall retain,  
Their land they shall lose,  
Except wild Wales."]

A VOICE from time departed yet  
floats thy hills among,  
O Cambria! thus thy prophet  
bard, thy Taliesin sung:  
"The path of unborn ages is traced  
upon my soul,  
The clouds which mantle things un-  
seen away before me roll,  
A light the depths revealing hath  
o'er my spirit passed,  
A rushing sound from days to be  
swells fitful in the blast,  
And tells me that for ever shall live  
the lofty tongue  
To which the harp of Mona's woods  
by freedom's hand was strung.  
"Green island of the mighty! I see  
thine ancient race  
Driven from their fathers' realm to  
make the rocks their dwelling-  
place!  
I see from Uthyr's kingdom the  
sceptre pass away,  
And many a line of bards and chiefs  
and princely men decay.  
But long as Arvon's mountains shall  
lift their sovereign forms,  
And wear the crown to which is  
given dominion o'er the storms,  
So long their empire sharing, shall live  
the lofty tongue  
To which the harp of Mona's woods  
by freedom's hand was strung!"

## OWEN GLYNDWR'S WAR-SONG

Saw ye the blazing star?  
The heavens looked down on free-  
dom's war,  
And lit her torch on high!  
Bright on the dragon crest  
It tells that glory's wing shall rest,  
When warriors meet to die!

Let earth's pale tyrants read despair  
And vengeance in its flame;  
Hail ye, my bards! the omen fair  
Of conquest and of fame,  
And swell the rushing mountain air  
With songs to Glyndwr's name.

At the dead hour of night,  
Marked ye how each majestic height  
Burned in its awful beams?  
Red shone the eternal snows,  
And all the land, as bright it rose,  
Was full of glorious dreams!

O eagles of the battle, rise!  
The hope of Gwynedd wakes!  
It is your banner in the skies  
Through each dark cloud which  
breaks,  
And mantles with triumphal dyes  
Your thousand hills and lakes!

A sound is on the breeze,  
A murmur as of swelling seas  
The Saxon on his way!  
Lo! spear and shield and lance,  
From Deva's waves with lightning  
glance,  
Reflected to the day!

But who the torrent-wave compels  
A conqueror's chain to bear?  
Let those who wake the soul that  
dwells  
On our free winds, beware!  
The greenest and the loveliest dells  
May be the lion's lair!

Of us *they* told, the seers,  
And monarch bards of elder years,  
Who walked on earth as powers!  
And in their burning strains,  
A spell of might and mystery reigns,  
To guard our mountain towers!

—In Snowdon's caves a prophet lay:  
Before his gifted sight,

The march of ages passed away  
With hero footsteps bright,  
But proudest in that long array,  
Was Glyndwr's path of light !

### PRINCE MADOC'S FAREWELL

WHY lingers my gaze where the last  
hues of day  
On the hills of my country in loveli-  
ness sleep ?

Too fair is the sight for a wanderer,  
whose way

Lies far o'er the measureless worlds  
of the deep !

Fall, shadows of twilight ! and veil  
the green shore,  
That the heart of the mighty may  
waver no more !

Why rise on my thoughts, ye free  
songs of the land

Where the harp's lofty soul on each  
wild wind is borne ?

Be hushed, be forgotten ! for ne'er  
shall the hand

Of minstrel with melody greet my  
return.

—No ! no !—let your echoes still  
float on the breeze,  
And my heart shall be strong for the  
conquest of seas !

'Tis not for the land of my sires to  
give birth

Unto bosoms that shrink when  
their trial is nigh ;

Away ! we will bear over ocean and  
earth

A name and a spirit that never shall  
die.

My course to the winds, to the stars,  
I resign ;

But my soul's quenchless fire, O my  
country ! is thine.

### CASWALLON'S TRIUMPH

Caswallon (or Cassivelaunus) was elected to the supreme command of the Britons (as recorded in the *Triads*), for the purpose of opposing Cæsar, under the title of Elected Chief of Battle. Whatever impression the disciplined legions of Rome might have made on the Britons in the first instance, the subsequent departure of Cæsar they considered as a cause of triumph ; and it is stated that Caswallon proclaimed an assembly of the various states of the island, for the purpose of celebrating

H.P.

that event by feasting and public rejoicing.—  
See the *Cambrian Biography*.]

FROM the glowing southern regions,  
Where the sun-god makes his  
dwelling,

Came the Roman's crested legions  
O'er the deep, round Britain  
swelling.

The wave grew dazzling as he passed,  
With light from spear and helmet  
cast ;

And sounds in every rushing blast  
Of a conqueror's march were telling.

But his eagle's royal pinion,  
Bowing earth beneath its glory,  
Could not shadow with dominion  
Our wild seas and mountains  
hoary !

Back from their cloudy realm it flies,  
To float in light through softer  
skies ;

Oh ! chainless winds of heaven arise !  
Bear a vanquished world the story !

Lords of earth ! to Rome returning,  
Tell how Britain combat wages,  
How Caswallon's soul is burning

When the storm of battle rages !  
And ye that shrine high deeds in  
song,

O holy and immortal throng !  
The brightness of his name prolong,  
As a torch to stream through ages !

### HOWEL'S SONG

[Howel ab Emion Llygliw was a distinguished bard of the fourteenth century. A beautiful poem, addressed by him to Myfanwy Vychan, a celebrated beauty of those times, is still preserved amongst the remains of the Welsh bards. The ruins of Myfanwy's residence, Castle Dinas Brân, may yet be traced on a high hill near Llangollen.]

PRESS on, my steed ! I hear the  
swell

Of Valle Crucis' vesper-bell,  
Sweet floating from the holy dell  
O'er woods and waters round.

Perchance the maid I love, e'en now,  
From Dinas Brân's majestic brow,  
Looks o'er the fairy world below,  
And listens to the sound !

I feel her presence on the scene !  
The summer air is more serene,

N

The deep woods wave in richer green,  
 The wave more gently flows !  
 Oh, fair as Ocean's curling foam !  
 Lo ! with the balmy hour I come—  
 The hour that brings the wanderer  
 home,  
 The weary to repose !

Haste ! on each mountain's darken-  
 ing crest  
 The glow hath died, the shadows  
 rest,  
 The twilight star on Deva's breast  
 Gleams tremulously bright ;  
 Speed for Myfanwy's bower on  
 high !  
 Though scorn may wound me from  
 her eye,  
 Oh ! better by the sun to die  
 Than live in rayless night !

### THE MOUNTAIN FIRES

[The custom retained in Wales of lighting fires (*Coelcerthu*) on November eve, is said to be a traditional memorial of the massacre of the British chiefs by Hengist, on Salisbury plain. The practice is, however, of older date, and had reference originally to the *Alban Elwed*, or new year.—*Cambro-Briton*.]

When these fires are kindled on the mountains, and seen through the darkness of a stormy night, casting a red and fitful glare over heath and rock, their effect is strikingly picturesque.]

LIGHT the hills ! till heaven is glow-  
 ing  
 As with some red meteor's rays !  
 Winds of night, though rudely blow-  
 ing  
 Shall but fan the beacon blaze.  
 Light the hills ! till flames are  
 streaming  
 From Yr Wyddfa's sovereign steep,  
 To the waves round Mona gleaming,  
 Where the Roman tracked the  
 deep !  
 Be the mountain watch-fires height-  
 ened,  
 Pile them to the stormy sky !  
 Till each torrent-wave is brightened,  
 Kindling as it rushes by.  
 Now each rock, the mist's high  
 dwelling,  
 Towers in reddening light sublime ;  
 Heap the flames ! around them  
 telling  
 Tales of Cambria's elder time.

Thus our sires, the fearless-hearted,  
 Many a solemn vigil kept,  
 When, in ages long departed,  
 O'er the noble dead they wept.  
 In the winds we hear their voices—  
 " Sons ! though yours a brighter  
 lot,  
 When the mountain-land rejoices,  
 Be her mighty unforgot ! "

### ERYRI WEN

[Snowdon was held as sacred by the ancient Britons, as Parnassus was by the Greeks, and Ida by the Cretans. It is still said, that whosoever slept upon Snowdon would wake inspired, as much as if he had taken a nap on the hill of Apollo. The Welsh had always the strongest attachment to the tract of Snowdon. Our princes had, in addition to their title, that of Lord of Snowdon.—*PENNANT*.]

THEIRS was no dream, O monarch  
 hill,  
 With heaven's own azure crowned !  
 Who called thee—what thou shalt be  
 still,  
 White Snowdon !—holy ground.

They fabled not, thy sons who told  
 Of the dread power enshrined  
 Within thy cloudy mantle's fold,  
 And on thy rushing wind !

It shadowed o'er thy silent height,  
 It filled thy chainless air,  
 Deep thoughts of majesty and might  
 For ever breathing there.

Nor hath it fled ! the awful spell  
 Yet holds unbroken sway,  
 As when on that wild rock it fell  
 Where Merddin Emrys lay !

Though from their stormy haunts of  
 yore  
 Thine eagles long have flown,  
 As proud a flight the soul shall soar  
 Yet from thy mountain-throne !

Pierce then the heavens, thou hill of  
 streams !  
 And make the snows thy crest !  
 The sunlight of immortal dreams  
 Around thee still shall rest.

Eryri ! temple of the bard !  
 And fortress of the free !

Midst rocks which heroes died to  
guard,  
Their spirit dwells with thee !

# CHANT OF THE BARDS BEFORE THEIR MASSACRE BY EDWARD I

RAISE ye the sword ! let the death-  
stroke be given ;  
Oh ! swift may it fall as the lightning  
of heaven !  
So shall our spirits be free as our  
strains—  
The children of song may not lan-  
guish in chains !

Have ye not trampled our country's  
bright crest ?  
Are heroes reposing in death on her  
breast ?  
Red with her blood do her mountain  
streams flow,  
And think ye that still we would  
linger below ?

Rest, ye brave dead ! 'midst the hills  
of your sires,  
Oh ! who would not slumber when  
freedom expires ?  
Lonely and voiceless your halls must  
remain—  
The children of song may not breathe  
in the chain !

# THE DYING BARD'S PROPHECY

All is not lost—the unconquerable will  
And courage never to submit or yield.  
MILTON.

THE hall of harps is lone to-night,  
And cold the chieftan's hearth :  
It hath no mead, it hath no light ;  
No voice of melody, no sound of  
mirth.

The bow lies broken on the floor  
— Whence the free step is gone ;  
The pilgrim turns him from the door  
Where minstrel-blood hath stained  
the threshold stone.

" And I, too, go : my wound is deep,  
My brethren long have died ;  
Yet, ere my soul grow dark with  
sleep,

Winds ! bear the spoiler one more  
tone of pride !

" Bear it where, on his battle-plain,  
Beneath the setting sun,  
He counts my country's noble slain—  
Say to him—'Saxon, think not *all*  
is won.

" 'Thou hast laid low the warrior's  
head,  
The minstrel's chainless hand :  
Dreamer ! that numberest with the  
dead  
The burning spirit of the mountain-  
land !

" 'Thinkst thou, because the song  
hath ceased,  
The soul of song is flown ?  
Thinkst thou it woke to crown the  
feast, [alone ?  
It lived beside the ruddy hearth

" 'No ! by our wrongs, and by our  
blood !  
We leave it pure and free ;  
Though hushed awhile, that sounding  
flood  
Shall roll in joy through ages yet  
to be,

" 'We leave it 'midst our country's  
woe—  
The birthright of her breast ;  
We leave it as we leave the snow  
Bright and eternal on Eryri's  
crest.

" 'We leave it with our fame to dwell  
Upon our children's breath ;  
Our voice in theirs through time shall  
swell—  
The bard hath gifts of prophecy  
from death.' "

He dies ; but yet the mountains  
stand,  
Yet sweeps the torrent's tide ;  
And this is yet *Aneurin's* land—  
Winds ! bear the spoiler one more  
tone of pride !

# THE ROCK OF CADER IDRIS

[It is an old tradition of the Welsh bards, that on  
the summit of the mountain Cader Idris is an  
excavation resembling a couch ; and that  
whoever should pass a night in that hollow,  
would be found in the morning either dead,

in a frenzy, or endowed with the highest poetical inspiration]

I LAY on that rock where the storms  
have their dwelling,  
The birthplace of phantoms, the  
home of the cloud; [swelling,  
Around it for ever deep music is  
The voice of the mountain wind,  
solemn and loud.

'Twas a midnight of shadows all  
fitfully streaming,  
Of wild waves and breezes, that  
mingled their moan;  
Of dim shrouded stars, as from gulfs  
faintly gleaming;  
And I met the dread gloom of its  
grandeur alone.

I lay there in silence—a spirit came  
o'er me;

Man's tongue hath no language  
to speak what I saw;

Things glorious, unearthly, passed  
floating before me,

And my heart almost fainted with  
rapture and awe. [that hover,

I viewed the dread beings around us  
Though veiled by the mists of  
mortality's breath;

And I called upon darkness the vision  
to cover,

For a strife was within me of  
madness and death.

I saw them—the powers of the  
wind and the ocean,  
The rush of whose pinion bears  
onward the storms;

Like the sweep of the white rolling  
wave was their motion—

I felt their dim presence, but knew  
not their forms!

I saw them—the mighty of ages  
departed—

The dead were around me that  
night on the hill:

From their eyes, as they passed, a  
cold radiance they darted,—

There was light on my soul, but  
my heart's blood was chill.

I saw what man looks on, and dies—  
but my spirit

Was strong, and triumphantly  
lived through that hour;

And, as from the grave, I awoke to  
inherit

A flame all immortal, a voice, and a  
power!

Day burst on that rock with the  
purple cloud crested,

And high Cader Idris rejoiced  
in the sun;—

But oh! what new glory all nature  
invested,

When the sense which gives soul  
to her beauty was won!

## SONGS OF THE CID

These ballads are not translations from the Spanish, but are founded upon some of the "wild and wonderful" traditions preserved in the romances of that language, and the ancient poem of the *Cid*.

### THE CID'S DEPARTURE INTO EXILE

With sixty knights in his gallant  
train,

Went forth the Campeador of Spain;  
For wild sierras and plains afar,  
He left the lands of his own Bivar.

To march o'er field, and to watch  
in tent,

From his home in good Castile he  
went;

To the wasting siege and the battle's  
van,

—For the noble *Cid* was a banished  
man!

Through his olive woods the morn  
breeze played,

And his native streams wild music  
made,

And clear in the sunshine his vine-  
yards lay,

When for march and combat he took  
his way.

With a thoughtful spirit his way he  
took, [look,

And he turned his steed for a parting  
For a parting look at his own fair

towers,

—Oh! the exile's heart hath weary  
hours!

The pennons were spread, and the  
band arrayed,  
But the Cid at the threshold a moment  
stayed—  
It *was* but a moment ; the halls were  
lone,  
And the gates of his dwelling all open  
thrown.

There was not a steed in the empty  
stall,  
Nor a spear nor a cloak on the naked  
wall,  
Nor a hawk on the perch, nor a seat  
at the door, [floor.  
Nor a sound of a step on the hollow

Then a dim tear swelled to the  
warrior's eye,  
As the voice of his native groves  
went by ;  
And he said—" My foemen their  
wish have won :  
Now the will of God be in all things  
done ! "

But the trumpet blew, with its note of  
cheer,  
And the winds of the morning swept  
off the tear,  
And the fields of his glory lay distant  
far,  
—He is gone from the towers of his  
own Bivar !

#### THE CID'S DEATHBED

It was an hour of grief and fear  
Within Valencia's walls,  
When the blue spring-heaven lay  
still and clear  
Above her marble halls.

There were pale cheeks and troubled  
eyes,  
And steps of hurrying feet,  
Where the Zambra's notes were  
wont to rise,  
—Along the sunny street.

It was an hour of fear and grief,  
On bright Valencia's shore,  
For Death was busy with her chief,  
The noble Campeador.

The Moor king's barks were on the  
deep,  
With sounds and signs of war ;

But the Cid was passing to his sleep,  
In the silent Alcazar.

No moan was heard through the  
towers of state,  
No weeper's aspect seen,  
But by the couch Ximena sate,  
With pale yet steadfast mien.

Stillness was round the leader's bed,  
Warriors stood mournful nigh,  
And banners, o'er his glorious head,  
Were drooping heavily.

And feeble grew the conquering  
hand,  
And cold the valiant breast ;  
He had fought the battles of the  
land,  
And his hour was come to rest.

What said the Ruler of the field ?  
—His voice is faint and low ;  
The breeze that creeps o'er his lance  
and shield  
Hath louder accents now.

" Raise ye no cry, and let no moan  
Be made when I depart ;  
The Moor must hear no dirge's tone ;  
Be ye of mighty heart !

" Let the cymbal-clash and the  
trumpet-strain  
From your walls ring far and shrill ;  
And fear ye not, for the saints of  
Spain  
Shall grant you victory still.

" And gird my form with mail-array,  
And set me on my steed ;  
So go ye forth on your funeral way,  
And God shall give you speed.

" Go with the dead in the front of  
war,  
All armed with sword and helm,  
And march by the camp of King  
Bucar,  
For the good Castilian realm.

" And let me slumber in the soil  
Which gave my fathers birth ;  
I have closed my day of battle-toil,  
And my course is done on earth."

—Now wave, ye glorious banners !  
wave !



Through the lattice a wind sweeps  
by,  
And the arms, o'er the deathbed of  
the brave  
Send forth a hollow sigh.

Now wave, ye banners of many a  
fight !

As the fresh wind o'er you sweeps ;  
The wind and the banners fall hushed  
as night :

The Campeador—he sleeps !

Sound the battle-horn on the breeze  
of morn,

And swell out the trumpet's blast,  
Till the notes prevail o'er the voice  
of wail,

For the noble Cid hath passed !

#### THE CID'S FUNERAL PRO- CESSION

THE Moor had beleaguered Valencia's  
towers,

And lances gleamed up through her  
citron bowers,

And the tents of the desert had girt  
her plain,

And camels were tramping the vines  
of Spain ;

For the Cid was gone to rest.

There were men from wilds where the  
death-wind sweeps,

There were spears from hills where  
the lion sleeps,

There were bows from sands where  
the ostrich runs,

For the shrill horn of Afric had called  
her sons

To the battles of the west.

The midnight bell, o'er the dim seas  
heard,

Like the roar of waters, the air had  
stirred ;

The stars were shining o'er tower  
and wave,

And the camp lay hushed as a wizard's  
cave ;

But the Christians woke that  
night.

They reared the Cid on his barbèd  
steed,

Like a warrior mailed for the hour of  
need,

And they fixed the sword in the cold  
right hand,  
Which had fought so well for his  
fathers' land,  
And the shield from his neck hung  
bright.

There was arming heard on Valencia's  
halls,

There was vigil kept on the rampart  
walls :

Stars had not faded nor clouds turned  
red,

When the knights had girded the  
noble dead,

And the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of  
one,

Was the still death-march of the  
host begun ;

With a silent step went the cuirassed  
bands,

Like a lion's tread on the burning  
sands ;

And they gave no battle-shout.

When the first went forth, it was  
midnight deep,

In heaven was the moon, in the camp  
was sleep ;

When the last through the city's  
gates had gone,

O'er tent and rampart the bright  
day shone,

With a sunburst from the sea.

There were knights five hundred  
went armed before,

And Bermudez the Cid's green stan-  
dard bore ;

To its last fair field, with the break  
of morn,

Was the glorious banner in silence  
borne,

On the glad wind streaming free.

And the Campeador came stately  
then,

Like a leader circled with steel-clad  
men

The helmet was down o'er the face of  
the dead,

But his steed went proud, by a warrior  
led,

For he knew that the Cid was there.

He was there, the Cid, with his own  
good sword,  
And Ximena following her noble lord ;  
Her eye was solemn, her step was  
slow,  
But there rose not a sound of war or  
woe,  
Not a whisper on the air.

The halls in Valencia were still and  
lone,  
The churches were empty, the masses  
done ;  
There was not a voice through the  
wide streets far,  
Nor a foot-fall heard in the Alcazar,  
—So the burial-train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace  
of one,  
Was the still death-march of the host  
begun ;  
With a silent step went the cuirassed  
bands,  
Like a lion's tread on the burning  
sands :  
—And they gave no battle-shout.

But the deep hills pealed with a cry  
ere long,  
When the Christians burst on the  
Paynim throng !  
—With a sudden flash of the lance and  
spear,  
And a charge of the war-steed in full  
career,  
It was Alvar Fañez came !

He that was wrapt with no funeral  
shroud,  
Had passed before like a threatening  
cloud !  
And the storm rushed down on the  
tented plain,  
And the Archer-Queen, with her  
bands, lay slain ;  
For the Cid upheld his fame.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,  
And the Libyan kings who had joined  
his war ;  
And their hearts grew heavy, and  
died away,  
And their hands could not wield an  
assagay,  
For the dreadful things they saw !

For it seemed where Minaya his onset  
made,  
There were seventy thousand knights  
arrayed,  
All white as the snow on Nevada's  
steep,  
And they came like the foam of a  
roaring deep ;  
—'Twas a sight of fear and awe !

And the crested form of a warrior  
tall,  
With a sword of fire went before them  
all ;  
With a sword of fire, and a banner  
pale,  
And a blood-red cross on his shadowy  
mail ;  
He rode in the battle's van !

There was fear in the path of his dim  
white horse,  
There was death in the giant-warrior's  
course !  
Where his banner streamed with its  
ghostly light,  
Where his sword blazed out, there was  
hurrying flight—  
For it seemed not the sword of  
man !

The field and the river grew darkly red,  
As the kings and leaders of Afric fled ;  
There was work for the men of the Cid  
that day !  
—They were weary at eve, when they  
ceased to slay,  
As reapers whose task is done !

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled !  
The sails of their galleys in haste  
were spread ;  
But the sea had its share of the  
Paynim slain,  
And the bow of the desert was broke  
in Spain  
—So the Cid to his grave passed  
on !

#### THE CID'S RISING

'Twas the deep mid-watch of the  
silent night,  
And Leon in slumber lay,  
When a sound went forth in rushing  
might,  
Like an army on its way !

<p>In the stillness of the hour, When the dreams of sleep have power, And men forget the day.</p> <p>Through the dark and lonely streets it went, Till the slumberers woke in dread ;—</p> <p>The sound of a passing armament, With the charger's stony tread. There was heard no trumpet's peal, But the heavy tramp of steel, As a host's to combat led.</p> <p>Through the dark and lonely streets it passed, And the hollow pavement rang, And the towers, as with a sweeping blast, Rocked to the stormy clang ! But the march of the viewless train</p>	<p>Went on to a royal fane, Where a priest his night-hymn sang.</p> <p>There was knocking that shook the marble floor, [said— And a voice at the gate, which That the Cid Ruy Diaz, the Cam- peador, Was there in his arms arrayed ; And that with him, from the tomb, Had the Count Gonzalez come With a host, uprisen to aid !</p> <p>And they came for the buried king that lay At rest in that ancient fane ; For he must be armed on the battle- day, With them to deliver Spain ! —Then the march went sound- ing on, And the Moors by noontide sun Were dust on Tolosa's plain.</p>
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## THE CARAVAN IN THE DESERTS

<p>CALL it not loneliness, to dwell In woodland shade or hermit dell, Or the deep forest to explore, Or wander Alpine regions o'er ; For Nature there all joyous reigns, And fills with life her wild domains : A bird's light wing may break the air, A wave, a leaf, may murmur there : A bee the mountain flowers may seek, A chamois bound from peak to peak ; An eagle, rushing to the sky, Wake the deep echoes with his cry ; And still some sound, thy heart to cheer, Some voice, though not of man, is near. But he, whose weary step hath traced Mysterious Afric's awful waste— Whose eye Arabia's wilds hath viewed, Can tell thee what is solitude ! It is, to traverse lifeless plains, Where everlasting stillness reigns, And billowy sands and dazzling sky, Seem boundless as infinity ! It is, to sink, with speechless dread,</p>	<p>In scenes unmeet for mortal tread, Severed from earthly being's trace, Alone, amidst eternal space ! 'Tis noon—and fearfully profound, Silence is on the desert round ; Alone she reigns, above, beneath, With all the attributes of death ! No bird the blazing heaven may dare, No insect bide the scorching air ; The ostrich, though of sun-born race, Seeks a more sheltered dwelling- place ; The lion slumbers in his lair, The serpent shuns the noontide glare ; But slowly wind the patient train Of camels o'er the blasted plain, Where they and man may brave alone The terrors of the burning zone.</p> <p>Faint not, O pilgrims ! though on high, As a volcano, flame the sky ; Shrink not, though as a furnace glow The dark-red seas of sand below ; Though not a shadow save your own,</p>
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Across the dread expanse is thrown ;  
Mark ! where your feverish lips to  
lave,  
Wide spreads the fresh transparent  
wave !

Urge your tired camels on, and take  
Your rest beside yon glistening lake ;  
Thence, haply, cooler gales may  
spring,  
And fan your brows with lighter  
wing.

Lo ! nearer now, its glassy tide  
Reflects the date tree on its side—  
Speed on, pure draughts and genial air  
And verdant shade await you there.  
Oh, glimpse of heaven ! to him un-  
known,

That hath not trod the burning zone !  
Forward they press—they gaze dis-  
mayed—

The waters of the desert fade !  
Melting to vapours that elude  
The eye, the lip, they vainly wooed.  
What meteor comes ?—a purple haze  
Hath half obscured the noontide  
rays :

Onward it moves in swift career,  
A blush upon the atmosphere ;  
Haste, haste ! avert the impending  
doom,

Fall prostrate ! 'tis the dread si-  
moom !

Bow down your faces—till the blast  
On its red wing of flame hath passed,  
Far bearing o'er the sandy wave  
The viewless Angel of the Grave.

It came—'tis vanished—but hath  
left

The wanderers e'en of hope bereft ;  
The ardent heart, the vigorous frame,  
Pride, courage, strength, its power  
could tame.

Faint with despondence, worn with  
toil,

They sink upon the burning soil,  
Resigned, amidst those realms of  
gloom,

To find their deathbed and their  
tomb.

But onward still !—yon distant  
spot

Of verdure can deceive you not ;  
Yon palms, which tremulously seemed  
Reflected as the waters gleamed,

Along the horizon's verge displayed,  
Still rear their slender colonnade—  
A landmark, guiding o'er the plain  
The caravan's exhausted train.  
Fair is that little isle of bliss,  
The desert's emerald oasis !  
A rainbow on the torrent's wave,  
A gem embosomed in the grave,  
A sunbeam on a stormy day,  
Its beauty's image might convey !  
Beauty, in horror's lap that sleeps,  
While silence round her vigil keeps.  
—Rest, weary pilgrims ! calmly laid  
To slumber in the acacia shade :  
Rest, where the shrubs your camels  
bruise,

Their aromatic breath diffuse ;  
Where softer light the sunbeams pour  
Through the tall palm and sycamore ;  
And the rich date luxuriant spreads  
Its pendent clusters o'er your heads.  
Nature once more, to seal your eyes,  
Murmurs her sweetest lullabies ;  
Again each heart the music hails  
Of rustling leaves and sighing gales,  
And oh ! to Afric's child how dear  
The voice of fountains gushing near !  
Sweet be your slumbers ! and your  
dreams

Of waving groves and rippling  
streams !

Far be the serpent's venom'd coil  
From the brief respite won by toil ;  
Far be the awful shades of those  
Who deep beneath the sands repose—  
The hosts, to whom the desert's  
breath

Bore swift and stern the call of death.  
Sleep ! nor may scorching blast in-  
vade,

The freshness of the acacia shade,  
But gales of heaven your spirits  
bless,

With life's best balm—Forgetfulness !  
Till night from many an urn diffuse  
The treasures of her world of dews.

The day hath closed—the moon on  
high

Walks in her cloudless majesty.  
A thousand stars to Afric's heaven  
Serene magnificence have given ;  
Pure beacons of the sky, whose flame  
Shines forth eternally the same.  
Blest be their beams, whose holy  
light

Shall guide the camel's footsteps  
right,  
And lead, as with a track divine,  
The pilgrim to his prophet's shrine !  
—Rise ! bid your Isle of Palms  
adieu !

Again your lonely march pursue,  
While airs of night are freshly blowing,  
And heavens with softer beauty  
glowing.

—'Tis silence all : the solemn scene  
Wears, at each step, a ruder mien ;  
For giant rocks, at distance piled,  
Cast their deep shadows o'er the wild.  
Darkly they rise—what eye hath  
viewed

The caverns of their solitude ?  
Away ! within those awful cells  
The savage lord of Afric dwells !  
Heard ye his voice ?—the lion's roar  
Swells as when billows break on  
shore.

Well may the camel shake with fear,  
And the steed pant—his foe is near ;  
Haste ! light the torch, bid watch-  
fires throw,

Far o'er the waste, a ruddy glow ;  
Keep vigil—guard the bright array,  
Of flames that scare him from his  
prey ;

Within their magic circle press,  
O wanderers of the wilderness !  
Heap high the pile, and by its blaze  
Tell the wild tales of elder days.  
Arabia's wondrous lore—that dwells  
On warrior deeds, and wizard spells ;  
Enchanted domes, 'mid scenes like  
these,

Rising to vanish with the breeze ;  
Gardens, whose fruits are gems, that  
shed

Their light where mortal may not  
tread,

And spirits, o'er whose pearly halls  
The eternal billow heavens and falls.

—With charms like these, of mystic  
power,  
Watchers ! beguile the midnight  
hour.

—Slowly that hour hath rolled away,  
And star by star withdraws its ray.  
Dark children of the sun ! again  
Your own rich orient hails his reign.  
He comes, but veiled—with sanguine  
glare

Tinging the mists that load the air ;  
Sounds of dismay, and signs of  
flame,

The approaching hurricane proclaim.  
'Tis death's red banner streams on  
high—

Fly to the rocks for shelter !—fly !  
Lo ! darkening o'er the fiery skies,  
The pillars of the desert rise !

On, in terrific grandeur wheeling,  
A giant host, the heavens concealing,  
They move, like mighty Genie forms,  
Towering immense 'midst clouds and  
storms.

Who shall escape ?—with awful  
force

The whirlwind bears them on their  
course ;

They join, they rush resistless on,  
The landmarks of the plain are gone ;  
The steps, the forms, from earth  
effaced,

Of those who trod the burning waste !  
All whelmed, all hushed —none left  
to bear

Sad record how they perished there !  
No stone their tale of death shall tell—  
The desert guards its mysteries well ;  
And o'er the unfathomed sandy deep,  
Where low their nameless relics sleep,  
Oft shall the future pilgrim tread,  
Nor know his steps are on the dead.

# MARIUS AMONGST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE

[Marius, during the time of his exile, seeking refuge in Africa, had landed at Carthage, when an officer, sent by the Roman governor of Africa, came and thus addressed him : "Marius, I come from the Prætor Sextilius, to tell you that he forbids you to set foot in Africa. If you obey not, he will support the Senate's decree, and treat you as a public enemy." Marius, upon hearing this, was struck dumb with grief and indignation. He uttered not a word for some time, but regarded the officer with a menacing aspect. At length the officer inquired what answer he should carry to the governor. "Go and tell him," said the unfortunate man, with a sigh, "that thou hast seen the exiled Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage."—PLUTARCH.]

'Twas noon, and Afric's dazzling sun  
on high,  
With fierce resplendence filled the  
unclouded sky ;  
No zephyr waved the palm's majestic  
head,  
And smooth alike the seas and deserts  
spread ;  
While desolate, beneath a blaze of  
light,  
Silent and lonely as at dead of night,  
The wreck of Carthage lay. Her  
prostrate fanes  
Had strewed their precious marble  
o'er the plains ;  
Dark weeds and grass the column  
had o'ergrown,  
The lizard basked upon the altar  
stone ;  
Whelmed by the ruins of their own  
abodes,  
Had sunk the forms of heroes and of  
gods ;  
While near, dread offspring of the  
burning day !  
Coiled 'midst forsaken halls, the  
serpent lay.

There came an exile, long by fate  
pursued,  
To shelter in that awful solitude.  
Well did that wanderer's high yet  
faded mien,  
Suit the sad grandeur of the desert  
scene ;  
Shadowed, not veiled, by locks of  
wintry snow,  
Pride sat, still mighty, on his furrowed  
brow ;  
Time had not quenched the terrors  
of his eye,  
Nor tamed his glance of fierce ascen-  
dancy ;  
While the deep meaning of his features  
told

Ages of thought had o'er his spirit  
rolled,  
Nor dimmed the fire that might not  
be controlled ;  
And still did power invest his stately  
form,  
Shattered, but yet unconquered, by  
the storm.

But slow his step—and where, not  
yet o'erthrown,  
Still towered a pillar 'midst the waste  
alone,  
Faint with long toil, his weary limbs  
he laid,  
To slumber in its solitary shade.  
He slept—and darkly, on his brief  
repose,  
The indignant genius of the scene  
arose.  
Clouds robbed his dim unearthly form,  
and spread  
Mysterious gloom around his crown-  
less head—  
Crownless, but regal still. With  
stern disdain  
The kingly shadow seems to lift his  
chain,  
Gazed on the palm, his ancient  
sceptre torn,  
And his eye kindled with immortal  
scorn !

"And sleepest thou, Roman ?"  
cried his voice austere ;  
"Shall son of Latium find a refuge  
here ?  
Awake ! arise ! to speed the hour of  
Fate,  
When Rome shall fall, as Carthage  
desolate !  
Go ! with her children's flower, the  
free, the brave,  
People the silent chambers of the  
grave ;

So shall the course of ages yet to be,  
More swiftly waft the day, avenging  
me!

"Yes, from the awful gulf of  
years to come,  
I hear a voice that prophesies her  
doom;  
I see the trophies of her pride decay,  
And her long line of triumphs pass  
away,  
Lost in the depths of time—while  
sinks the star  
That led her march of heroes from  
afar!  
Lo! from the frozen forests of the  
North,  
The sons of slaughter pour in myriads  
forth!  
Who shall awake the mighty?—will  
thy woe,  
City of thrones! disturb the realms  
below?  
Call on the dead to hear thee! let  
thy cries  
Summon their shadowy legions to  
arise,  
Array the ghosts of conquerors on  
thy walls! [halls,  
—Barbarians revel in their ancient  
And their lost children bend the  
subject knee,  
'Midst the proud tombs and trophies  
of the free.  
Bird of the sun! dread eagle! borne  
on high,  
A creature of the empyreal—thou,  
whose eye  
Was lightning to the earth—whose  
pinion waved  
In haughty triumph o'er a world  
enslaved;  
Sink from thy heavens! for glory's  
noon is o'er,  
And rushing storms shall bear thee  
on no more!  
Closed is thy regal course—thy crest  
is torn,  
And thy plume vanished from the  
realms of morn.  
The shaft hath reached thee!—rest  
with chiefs and kings,  
Who conquered in the shadow of thy  
wings;  
Sleep! while thy foes exult around  
their prey,

And share thy glorious heritage of  
day!

But darker years shall mingle with  
the past,

And deeper vengeance shall be mine  
at last.

O'er the seven hills I see destruction  
spread,

And Empire's widow veils with dust  
her head!

Her gods forsake each desolated  
shrine,

Her temples moulder to the earth,  
like mine:

'Midst fallen palaces she sits alone,  
Calling heroic shades from ages gone,

Or bids the nations 'midst her deserts  
wait

To learn the fearful oracles of Fate!

"Still sleepest thou, Roman?  
Son of Victory, rise!

Wake to obey the avenging Destinies!  
Shed by thy mandate, soon thy  
country's blood

Shall swell and darken Tiber's yellow  
flood!

My children's manes call—awake!  
prepare

The feast they claim!—exult in  
Rome's despair!

Be thine ear closed against her  
suppliant cries,

Bid thy soul triumph in her agonies;  
Let carnage revel, e'en her shrines  
among,

Spare not the valiant, pity not the  
young!

Haste! o'er her hills the sword's  
libation shed,

And wreak the curse of Carthage on  
her head!"

The vision flies—a mortal step is  
near,

Whose echoes vibrate on the slum-  
berer's ear;

He starts, he wakes to woe—before  
him stands

The unwelcome messenger of harsh  
commands,

Whose faltering accents tell the  
exiled chief,

To seek on other shores a home for  
grief.

—Silent the wanderer sat—but on  
his cheek

The burning glow far more than words  
might speak ;  
And, from the kindling of his eye,  
there broke  
Language, where all the indignant  
soul awoke,  
Till his deep thought found voice—  
then, calmly stern,  
And sovereign in despair, he cried,  
" Return !  
Tell him who sent thee hither, thou  
hast seen  
Marius, the exile, rest where Carthage  
once had been ! "

## SONG

## FOUNDED ON AN ARABIAN ANECDOTE

AWAY ! though still thy sword is red  
With lifeblood from my sire,  
No drop of mine may now be shed  
To quench my bosom's fire ;  
Though on my heart 'twould fall more  
blest  
Than dews upon the desert's  
breast.

I've sought thee 'midst the sons of  
men,

Through the wide city's fances ;  
I've sought thee by the lion's den,  
O'er pathless, boundless plains ;  
No step that marked the burning  
waste,  
But mine its lonely course hath  
traced.

Thy name hath been a baleful spell  
O'er my dark spirit cast ;  
No thought may dream, no words  
may tell,

What there unseen hath passed :  
This withered cheek, this faded eye,  
Are seals of thee—behold ! and fly !

Hath not my cup for thee been poured,  
Beneath the palm-tree's shade ?  
Hath not soft sleep thy frame  
restored,

Within my dwelling laid ?  
What though unknown—yet who  
shall rest

Secure—if not the Arab's guest ?

Haste thee ! and leave my threshold  
floor

Inviolat and pure !

Let not thy presence tempt me  
more,—

Man may not thus endure !  
Away ! I bear a fettered arm,  
A heart that burns—but must not  
harm !

Begone ! outstrip the swift gazelle !  
The wind in speed subdue !  
Fear cannot fly so swift, so well,  
As vengeance shall pursue ;  
And hate, like love, in parting pain,  
Smiles o'er *one* hope—we meet again !

To-morrow—and the avenger's hand,  
The warrior's dart is free !  
E'en now, no spot in all thy land,  
Save *this*, had sheltered thee :  
Let blood the monarch's hall pro-  
fane,—

The Arab's tent must bear no stain !

Fly ! may the desert's fiery blast  
Avoid thy secret way !  
And sternly, till thy steps be past,  
Its whirlwinds sleep to-day !  
I would not that thy doom should be  
Assigned by Heaven to aught but me.

## THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH

[The beautiful constellation of the Cross is seen only in the southern hemisphere. The following lines are supposed to be addressed to it by a Spanish traveller in South America.]

IN the silence and grandeur of mid-  
night I tread,

Where savannas, in boundless mag-  
nificence, spread,

And bearing sublimely their snow  
wreaths on high,

The far Cordilleras unite with the  
sky.

The fir tree waves o'er me, the fire-  
flies' red light

With its quick-glancing splendour  
illuminates the night ;

And I read in each tint of the skies  
and the earth

How distant my steps from the land  
of my birth.

But to thee, as thy lodestars re-  
splendently burn

In their clear depths of blue, with  
devotion I turn,



Bright Cross of the South! and be-  
holding thee shine,  
Scarce regret the loved land of the  
olive and vine.

Thou recallest the ages when first o'er  
the main  
My fathers unfolded the ensign of  
Spain,  
And planted their faith in the regions  
that see  
Its unperishing symbol emblazoned  
in thee.

How oft in their course o'er the ocean  
unknown,  
Where all was mysterious, and awful,  
and lone,  
Hath their spirit been cheered by  
thy light, when the deep  
Reflected its brilliance in tremulous  
sleep!

As the vision that rose to the lord of  
the world,  
When first his bright banner of  
faith was unfurled;  
Even such, to the heroes of Spain,  
when their prow  
Made the billows the path of their  
glory, wert thou.

And to me, as I traversed the world  
of the west,  
Through deserts of beauty in stillness  
that rest,  
By forests and rivers untamed in  
their pride,  
Thy hues have a language, thy course  
is a guide.

Shine on—my own land is a far  
distant spot,  
And the stars of thy sphere can  
enlighten it not;  
And the eyes that I love, though  
e'en now they may be  
O'er the firmament wandering, can  
gaze not on thee!

But thou to my thoughts are a pure-  
blazing shrine,  
A fount of bright hopes, and of  
visions divine;  
And my soul, as an eagle exulting  
and free,  
Soars high o'er the Andes to mingle  
with thee.

## THE SLEEPER OF MARATHON

I LAY upon the solemn plain,  
And by the funeral mound,  
Where those who died not there in  
vain,  
Their place of sleep had found.

'Twas silent where the free blood  
gushed,  
When Persia came arrayed—  
So many a voice had there been  
hushed,  
So many a footstep stayed.

I slumbered on the lonely spot  
So sanctified by death:  
I slumbered—but my rest was not  
As theirs who lay beneath.

For on my dreams, that shadowy  
hour,  
They rose—the chainless dead—  
All armed they sprang, in joy, in  
power,  
Up from their grassy bed.

I saw their spears, on that red field,  
Flash as in time gone by—  
Chased to the seas without his shield,  
I saw the Persian fly.

I woke—the sudden trumpet's blast  
Called to another fight—  
From visions of our glorious past,  
Who doth not wake in might?

## TO MISS F. A. L. ON HER BIRTHDAY

WHAT wish can friendship form for  
thee,  
What brighter star invoke to  
shine?  
Thy path from every thorn is free,  
And every rose is thine!

Life hath no purer joy in store,  
Time hath no sorrow to efface;  
Hope cannot paint one blessing more  
Than memory can retrace!

Some hear a boding fear might own,  
Had Fate to *them* thy portion given,  
Since many an eye by tears alone  
Is taught to gaze on Heaven!

And there are virtues oft concealed,  
Till roused by anguish from repose,

As odorous trees no balm will yield  
Till from their wounds it flows.

But fear not *thou* the lesson fraught  
With Sorrow's chastening power  
to know;  
Thou needest not thus be sternly  
taught,  
"To melt at others' woe."

Then still, with heart as blest, as  
warm,  
Rejoice thou in thy lot on earth:  
Ah! why should virtue dread the  
*storm*,  
If *sunbeams* prove her worth?

#### WRITTEN IN THE FIRST LEAF OF THE ALBUM OF THE SAME

What first should consecrate as  
thine,  
The volume, destined to be fraught  
With many a sweet and playful line,  
With many a pure and pious  
thought?

It should be, what a loftier strain  
Perchance less meetly would im-  
part;  
What never yet was poured in vain,—  
The blessing of a grateful heart—

For kindness, which hath soothed the  
hour  
Of anxious grief, of weary pain,  
And oft, with its beguiling power,  
Taught languid Hope to smile  
again.

Long shall that fervent blessing rest  
On thee and thine, and heaven-  
wards borne,  
Call down such peace to soothe *thy*  
breast,  
As *thou* wouldst bear to all that  
mourn.

#### TO THE SAME

##### ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER

SAY not 'tis fruitless, nature's holy  
tear,  
Shed by affection o'er a parent's  
bier!

By earthly sorrow strengthened for  
the skies,  
Till the sad heart, whose pangs exalt  
its love,  
With its lost treasure, seeks a home—  
above.

But grief will claim her hour,—and  
He, Whose eye  
Looks pitying down on nature's  
agony,  
He, in Whose love the righteous calmly  
sleep,  
Who bids us hope, forbids us not to  
weep!  
He, too, hath wept—and sacred be  
the woes

Once borne by Him, their inmost  
source Who knows,  
Searches each wound, and bids His  
Spirit bring  
Celestial healing on its dovelike  
wing!  
And who but He shall soothe, when  
one dread stroke,  
Ties, that were fibres of the soul, hath  
broke?

Oh! well may those, yet lingering  
here, deplore  
The vanished light, that cheers their  
path no more!

The Almighty hand, which many a  
blessing dealt,  
Sends its keen arrows not to be un-  
felt!

By fire and storm Heaven tries the  
Christian's worth,  
And joy departs, to wean us from the  
earth,

Where still too long, with beings  
born to die,  
Time hath dominion o'er Eternity.

Yet not the less, o'er all the heart hath  
lost,

Shall Faith rejoice when Nature  
grieves the most;  
Then comes her triumph! through  
the shadowy gloom,

Her star in glory rises from the tomb,  
Mounts to the dayspring, leaves the  
cloud below,

And gilds the tears that cease not yet  
to flow!

Yes, all is o'er! fear, doubt, suspense  
are fled,

Let brighter thoughts be with the  
virtuous dead !  
The final ordeal of the soul is past,  
And the pale brow is scaled to Heaven  
at last !

And thou, loved spirit ! for the skies  
mature,  
Steadfast in faith, in meek devotion  
pure ;  
Thou that didst make the home thy  
presence blest,  
Bright with the sunshine of thy gentle  
breast,  
Where peace a holy dwelling-place  
had found,  
Whence beamed her smile benig-  
nantly around ; [bereft  
Thou, that to bosoms widowed and  
Dear, precious records of thy worth  
hast left,  
The treasured gem of sorrowing  
hearts to be,  
Till Heaven recall surviving love to  
thee !

O cherished and revered ! fond  
memory well  
On thee, with sacred, sad delight,  
may dwell !  
So pure, so blest thy life, that death  
alone  
Could make more perfect happiness  
thine own ;  
More blest than dew on Hermon's  
brow that falls,  
Each drop to life some latent virtue  
calls ;  
Awakes some purer hope, ordained  
to rise,  
He came—thy cup of joy, serenely  
bright,  
Full to the last, still flowed in cloud-  
less light ; [high  
He came—an angel, bearing from on  
The all it wanted—Immortality !

#### A DIRGE

WEEP for the early lost !—  
How many flowers were mingled in  
the crown

Thus, with the lovely, to the grave  
gone down,  
E'en when life promised most,  
How many hopes have withered—  
they that bow  
To Heaven's dread will, feel all its  
mysteries now.

Did the young mother's eye,  
Behold her child, and close upon the  
day,  
Ere from its glance the awakening  
spirit's ray  
In sunshine could reply ?—  
Then look for clouds to dim the  
fairest morn !  
Oh ! strong is faith, if woe like this  
be borne.

For there is hushed on earth  
A voice of gladness—there is veiled a  
face,  
Whose parting leaves a dark and  
silent place,  
By the once-joyous hearth.  
A smile hath passed, which filled  
its home with light,  
A soul, whose beauty made that  
smile so bright !

But there *is* power with faith !  
Power, e'en though nature o'er the  
untimely grave  
Must weep, when God resumes the  
gem He gave ;  
For sorrow comes of Death,  
And with a yearning heart we linger  
on,  
When they, whose glance unlocked  
its founts, are gone !

But glory from the dust,  
And praise to Him, the merciful, for  
those  
On whose bright memory love may  
still repose,  
With an immortal trust !  
Praise for the dead, who leave us,  
when they part,  
Such hope as she hath left—" the  
pure in heart."

## THE MAREMMA

NELLO DELLA PIETRA had espoused a lady of noble family at Sienna, named Madonna Pia. Her beauty was the admiration of Tuscany, and excited in the heart of her husband a jealousy which, exasperated by false reports and groundless suspicions, at length drove him to the desperate resolution of Othello. It is difficult to decide whether the lady was quite innocent, but so Dante represents her. Her husband brought her into the Maremma, which, then as now, was a district destructive of health. He never told his unfortunate wife the reason of her banishment to so dangerous a country. He did not deign to utter complaint or accusation. He lived with her alone, in cold silence, without answering her questions, or listening to her remonstrances. He patiently waited till the pestilential air should destroy the health of this young lady. In a few months she died. Some chronicles, indeed, tell us that Nello used the dagger to hasten her death. It is certain that he survived her, plunged in sadness and perpetual silence. Dante had, in this incident, all the materials of an ample and very poetical narrative. But he bestows on it only four verses. He meets in Purgatory three spirits; one was a captain who fell fighting on the same side with him in the battle of Campaldino; the second, a gentleman assassinated by the treachery of the House of Este; the third was a woman unknown to the poet, and who, after the others had spoken, turned towards him with these words:—

"Recorditi di me; che son la Pia,  
Sienna mi fe, disfecemi Maremma,  
Salsi colui che manellata pria  
Disposando m' avea con la sua gemma."

*Purgatorio*, canto 5.

—*Edinburgh Review*, No. LVIII.]

Mais elle était du monde, où les plus belles choses  
Ont le pur destin;  
Et Rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses  
L'espace d'un matin.

MALHERBE.

<p>THERE are bright scenes beneath Italian skies, Where glowing suns their purest light diffuse, Uncultured flowers in wild profusion rise, And nature lavishes her warmest hues; But trust thou not her smile, her balmy breath, Away! her charms are but the pomp of Death!</p> <p>He, in the vine-clad bowers, unseen is dwelling, Where the cool shade its freshness round thee throws, His voice, in every perfumed zephyr swelling; With gentlest whisper lures thee to repose: And the soft sounds that through the foliage sigh, But woo thee still to slumber and to die.</p> <p>Mysterious danger lurks, a siren, there, Nor robed in terrors, or announced in gloom, But stealing o'er thee in the scented air,</p>	<p>And veiled in flowers, that smile to deck thy tomb; How may we deem, amidst their deep array, That heaven and earth but flatter to betray?</p> <p>Sunshine, and bloom, and verdure! Can it be, That these but charm us with des- tructive wiles? Where shall we turn, O Nature, if in <i>thee</i> Danger is masked in beauty—death in smiles? Oh! still the Circe of that fatal shore, Where she, the sun's bright daughter, dwelt of yore!</p> <p>There, year by year, that secret peril spreads, Disguised in loveliness, its baleful reign, And viewless blights o'er many a landscape sheds, Gay with the riches of the south, in vain, O'er fairy bowers and palaces of state, Passing unseen, to leave them deso- late.</p>
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And pillared halls, whose airy colon-  
nades  
Were formed to echo music's choral  
tone,  
Are silent now, amidst deserted  
shades,  
Peopled by sculpture's graceful forms  
alone ;  
And fountains dash unheard, by lone  
alcoves,  
Neglected templ and forsaken  
groves.

And there, where marble nymphs, in  
beauty gleaming,  
'Midst the deep shades of plane and  
cypress rise,  
By wave or grot might Fancy linger,  
dreaming  
Of old Arcadia's woodland deities,—  
Wild visions!—there no sylvan  
powers convene,—  
Death reigns the genius of the  
Elysian scene.

Ye, too, illustrious hills of Rome !  
that bear  
Traces of mightier beings on your  
brow,  
O'er you that subtle spirit of the air  
Extends the desert of his empire  
now ;  
Broods o'er the wrecks of altar, fane,  
and dome,  
And makes the Cæsar's ruined halls  
his home.

Youth, valour, beauty, oft have felt  
his power,  
His crowned and chosen victims :  
o'er their lot  
Hath fond affection wept each  
blighted flower  
In turn was loved and mourned,  
and is forgot.  
But one who perished, left a tale of  
woe,  
Meet for as deep a sigh as pity can  
bestow.

A voice of music, from Sienna's walls,  
Is floating joyous on the summer air,  
And there are banquets in her stately  
halls,  
And graceful revels of the gay and  
fair,

And brilliant wreaths the altar have  
arrayed,  
Where meet her noblest youth and  
loveliest maid.

To that young bride each grace hath  
Nature given,  
Which glows on Art's divinest  
dream,—her eye  
Hath a pure sunbeam of her native  
heaven—  
Her cheek a tinge of morning's  
richest dye ;  
Fair as that daughter of the south,  
whose form  
Still breathes and charms, in Vinci's  
colours warm.

But is she blest ?—for sometimes o'er  
her smile  
A soft sweet shade of pensiveness is  
cast ;  
And in her liquid glance their seems  
awhile  
To dwell some thought whose soul is  
with the past ;  
Yet soon it flies—a cloud that leaves  
no trace,  
On the sky's azure, of its dwelling-  
place.

Perchance, at times, within her heart  
may rise  
Remembrance of some early love or  
woe,  
Faded, yet scarce forgotten—in her  
eyes  
Wakening the half-formed tear that  
may not flow ;  
Yet radiant seems her lot as aught  
on earth,  
Where still some pining thought  
comes darkly o'er our mirth.

The world before her smiles—its  
changeling gaze  
She hath not proved as yet ; her  
path seems gay  
With flowers and sunshine, and the  
voice of praise  
Is still the joyous herald of her way ;  
And beauty's light around her  
dwells, to throw  
O'er every scene its own resplendent  
glow.

Such is the young Bianca—graced  
with all  
That nature, fortune, youth, at once  
can give ;  
Pure in her loveliness—her looks  
recall  
Such dreams, as ne'er life's early  
bloom survive ;  
And, when she speaks, each thrilling  
tone is fraught  
With sweetness, born of high and  
heavenly thought.

And he to whom are breathed her  
vows of faith  
Is brave and noble—child of high  
descent,  
He hath stood fearless in the ranks  
of death,  
'Mid slaughtered heaps, the warrior's  
monument :  
And proudly marshalled his Carroc-  
cio's way,  
Amidst the wildest wreck of war's  
array.

And his the chivalrous, commanding  
mien,  
Where high-born grandeur blends  
with courtly grace ;  
Yet may a lightning glance at times  
be seen,  
Of fiery passions, darting o'er his  
face,  
And fierce the spirit kindling in his  
eye—  
But e'en while yet we gaze, its quick,  
wild flashes die.

And calmly can Pietra smile, conceal-  
ing,  
As if forgotten, vengeance, hate,  
remorse ;  
And veil the workings of each darker  
feeling,  
Deep in his soul concentrating its  
force :  
But yet, he loves—O ! who hath  
loved, nor known  
Affection's power exalt the bosom  
all its own ?

The days roll on—and still Bianca's  
lot  
Seems as a path of Eden—thou  
mightst deem

That grief, the mighty chastener,  
had forgot  
To wake her soul from life's enchanted  
dream ;  
And, if her brow a moment's sadness  
wear,  
It sheds but grace more intellectual  
there.

A few short years, and all is changed  
—her fate  
Seems with some deep mysterious  
cloud o'ercast.  
Have jealous doubts transformed, to  
wrath and hate,  
The love whose glow expression's  
power surpassed ?  
Lo ! on Pietra's brow a sullen gloom  
Is gathering day by day, prophetic  
of her doom.

O ! can he meet that eye, of light  
serene,  
Whence the pure spirit looks in  
radiance forth,  
And view that bright intelligence of  
mien  
Formed to express but thoughts of  
loftiest worth,  
Yet deem that vice within that heart  
can reign ?  
—How shall he e'er confide in aught  
on earth again ?

In silence oft, with strange vindictive  
gaze,  
Transient, yet filled with meaning,  
stern and wild,  
Her features, calm in beauty, he  
surveys,  
Then turns away, and fixes on her  
child  
So dark a glance, as thrills a mother's  
mind  
With some vague fear, scarce owned,  
and undefined.

There stands a lonely dwelling, by the  
wave  
Of the blue deep which bathes Italia's  
shore,  
Far from all sounds, but rippling  
seas that lave  
Grey rocks with foliage richly shad-  
owed o'er,  
And sighing winds, that murmur  
through the wood,

Fringing the beach of that Hesperian  
flood.

Fair is that house of solitude—and  
fair

The green Maremma, far around it  
spread,

A sun-bright waste of beauty—yet  
an air

Of brooding sadness o'er the scene  
is shed,

No human footstep tracks the lone  
domain,

The desert of luxuriance glows in  
vain.

And silent are the marble halls that  
rise

'Mid founts, and cypress walks, and  
olive groves :

All sleeps in sunshine, 'neath cerulean  
skies,

And still around the sea-breeze  
lightly roves ;

Yet every trace of man reveals alone,  
That there life once hath flourished—  
and is gone.

There, till around them slowly,  
softly stealing,

The summer air, deceit in every sigh,  
Came fraught with death, its power  
no sign revealing,

Thy sires, Pietra, dwelt, in days gone  
by ;

And strains of mirth and melody have  
flowed

Where stands, all voiceless now, the  
still abode.

And thither doth her lord, remorseless,  
bear

Bianca with her child—his altered eye  
And brow a stern and fearful calmness  
wear,

While his dark spirit seals their doom  
—to die ;

And the deep bodings of his victim's  
heart,

Tell her, from fruitless hope at once  
to part.

It is the summer's glorious prime—  
and blending

Its blue transparency with the skies,  
the deep,

Each tint of heaven upon its breast  
descending,

Scarce murmurs as it heaves, in  
glassy sleep,

And on its wave reflects, more softly  
bright,

That lovely shore of solitude and  
light.

Fragrance in each warm southern gale  
is breathing,

Decked with young flowers the rich  
Maremma glows,

Neglected vines the trees are wildly  
wreathing,

And the fresh myrtle in exuberance  
blows, [bloom

And far around, a deep and sunny  
Mantles the scene, as garlands robe the  
tomb.

Yes ! 'tis *thy* tomb, Bianca ! fairest  
flower !

The voice that calls thee speaks in  
every gale,

Which o'er thee breathing with in-  
sidious power,

Bids the young roses of thy cheek  
turn pale ;

And, fatal in its softness, day by day,  
Steals from that eye some trembling  
spark away.

But sink not yet ; for there are  
darker woes,

Daughter of beauty ! in thy spring-  
morn fading,

Sufferings more keen for thee reserved  
than those

Of lingering death, which thus thine  
eye are shading !

Nerve, then, thy heart to meet that  
bitter lot ;

'Tis agony—but soon to be forgot !

What deeper pangs maternal hearts  
can wring,

Than hourly to behold the spoiler's  
breath

Shedding, as mildews on the bloom of  
spring,

O'er Infancy's fair cheek the blight  
of death ?

To gaze and shrink, as gathering  
shades o'ercast

The pale smooth brow, yet watch it to  
the last !

Such pangs were thine, young mother !  
 —Thou didst bend  
 O'er thy fair boy, and raise his droop-  
 ing head ;  
 And faint and hopeless, far from  
 every friend,  
 Keep thy sad midnight vigils near his  
 bed,  
 And watch his patient, supplicating  
 eye,  
 Fixed upon thee—on thee !—who  
 couldst no aid supply !

There was no voice to cheer thy lonely  
 woe

Through those dark hours—to thee  
 the wind's low sigh,  
 And the faint murmur of the ocean's  
 flow,

Came like some spirit whispering—  
 " He must die ! "

And thou didst vainly clasp him to  
 the breast

His young and sunny smile so oft with  
 hope had blest.

'Tis past—that fearful trial—he is  
 gone ;

But thou, sad mourner ! hast not  
 long to weep ;

The hour of nature's chartered peace  
 comes on,

And thou shalt share thine infant's  
 holy sleep.

A few short sufferings yet—and death  
 shall be

As a bright messenger from heaven  
 to thee.

But ask not—hope not—one relenting  
 thought

From him who doomed thee thus to  
 waste away,

Whose heart, with sullen, speechless  
 vengeance fraught,

Broods in dark triumph o'er thy slow  
 decay ;

And coldly, sternly, silently can  
 trace

The gradual withering of each youth-  
 ful grace.

And yet the day of vain remorse shall  
 come,

When thou, bright victim ! on his  
 dreams shalt rise

As an accusing angel—and thy tomb,

A martyr's shrine, be hallowed in his  
 eyes !

Then shall thine innocence his bosom  
 wring,

More than thy fancied guilt with  
 jealous pangs could sting.

Lift thy meek eyes to heaven—for all  
 on earth,

Young sufferer ! fades before thee—  
 Thou art lone—

Hope, Fortune, Love, smiled brightly  
 on thy birth,

Thine hour of death is all Affliction's  
 own !

It is our task to suffer—and our fate  
 To learn that mighty lesson, soon or  
 late.

The season's glory fades—the vintage-  
 lay

Through joyous Italy resounds no  
 more ;

But mortal loveliness hath passed  
 away,

Fairer than aught in summer's  
 glowing store.

Beauty and youth are gone—behold  
 them such

As death hath made them with his  
 blighting touch !

The summer's breath came o'er them  
 —and they died !

Softly it came to give luxuriance  
 birth,

Called forth young nature in her festal  
 pride,

But bore to them their summons  
 from the earth !

Again shall blow that mild, delicious  
 breeze,

And wake to life and light all flowers  
 —but these.

No sculptured urn, nor verse thy  
 virtues telling,

O lost and loveliest one ! adorns thy  
 grave ;

But o'er that humble cypress-shaded  
 dwelling

The dewdrops glisten, and the wild-  
 flowers wave—

Emblems more meet, in transient  
 light and bloom,

For thee, who thus didst pass in  
 brightness to the tomb !



## A TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

## A FRAGMENT

THE moonbeam, quivering o'er the  
wave,  
Sleeps in pale gold on wood and  
hill,

The wild wind slumbers in its cave,  
And heaven is cloudless—earth is  
still !

The pile, that crowns yon savage  
height

With battlements of Gothic might,  
Rises in softer pomp arrayed,

Its massy towers half lost in shade,  
Half touched with mellowing light !

The rays of night, the tints of time,  
Soft-mingling on its dark-grey  
stone,

O'er its rude strength and mien sub-  
lime,

A placid smile have thrown ;  
And far beyond, where wild and high,  
Bounding the pale blue summer sky,  
A mountain vista meets the eye,  
Its dark, luxuriant woods assume  
A pencilled glade, a softer gloom ;  
Its jutting cliffs have caught the  
light,

Its torrents glitter through the night,  
While every cave and deep recess,  
Frowns in more shadowy awfulness.

Scarce moving on the glassy deep,  
Yon gallant vessel seems to sleep,

But darting from its side,  
How swiftly does its boat design

A slender, silvery, waving line  
Of radiance o'er the tide !

No sound is on the summer seas,  
But the low dashing of the oar,  
And faintly sighs the midnight breeze  
Through woods that fringe the  
rocky shore.

That boat has reached the silent bay,  
The dashing oar has ceased to play,  
The breeze has murmured and has  
died

In forest shades, on ocean's tide.  
No step, no tone, no breath of sound  
Disturbs the loneliness profound ;

And midnight spreads o'er earth and  
main

A calm so holy and so deep,

That voice of mortal were protane,  
To break on nature's sleep !  
It is the hour for thought to soar,  
High o'er the cloud of earthly woes ;  
For rapt devotion to adore,  
For passion to repose ;

And virtue to forget her tears,  
In visions of sublimer spheres !  
For oh ! those transient gleams of  
heaven,

To calmer, purer spirits given,  
Children of hallowed peace, are known  
In solitude and shade alone !  
Like flowers that shun the blaze of  
noon,

To blow beneath the midnight moon,  
The garish world they will not bless,  
But only live in loneliness !

Hark ! did some note of plaintive  
swell

Melt on the stillness of the air ?  
Or was it fancy's powerful spell  
That woke such sweetness there ?  
For wild and distant it arose,  
Like sounds that bless the bard's  
repose,

When in lone wood or mossy cave  
He dreams beside some fountain-  
wave,

And fairy worlds delight the eyes  
Wearied with life's realities.

—Was it illusion ?—yet again  
Rises and falls the enchanted strain  
Mellow, and sweet, and faint,  
As if some spirit's touch had given  
The soul of sound to harp of heaven  
To soothe a dying saint !

Is it the mermaid's distant shell,  
Warbling beneath the moonlit  
wave ?

—Such witching tones might lure  
full well

The seaman to his grave !  
Sure from no mortal touch ye rise,  
Wild, soft, aerial melodies !

—Is it the song of woodland fay  
From sparry grot, or haunted  
bower ?

Hark ! floating on, the magic lay  
Draws near yon ivied tower !

Now nearer still, the listening ear

May catch sweet harp notes, faint,  
yet clear ;

And accents low, as it in fear,  
Thus murmur, halt suppressed :—

“ Awake ! the moon is bright on  
high,

The sea is calm, the bark is nigh,  
The world is hushed to rest ! ”

Then sinks the voice—the strain is  
o’er,  
Its last low cadence dies along the  
shore.

Fair Bertha hears the expected song,  
Swift from her tower she glides along ;  
No echo to her tread awakes,

Her fairy step no slumber breaks,  
And, in that hour of silence deep,  
While all around the dews of sleep

O’erpower each sense, each eyelid  
steep,

Quick throbs her heart with hope  
and fear,

Her dark eye glistens with a tear.  
Half-wavering now, the varying  
cheek

And sudden pause her doubts be-  
speak,

The lip now flushed, now pale as  
death,

The trembling frame, the fluttering  
breath !

Oh ! in that moment, o’er her soul,  
What struggling passions claim con-  
trol !

Fear, duty, love, in conflict high,  
By turns have won the ascendancy ;

And as, all tremulously bright,  
Streams o’er her face the beam of  
night,

What thousand mixed emotions play  
O’er that fair face, and melt away :

Like forms whose quick succession  
gleams

O’er fancy’s rainbow-tinted dreams ;  
Like the swift glancing lights that  
rise

’Midst the wild cloud of stormy  
skies,

And traverse ocean o’er ;  
So in that full, impassioned eye

The changeful meanings rise and  
die,

Just seen—and then no more !  
But oh ! too short that pause—  
again

Thrills to her heart that witching  
strain :—

“ Awake ! the midnight moon is  
bright ;

Awake ! the moments wing their  
flight ;

Haste ! or they speed in vain ! ”

O call of love ! thy potent spell  
O’er that weak heart prevails too  
well ;

The “ still small voice ” is heard no  
more

That pleaded duty’s cause before,  
And fear is hushed, and doubt is  
gone,

And pride forgot, and reason flown !  
Her cheek, whose colour came and  
fled,

Resumes its warmest, brightest red,  
Her step its quick elastic tread,

Her eye its beaming smile !  
Through lonely court and silent hall

Flits her light shadow o’er the wall,  
And still that low, harmonious call

Melts on her ear the while !  
Though love’s quick ear alone could  
tell

The words its accents faintly swell :—  
“ Awake, while yet the lingering  
night

And stars and seas befriend our  
flight,

O ! haste, while all is well !

The halls, the courts, the gates, are  
past,

She gains the moonlit beach at last.  
Who waits to guide her trembling  
feet ?

Who flies the fugitive to greet ?  
He, to her youthful heart endeared

By all it e’er had hoped and feared,  
Twined with each wish, with every  
thought,

Each day-dream fancy e’er had  
wrought,

Whose tints portray, with flattering  
skill,

What brighter worlds alone fulfil !  
—Alas ! that aught so fair should fly,

Thy blighting wand, Reality !

A chieftain’s mien her Osbert bore,  
A pilgrim’s lowly robes he wore,

Disguise that vainly strove to hide

Bearing and glance of martial pride ;  
 For he in many a battle scene,  
 On many a rampart-breach had  
 been ;  
 Had sternly smiled at danger nigh,  
 Had seen the valiant bleed and die,  
 And proudly reared on hostile tower,  
 'Midst falchion-clash, and arrowy  
 shower,  
 Britannia's banner high !  
 And though some ancient feud had  
 taught  
 His Bertha's sire to loathe his  
 name,  
 More noble warrior never fought  
 For glory's prize, or England's  
 fame.  
 And well his dark, commanding eye,  
 And form and step of stately grace,  
 Accorded with achievements high.  
 Soul of emprise and chivalry,  
 Bright name, and generous race !  
 His cheek, embrowned by many a  
 sun,  
 Tells a proud tale of glory won,  
 Of vigil, march, and combat rude,  
 Valour, and toil, and fortitude !  
 E'en while youth's earliest blushes  
 threw  
 Warm o'er that cheek their vivid hue,  
 His gallant soul, his stripling form,  
 Had braved the battle's rudest storm ;  
 When England's conquering archers  
 stood,  
 And dyed thy plain, Poitiers, with  
 blood,  
 When shivered axe, and cloven  
 shield,  
 And shattered helmet, strewed the  
 field,  
 And France around her king in vain  
 Had marshalled valour's noblest  
 train ;  
 In that dread strife, his lightning eye  
 Had flashed with transport keen and  
 high,  
 And 'midst the battle's wildest tide,  
 Throbb'd his young heart with hope  
 and pride.  
 Alike that fearless heart could brave,  
 Death on the war-field or the wave ;  
 Alike in tournament or fight,  
 That ardent spirit found delight !  
 Yet oft, 'midst hostile scenes afar,  
 Bright o'er his soul a vision came,  
 Rising, like some benignant star,  
 On stormy seas, or plains of war,  
 To soothe, with hopes more dear  
 than fame  
 The heart that throbb'd to Bertha's  
 name !  
 And 'midst the wildest rage of fight,  
 And in the deepest calm of night,  
 To her his thoughts would wing their  
 flight,  
 With fond devotion warm ;  
 Oft would those glowing thoughts  
 portray  
 Some home, from tumults far away,  
 Graced with that angel form !  
 And now his spirit fondly deems  
 Fulfilled its loveliest, dearest dreams !  
 Who, with pale cheek, and locks of  
 snow,  
 In minstrel garb, attends the chief ?  
 The moonbeam on his thoughtful  
 brow  
 Reveals a shade of grief.  
 Sorrow and time have touched his  
 face,  
 With mournful yet majestic grace,  
 Soft as the melancholy smile  
 Of sunset on some ruined pile !  
 —It is the bard whose song had  
 power  
 To lure the maiden from her tower ;  
 The bard whose wild, inspiring lays,  
 E'en in gay childhood's earliest days,  
 First woke, in Osbert's kindling  
 breast,  
 The flame that will not be repress,  
 The pulse that throbs for praise !  
 Those lays had banished from his  
 eye,  
 The bright, soft tears of infancy ;  
 Had soothed the boy to calm repose,  
 Had hushed his bosom's earliest  
 woes ;  
 And when the light of thought  
 awoke, [broke  
 When first young reason's dayspring  
 More powerful still, they bade arise  
 His spirit's burning energies !  
 Then the bright dream of glory  
 warmed,  
 Then the loud pealing war-song  
 charmed,  
 The legends of each martial line,  
 The battle tales of Palestine :  
 And oft, since then, his deeds had  
 proved,

Themes of the lofty lays he loved !  
 Now, at triumphant love's command,  
 Since Osbert leaves his native land,  
 Forsaking glory's high career  
 For her, than glory far more dear ;  
 Since hope's gay dream, and meteor  
 ray,

To distant regions points the way,  
 That there Affection's hands may  
 dress

A fairy bower for happiness ;  
 That fond, devoted bard, though now  
 Time's wintry garland wreaths his  
 brow,

Though quenched the sunbeam of  
 his eye,

And fled his spirit's buoyancy,  
 And strength and enterprise are  
 past,

Still follows constant to the last !

Though his sole wish was but to die  
 'Midst the calm scenes of days gone  
 by ;

And all that hallows and endears  
 The memory of departed years—  
 Sorrow, and joy, and time, have  
 twined

To those loved scenes, his pensive  
 mind ;

Ah ! what can tear the links apart,  
 That bind his chieftain to his heart ?  
 What smile but *his* with joy can light  
 The eye obscured by age's night ?  
 Last of a loved and honoured line,  
 Last tie to earth in life's decline,  
 Till death its lingering spark shall  
 dim,

That faithful eye must gaze on him !

Silent and swift, with footstep light,  
 Haste on those fugitives of night,  
 They reach the boat—the rapid oar  
 Soon wafts them from the wooded  
 shore,

The bark is gained—a gallant few,  
 Vassals of Osbert, form its crew ;

The pennant, in the moonlight beam,  
 With soft suffusion glows ;

From the white sail a silvery gleam  
 Falls on the wave's repose ;

Long shadows undulating play,  
 From mast and streamer, o'er the  
 bay ;

But still, so hushed the summer air,  
 They tremble, 'midst that scene so  
 fair,

Lest morn's first beam behold them  
 there.

—Wake, viewless wanderer ! breeze  
 of night,

From river-wave, or mountain-height,  
 Or dew-bright couch of moss and  
 flowers,

By haunted spring, in forest bowers ;  
 Or dost thou lurk in pearly cell,

In amber grot, where mermaids dwell,  
 And caverned gems their lustre throw  
 O'er the red sea-flowers' vivid glow ?

Where treasures, not for mortal gaze,  
 In solitary splendour blaze ;

And sounds, ne'er heard by mortal  
 ear, [sphere ?

Swell through the deep's unfathomed  
 What grove of that mysterious world  
 Holds thy light wing in slumber  
 furled ?

Awake ! o'er glittering seas to rove,  
 Awake ! to guide the bark of love !

Swift fly the midnight hours, and soon  
 Shall fade the bright propitious  
 moon ;

Soon shall the waning stars grow  
 pale,

E'en now—but lo ! the rustling sail  
 Swells to the new-sprung ocean gale !  
 The bark glides on—their fears are  
 o'er,

Recedes the bold romantic shore,  
 Its features mingling fast ;

Gaze, Bertha, gaze, thy lingering eye  
 May still each lovely scene descry

Of years for ever past !

There wave the woods, beneath  
 whose shade,

With bounding step, thy childhood  
 played ;

'Midst ferny glades, and mossy  
 lawns,

Free as their native birds and fawns ;  
 Listening the sylvan sounds, that  
 float

On each low breeze, 'midst dells  
 remote ;

The ringdove's deep, melodious moan,  
 The rustling deer in thickets lone ;

The wild-bee's hum, the aspen's sigh  
 The wood-stream's plaintive har-  
 mony.

Dear scenes of many a sportive hour,  
 There thy own mountains darkly  
 tower !

'Midst their grey rocks no glen so  
rude,  
But thou hast loved its solitude !  
No path so wild but thou hast known,  
And traced its rugged course alone !  
The earliest wreath that bound thy  
hair,  
Was twined of glowing heath-flowers  
there.

There, in the dayspring of thy years,  
Undimmed by passions or by tears,  
Oft, while thy bright, enraptured  
eye

Wandered o'er ocean, earth, or sky,  
While the wild breeze that round thee  
blew,

Tinged thy warm cheek with richer  
hue ;

Pure as the skies that o'er thy head  
Their clear and cloudless azure spread ;  
Pure as that gale, whose light wing  
drew

Its freshness from the mountain dew ;  
Glowed thy young heart with feelings  
high,

A heaven of hallowed ecstasy !

Such days were thine ! ere love had  
drawn

A cloud o'er that celestial dawn !

As the clear dews in morning's beam,  
With soft reflected colouring stream,  
Catch every tint of eastern gem,  
To form the rose's diadem ;

But vanish when the noontide hour  
Glowed fiercely on the shrinking  
flower ;

Thus in thy soul each calm delight,  
Like morn's first dewdrops, pure and  
bright,

Fled swift from passion's blighting  
fire,

Or lingered only to expire !

Spring, on thy native hills again,

Shall bid neglected wildflowers rise,  
And call forth, in each grassy glen,  
Her brightest emerald dyes !

There shall the lonely mountain-  
rose,

Wreath of the cliffs, again disclose ;  
'Midst rocky dells, each well-known  
stream,

Shall sparkle in the summer beam ;  
The birch, o'er precipice and cave,  
Its feathery foliage still shall wave ;  
The ash 'midst rugged clefts unveil

Its coral clusters to the gale,  
And autumn shed a warmer bloom  
O'er the rich heath and glowing  
broom.

But thy light footstep there no more,  
Each path, each dingle shall explore ;  
In vain may smile each green recess,  
—Who now shall pierce its loneliness?  
The stream through shadowy glens  
may stray,

—Who now shall trace its glistening  
way ?

In solitude, in silence deep,  
Shrined 'midst her rocks, shall  
echo sleep,

No lute's wild swell again shall rise,  
To wake her mystic melodies.

All soft may blow the mountain air,  
—It will not wave thy graceful hair !  
The mountain rose may bloom and  
die,

—It will not meet thy smiling eye !  
But like those scenes of vanished  
days,

Shall others ne'er delight ;  
Far lovelier lands shall meet thy gaze,  
Yet seem not half so bright !

O'er the dim woodland's fading hue,  
Still gleams yon Gothic pile on  
high ;

Gaze on, while yet 'tis thine to view  
That home of infancy !

Heed not the night-dew's chilling  
power,

Heed not the sea-wind's coldest hour,  
But pause, and linger on the deck,  
Till of those towers no trace, no speck,  
Is gleaming o'er the main ;

For when the mist of morn shall rise,  
Blending the sea, the shore, the skies,  
That home, once vanished from  
thine eyes,

Shall bless them ne'er again !  
There the dark tales and songs of  
yore,

First with strange transport filled  
thy soul,

E'en while their fearful, mystic lore,  
From thy warm cheek the life-  
bloom stole ;

There, while thy father's raptured  
ear,

Dwelt fondly on a strain so dear,  
And in his eye the trembling tear,  
Revealed his spirit's trance ;

How oft, those echoing halls along,

Thy thrilling voice has swelled the  
 song,  
 Tradition wild of other days,  
 Or troubadour's heroic lays,  
 Or legend of romance !  
 Oh ! many an hour has there  
 been thine,  
 That memory's pencil oft shall  
 dress  
 In softer shades, and tints that shine  
 In mellowed loveliness !  
 While thy sick heart, and fruitless  
 tears,  
 Shall mourn, with fond and deep  
 regret,  
 The sunshine of thine early years,  
 Scarce deemed so radiant—till it  
 set !  
 The cloudless peace, unprized till  
 gone,  
 The bliss, till vanished, hardly  
 known !

On rock and turret, wood and hill,  
 The fading moonbeams linger still ;  
 Still, Bertha, gaze on yon grey tower,  
 At evening's last and sweetest hour,  
 While varying still, the western skies  
 Flushed the clear seas with rainbow  
 dyes,  
 Whose warm suffusions glowed and  
 passed,  
 Each richer, lovelier, than the last  
 How oft, while gazing on the deep,  
 That seemed a heaven of peace to  
 sleep,  
 As if its wave, so still, so fair,  
 More frowning mien might never  
 wear,  
 The twilight calm of mental rest,  
 Would steal in silence o'er thy breast,  
 And wake that dear and balmy sigh,  
 That softly breathes the spirit's  
 harmony !  
 —Ah ! ne'er again shall hours to thee  
 be given, [Heaven !  
 Of joy on earth—so near allied to  
 Why starts the tear to Bertha's eye ?  
 Is not her long-loved Osbert nigh ?  
 Is there a grief his voice, his smile,  
 His words, are fruitless to beguile ?  
 —Oh ! bitter to the youthful heart,  
 That scarce a pang, a care has  
 known,  
 The hour when first from scenes we  
 part,

Where life's bright spring has  
 flown !  
 Forsaking, o'er the world to roam,  
 That little shrine of peace—our home !  
 E'en if delighted fancy throw  
 O'er that cold world, her brightest  
 glow,  
 Painting its untried paths with  
 flowers,  
 That will not live in earthly bowers  
 (Too frail, too exquisite, to bear  
 One breath of life's ungenial air) ;  
 E'en if such dreams of hope arise,  
 As Heaven alone can realize ;  
 Cold were the breast that would not  
 heave  
 One sigh, the home of youth to leave ;  
 Stern were the heart that would not  
 swell  
 To breathe life's saddest word—fare-  
 well !  
 Though earth has many a deeper woe,  
 Though tears, more bitter far, must  
 flow,  
 That hour, whate'er our future lot,  
 That first fond grief, is ne'er forgot !  
 Such was the pang of Bertha's heart,  
 The thought, that bade the tear-drop  
 start ;  
 And Osbert by her side  
 Heard the deep sigh, whose bursting  
 swell  
 Nature's fond struggle told too well ;  
 And days of future bliss portrayed,  
 And love's own eloquence essayed,  
 To soothe his plighted bride !  
 Of bright Arcadian scenes he tells,  
 In that sweet land to which they  
 fly :  
 The vine-clad rocks, the fragrant  
 dells  
 Of blooming Italy.  
 For he had roved a pilgrim there,  
 And gazed on many a spot so fair,  
 It seemed like some enchanted grove,  
 Where only peace, and joy, and love,  
 Those exiles of the world, might rove,  
 And breathe its heavenly air ;  
 And, all unmixed with ruder tone,  
 Their " wood-notes wild " be heard  
 alone !

Far from the frown of stern control,  
 That vainly would subdue the soul,  
 There shall their long affianced hands,

Be joined in consecrated bands,  
 And in some rich, romantic vale,  
     Circled with heights of Alpine  
     snow,  
 Where citron woods enrich the gale,  
 And scented shrubs their balm exhale,  
     And flowering myrtles blow ;  
 And 'midst the mulberry boughs on  
     high,  
 Weaves the wild vine her tapestry :  
 On some bright streamlet's emerald  
     side,  
 Where cedars wave, in graceful pride,  
 Bosomed in groves, their home  
     shall rise,  
**A sheltered bower of Paradise !**

Thus would the lover soothe to rest  
 With tales of hope her anxious breast ;  
 Nor vain that dear enchanting lore,  
 Her soul's bright visions to restore,  
 And bid gay phantoms of delight  
 Float, in soft colouring, o'er her  
     sight.

—Oh ! youth, sweet May-morn, fled  
     so soon,

Far brighter than life's loveliest noon,  
 How oft thy spirit's buoyant power  
 Will triumph, e'en in sorrow's hour  
     Prevailing o'er regret !

As rears its head the elastic flower  
 Though the dark tempest's recent  
     shower

Hang on its petals yet !

Ah ! not so soon can hope's gay  
     smile

The aged bard to joy beguile ;  
 Those silent years that steal away  
 The cheek's warm rose, the eye's  
     bright ray,

Win from the mind a nobler prize,  
 E'en all its buoyant energies !

For him the April days are past,  
     When grief was but a fleeting  
     cloud ;

No transient shade will sorrow cast,  
     When age the spirit's might has  
     bowed !

And, as he sees the land grow dim,  
 That native land, now lost to him,  
 Fixed are his eyes, and clasped his  
     hands,

And long in speechless grief he stands.  
     So desolately calm his air,  
 He seems an image, wrought to bear

The stamp of deep, though hushed  
     despair ;

Motion and life no sign bespeaks  
 Save that the night-breeze, o'er his  
     cheeks,

Just waves his silvery hair !  
 Nought else could teach the eye to  
     know

He was no sculptured form of woe !

Long gazing o'er the darkening flood,  
 Pale in that silent grief he stood ;

Till the cold moon was waning fast,  
     And many a lovely star had died,  
 And the grey heavens deep shadows  
     cast

Far o'er the slumbering tide ;  
 And robed in one dark solemn hue,  
 Arose the distant shore to view.

Then, starting from his trance of  
     woe,

Tears, long suppressed, in freedom  
     flow,

While thus his wild and plaintive  
     strain,

Blends with the murmur of the main.

#### THE BARD'S FAREWELL

Thou setting moon ! when next  
     thy rays

Are trembling on the shadowy  
     deep,

The land, now fading from my  
     gaze,

These eyes in vain shall weep ;  
 And wander o'er the lonely sea,  
 And fix their tearful glance on thee,  
 On thee ! whose light so softly  
     gleams,

Through the green oaks that fringe  
     my native streams.

But, 'midst those ancient groves,  
     no more

Shall I thy quivering lustre hail,  
 Its plaintive strain my heart must  
     pour,

To swell a foreign gale ;  
 The rocks, the woods, whose echoes  
     woke,

When its full tones their stillness  
     broke,

Deserted now, shall hear alone,  
 The brook's wild voice, the wind's  
     mysterious moan.

And oh! ye fair, forsaken halls,  
Left by your lord to slow decay,  
Soon shall the trophies on your  
walls

Be mouldering fast away!  
There shall no choral songs resound,  
There shall no festal board be  
crowned;

But ivy wreath the silent gate,  
And all be hushed, and cold, and  
desolate.

No banner from the stately tower,  
Shall spread its blazoned folds  
on high,

There the wild bricr and summer  
flower

Unmarked, shall wave and die.  
Home of the mighty! thou art  
lone,

The noonday of thy pride is gone,  
And, 'midst thy solitude profound,  
A step shall echo like unearthly  
sound!

From thy cold hearths no festal  
blaze

Shall fill the hall with ruddy  
light,

Nor welcome, with convivial rays,  
Some pilgrim of the night:

But there shall grass luxuriant  
spread,

As o'er the dwellings of the dead;  
And the deep swell of every blast,

Seem a wild dirge for years of grandeur past.

And I—my joy of life is fled,  
My spirit's power, my bosom's  
glow,

The raven locks that graced my  
head,

Wave in a wreath of snow!

And where the star of youth arose,  
I deemed life's lingering ray should  
close,

And those loved trees my tomb  
o'ershade,

Beneath whose arching bowers my  
childhood played.

Vain dream; that tomb in distant  
earth

Shall rise, forsaken and forgot;  
And thou, sweet land, that gavest  
me birth,

A grave must yield me not!  
Yet, haply he for whom I leave  
Thy shores, in life's dark winter-  
eve,

When cold the hand, and closed  
the lays,

And mute the voice he loved to  
praise,

O'er the hushed harp one tear  
may shed,

And one frail garland o'er the minstrel's bed!

## BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

'Twas night in Babylon: yet many a  
beam,

Of lamps far glittering from her  
domes on high,

Shone, brightly mingling in Euphrates' stream

With the clear stars of that Chaldean  
sky,

Whose azure knows no cloud: each  
whispered sigh

Of the soft night-breeze through her  
terrace bowers,

Bore deepening tones of joy and  
melody,

O'er an illumined wilderness of  
flowers;

And the glad city's voice went up  
from all her towers.

But prouder mirth was in the kingly  
hall,

Where, 'midst adoring slaves, a  
gorgeous band,

High at the stately midnight festival,  
Belshazzar sat enthroned. There  
luxury's hand

Had showered around all treasures  
that expand

Beneath the burning East; all gems  
that pour

The sunbeams back; all sweets  
of many a land,



Whose gales waft incense from their  
spicy shore ;  
—But mortal pride looked on, and  
still demanded more.

With richer zest the banquet may  
be fraught,  
A loftier theme may swell the exult-  
ing strain !  
The lord of nations spoke,—and  
forth were brought  
The spoils of Salem's devastated  
fane.  
Thrice holy vessels !—pure from  
earthly stain,  
And set apart, and sanctified to Him,  
Who deigned within the oracle to  
reign,  
Revealed, yet shadowed ; making  
noonday dim,  
To that most glorious cloud between  
the cherubim.

They came, and louder pealed the  
voice of song,  
And pride flashed brighter from  
the kindling eye,  
And He Who sleeps not heard the  
elated throng,  
In mirth that plays with thunder-  
bolts, defy  
The Rock of Zion !—Fill the nectar  
high,  
High in the cups of consecrated gold !  
And crown the bowl with garlands,  
ere they die,  
And bid the censers of the temple  
hold  
Offerings to Babel's gods, the mighty  
ones of old !

Peace !—is it but a phantom of the  
brain,  
Thus shadowed forth, the senses  
to appal,  
Yon fearful vision ?—Who shall gaze  
To search its cause ?—Along the  
illuminated wall,  
Startling, yet riveting the eyes of all,  
Darkly it moves,—a hand, a human  
hand,  
O'er the bright lamps of that re-  
splendent hall,  
In silence tracing, as a mystic wand,  
Words all unknown, the tongue of  
some far distant land !

There are pale cheeks around the  
regal board,  
And quivering limbs, and whispers  
deep and low,  
And fitful starts !—the wine, in  
triumph poured,  
Untasted foams, the song hath  
ceased to flow,  
The waving censer drops to earth—  
and lo !  
The king of men, the ruler, girt with  
mirth,  
Trembles before a shadow !—Say not  
so !  
—The child of dust, with guilt's fore-  
boding sight,  
Shrinks from the dread Unknown,  
the avenging Infinite !

“ But haste ye !—bring Chaldea's  
gifted seers,  
The men of prescience !—haply to  
*their eyes,*  
Which track the future through the  
rolling spheres,  
Yon mystic sign may speak in pro-  
phecies.”  
They come—the readers of the mid-  
night skies,  
They that gave voice to visions—but  
in vain !  
Still wrapt in clouds the awful secret  
lies,  
It hath no language 'midst the  
starry train,  
Earth has no gifted tongue Heaven's  
mysteries to explain.

Then stood forth one, a child of  
other sires,  
And other inspiration !—one of those  
Who on the willows hung their  
captive lyres,  
And sat, and wept, where Babel's  
river flows.  
His eye was bright, and yet the  
pale repose  
Of his pure features half o'erawed  
the mind,  
Telling of inward mysteries—joys  
and woes  
In lone recesses of the soul enshrined ;  
Depths of a being sealed and severed  
from mankind.  
Yes !—what was earth to him, whose  
spirit passed

Time's utmost bounds!—on whose  
unshrinking sight

Ten thousand shapes of burning glory  
cast

Their full resplendence?—Majesty  
and might

Were in his dreams;—for him the  
veil of light

Shrouding Heaven's inmost sanctuary  
and throne,

The curtain of the unutterably  
bright

Was raised!—to him, in fearful  
splendour shown,

Ancient of Days! e'en Thou mad'st  
Thy dread presence known.

He spoke: the shadows of the things  
to come

Passed o'er his soul: "O king, elate  
in pride!

God hath sent forth the writing of  
thy doom—

The one, the living God by thee  
defied!

He, in Whose balance earthly lords are  
tried,

Hath weighed, and found thee  
wanting. 'Tis decreed

The conqueror's hands thy kingdom  
shall divide,

The stranger to thy throne of power  
succeed!

Thy days are full—they come,—the  
Persian and the Mede!"

There fell a moment's thrilling silence  
round—

A breathless pause!—the hush of  
hearts that beat,

And limbs that quiver:—Is there not  
a sound,

A gathering cry, a tread of hurrying  
feet?

—'Twas but some echo in the crowded  
street,

Of far heard revelry; the shout, the  
song,

The measured dance to music wildly  
sweet,

That speeds the stars their joyous  
course along—

Away; nor let a dream disturb the  
festal throng!

Peace yet again! Hark! steps in  
tumult flying,

Steeds rushing on, as o'er a battle-  
field!

The shouts of hosts exulting or defy-  
ing,

The press of multitudes that strive  
or yield!

And the loud startling clash of spear  
and shield,

Sudden as earthquake's burst; and,  
blent with these,

The last wild shriek of those whose  
doom is sealed

In their full mirth;—all deepening  
on the breeze,

As the long stormy roll of far-advanc-  
ing seas!

And nearer yet the trumpet's blast  
is swelling,

Loud, shrill, and savage, drowning  
every cry:

And, lo! the spoiler in the regal  
dwelling,

Death—bursting on the halls of  
revelry!

Ere on their brows one fragile rose-  
leaf die,

The sword hath raged through joy's  
devoted train;

Ere one bright star be faded from the  
sky,

Red flames, like banners, wave from  
dome and fane;

Empire is lost and won—Belshazzar  
with the slain.

## THE LAST CONSTANTINE

Thou strivest nobly,  
 When hearts of sterner stuff perhaps had sunk ;  
 And o'er thy fall, if it be so decreed,  
 Good men will mourn, and brave men will shed tears.

Fame I look not for,  
 But to sustain, in Heaven's all-seeing eye,  
 Before my fellow-men, in mine own sight,  
 With graceful virtue and becoming pride,  
 The dignity and honour of a man,  
 Thus stationed as I am, and I will do all  
 That man may do.

JOANNA BAILLIE: *Constantine Palæologus.*

I  
 THE fires grew pale on Rome's  
 deserted shrines,  
 In the dim grot the Pythia's voice  
 had died ;  
 —Shout, for the city of the Con-  
 stantines,  
 The rising city of the billow-side,  
 The City of the Cross !—great  
 ocean's bride,  
 Crowned with her birth she sprung !  
 Long ages past,  
 And still she looked in glory o'er  
 the tide,  
 Which at her feet barbaric riches  
 cast,  
 Poured by the burning East, all  
 joyously and fast.

II  
 Long ages past !—they left her  
 porphyry halls  
 Still trod by kingly footsteps.  
 Gems and gold  
 Broidered her mantle, and her  
 castled walls  
 Frowned in their strength ; yet  
 there were signs which told  
 The days were nill. The pure high  
 faith of old  
 Was changed ; and on her silken  
 couch of sleep  
 She lay, and murmured if a rose-  
 leaf's fold  
 Disturbed her dreams ; and called  
 her slaves to keep  
 Their watch, that no rude sound  
 might reach her o'er the deep.

III  
 But there are sounds that from the  
 regal dwelling

Free hearts and fearless only  
 may exclude ;  
 'Tis not alone the wind, at mid-  
 night swelling,  
 Breaks on the soft repose by luxury  
 wooed !  
 There are unbidden footsteps,  
 which intrude  
 Where the lamps glitter, and the  
 wine-cup flows,  
 And darker hues have stained the  
 marble, strewed  
 With the fresh myrtle, and the  
 short-lived rose,  
 And Parian walls have rung to the  
 dread march of foes.

IV  
 A voice of multitudes is on the  
 breeze,  
 Remote, yet solemn as the night-  
 storm's roar  
 Through Ida's giant-pines ! Across  
 the seas  
 A murmur comes, like that the  
 deep winds bore  
 From Tempe's haunted river to  
 the shore  
 Of the reed-crowned Eurotas ;  
 when, of old,  
 Dark Asia sent her battle-myriads  
 o'er  
 The indignant wave, which would  
 not be controlled,  
 But past the Persian's chain in  
 boundless freedom rolled.

V  
 And it is thus again !—Swift oars  
 are dashing  
 The parted waters, and a light is  
 cast

On their white foam-wreaths,  
from the sudden flashing  
Of Tartar spears, whose ranks  
are thickening fast.  
There swells a savage trumpet on  
the blast,  
A music of the deserts, wild and  
deep,  
Wakening strange echoes, as the  
shores are passed  
Where low 'midst Ilion's dust  
her conquerors sleep,  
O'ershadowing with high names each  
rude sepulchral heap.

## VI

War from the West!—the snows  
on Thracian hills  
Are loosed by Spring's warm  
breath; yet o'er the lands  
Which Hæmus girds, the chainless  
mountain rills  
Pour down less swiftly than the  
Moslem bands.  
War from the East!—'midst Araby's  
lone sands,  
More lonely now the few bright  
founts may be,  
While Ismael's bow is bent in  
warrior-hands  
Against the Golden City of the sea :  
—Oh! for a soul to fire thy dust,  
Thermopylæ!

## VII

Hear yet again, ye mighty!—  
Where are they,  
Who, with their green Olympic  
garlands crowned,  
Leaped up, in proudly beautiful  
array,  
As to a banquet gathering, at the  
sound  
Of Persia's clarion?—Far and  
joyous round,  
From the pine forests, and the  
mountain snows,  
And the low sylvan valleys, to the  
bound  
Of the bright waves, at freedom's  
voice they rose!  
—Hath it no thrilling tone to break  
the tomb's repose?

## VIII

They slumber with their swords!—  
The olive shades

H.P.

In vain are whispering their  
immortal tale!  
In vain the spirit of the past  
pervades  
The soft winds, breathing through  
each Grecian vale.  
—Yet must *Thou* wake, though all  
unarmed and pale,  
Devoted City!—Lo! the Mos-  
lem's spear,  
Red from its vintage, at thy gates;  
his sail  
Upon thy waves, his trumpet in  
thine ear!  
—Awake! and summon those, who  
yet, perchance, may hear!

## IX

Be hushed, thou faint and feeble  
voice of weeping:  
Lift ye the banner of the Cross on  
high,  
And call on chiefs, whose noble  
sires are sleeping  
In their proud graves of sainted  
chivalry,  
Beneath the palms and cedars,  
where they sigh  
To Syrian gales!—The sons of each  
brave line,  
From their baronial halls shall  
hear your cry,  
And seize the arms which flashed  
round Salem's shrine,  
And wield for you the swords once  
waved for Palestine!

## X

All still, all voiceless!—and the  
billow's roar  
Alone replies!—Alike *their* soul is  
gone  
Who shared the funeral feast on  
Ceta's shore,  
And *theirs* that o'er the field of  
Ascalon  
Swelled the Crusaders' hymn!—  
Then gird thou on  
Thine armour, Eastern Queen!  
and meet the hour  
Which waits thee ere the day's  
fierce work is done  
With a strong heart; so may thy  
helmet tower  
Unshivered through the storm, for  
generous hope is power!

P

## XI

But linger not,—array thy men of  
 might!  
 The shores, the seas, are peopled  
 with thy foes.  
 Arms through thy cypress groves  
 are gleaming bright,  
 And the dark huntsmen of the wild,  
 repose  
 Beneath the shadowy marble porti-  
 coes  
 Of thy proud villas. Nearer and  
 more near,  
 Around thy walls the sons of battle  
 close;  
 Each hour, each moment, hath its  
 sound of fear,  
 Which the deep grave alone is  
 chartered not to hear!

## XII

Away! bring wine, bring odours,  
 to the shade  
 Where the tall pine and poplar  
 blend on high!  
 Bring roses, exquisite, but soon to  
 fade!  
 Snatch every brief delight,—since  
 we must die!—  
 Yet is the hour, degenerate Greeks!  
 gone by  
 For feast in vine-wreathed bower,  
 or pillared hall;  
 Dim gleams the torch beneath yon  
 fiery sky,  
 And deep and hollow is the tam-  
 bour's call,  
 And from the startled hand the un-  
 tasted cup will fall.

## XIII

The night—the glorious oriental  
 night,  
 Hath lost the silence of her purple  
 heaven,  
 With its clear stars! The red  
 artillery's light,  
 Athwart her worlds of tranquil  
 splendour driven,  
 To the still firmament's expanse  
 hath given  
 Its own fierce glare, wherein each  
 cliff and tower  
 Starts wildly forth; and now the  
 air is riven  
 With thunder-bursts, and now dull  
 smoke-clouds lower,

Veiling the gentle moon, in her most  
 hallowed hour.

## XIV

Sounds from the waters, sounds  
 upon the earth,  
 Sounds in the air, of battle! Yet  
 with these  
 A voice is mingling, whose deep  
 tones give birth  
 To Faith and Courage! From  
 luxurious ease  
 A gallant few have started! O'er  
 the seas,  
 From the Seven Towers, their  
 banner waves its sign,  
 And Hope is whispering in the  
 joyous breeze,  
 Which plays amidst its folds.  
 That voice was *thine*:  
 Thy soul was on that band, devoted  
 Constantine.

## XV

Was Rome thy parent? Didst  
 thou catch from *her*  
 The fire that lives in thine un-  
 daunted eye?  
 —That city of the throne and sepul-  
 chre  
 Hath given proud lessons how to  
 reign and die!  
 Heir of the Cæsars! did that line-  
 age high,  
 Which, as a triumph to the grave,  
 hath passed,  
 With its long march of sceptred  
 imagery,  
 The heroic mantle o'er thy spirit  
 cast?  
 —Thou! of an eagle race the noblest  
 and the last!

## XVI

Vain dreams! upon that spirit  
 hath descended  
 Light from the living Fountain,  
 whence each thought  
 Springs pure and holy! In that  
 eye is blended  
 A spark, with Earth's triumphal  
 memories fraught,  
 And, far within, a deeper meaning,  
 caught  
 From worlds unseen. A hope, a  
 lofty trust,

Whose resting place on buoyant  
wing is sought  
(Though through its veil, seen  
darkly from the dust),  
In realms where Time no more hath  
power upon the just.

## XVII

Those were proud days, when on  
the battle plain  
And in the sun's bright face, and  
'midst the array  
Of awe-struck hosts, and circled  
by the slain,  
The Roman cast his glittering  
mail away,  
And while a silence, as of mid-  
night, lay  
O'er breathless thousands at his  
voice who started,  
Called on the unseen, terrific  
powers that sway  
The heights, the depths, the  
shades; then, fearless-hearted,  
Girt on his robe of death, and for  
the grave departed!

## XVIII

But then, around him as the  
javelins rushed,  
From earth to heaven swelled up  
the loud acclaim;  
And, ere his heart's last free  
libation gushed,  
With a bright smile the warrior  
caught his name  
Far-floating on the winds! And  
Victory came,  
And made the hour of that im-  
mortal deed  
A life, in fiery feeling! Valour's  
aim  
Had sought no loftier guerdon.  
Thus to bleed,  
Was to be Rome's high star!—He  
died—and had his meed.

## XIX

But praise—and dearer, holier  
praise, be theirs,  
Who, in the stillness and the soli-  
tude  
Of hearts pressed earthwards by a  
weight of cares,  
Uncheered by Fame's proud hope,  
the ethereal food

Of restless energies, and only  
viewed  
By Him Whose eye, from His eter-  
nal throne,  
Is on the soul's dark places;  
have subdued  
And vowed themselves with  
strength till then unknown,  
To some high martyr-task, in secret  
and alone.

## XX

Theirs be the bright and sacred  
names, enshrined  
Far in the bosom! for their  
deeds belong,  
Not to the gorgeous faith which  
charmed mankind  
With its rich pomp of festival and  
song,  
Garland, and shrine, and incense-  
bearing throng;  
But to that Spirit, hallowing, as it  
tries  
Man's hidden soul in whispers, yet  
more strong  
Than storm or earthquake's voice;  
for *thence* arise  
All that mysterious world's unseen  
sublimities.

## XXI

Well might *thy* name, brave Con-  
stantine! awake  
Such thought, such feeling!—But  
the scene again  
Bursts on my vision, as the day-  
beams break  
Through the red sulphurous mists:  
the camp, the plain,  
The terraced palaces, the dome-  
capt fane,  
With its bright cross fixed high in  
crowning grace;  
Spears on the ramparts, galleys  
on the main,  
And, circling all with arms, that  
turbaned race,  
The sun, the desert, stamped in each  
dark haughty face.

## XXII

Shout, ye seven hills! Lo! Chris-  
tian pennons streaming  
Red o'er the waters! Hail, de-  
liverers, hail!

Along your billowy wake the  
 radiance gleaming,  
 Is Hope's own smile! They crowd  
 the swelling sail,  
 On, with the foam, the sunbeam  
 and the gale,  
 Borne, as a victor's car! The  
 batteries pour  
 Their clouds and thunders; but  
 the rolling veil  
 Of smoke floats up the exulting  
 winds before!  
 —And oh! the glorious burst of that  
 bright sea and shore!

## XXIII

The rocks, waves, ramparts, Europe's,  
 Asia's coast,  
 All thronged! one theatre for  
 kingly war! [host,  
 A monarch girt with his barbaric  
 Points o'er the beach his flashing  
 scimitar!  
 Dark tribes are tossing javelins  
 from afar,  
 Hands waving banners o'er each  
 battlement,  
 Decks, with their serried guns,  
 arrayed to bar  
 The promised aid: but hark! a  
 shout is sent  
 Up from the noble barks!—the  
 Moslem line is rent!

## XXIV

On, on through rushing flame, and  
 arrowy shower,  
 The welcome prow has cleft their  
 rapid way:  
 And, with the shadows of the  
 vesper hour,  
 Furl'd their white sails, and an-  
 chored in the bay.  
 Then were the streets with song and  
 torch-fire gay,  
 Then the Greek wines flowed  
 mantling in the light  
 Of festal halls—and there was joy!  
 —the ray  
 Of dying eyes, a moment wildly  
 bright,  
 The sunset of the soul, ere lost to  
 mortal sight!

## XXV

For vain that feeble succour!  
 Day by day

The imperial towers are crumbling,  
 and the sweep  
 Of the vast engines, in their cease-  
 less play,  
 Comes powerful, as when Heaven  
 unbinds the deep!  
 —Man's heart is mightier than the  
 castled steep,  
 Yet will it sink when earthly hope  
 is fled;  
 Man's thoughts work darkly in such  
 hours, and sleep  
 Flies far: and in *their* mien, the  
 walls who tread,  
 Things by the brave untold, may  
 fearfully be read!

## XXVI

It was a sad and solemn task, to  
 hold  
 Their midnight watch on that  
 beleaguered wall!  
 As the sea wave beneath the  
 bastions rolled,  
 A sound of fate was in its rise and  
 fall;  
 The heavy clouds were as an em-  
 pire's pall,  
 The giant shadows of each tower  
 and fane  
 Lay like the grave's; a low mys-  
 terious call  
 Breathed in the wind, and, from  
 the tented plain,  
 A voice of omens rose with each wild  
 martial strain.

## XXVII

For they might catch the Arab  
 charger's neighing,  
 The Thracian drums, the Tartar's  
 drowsy song;  
 Might almost hear the soldan's  
 banner swaying,  
 The watchword muttered in some  
 eastern tongue.  
 Then flashed the gun's terrific light  
 along  
 The marble streets, all stillness—  
 not repose,  
 And 'boding thoughts came o'er  
 them, dark and strong;  
 For heaven, earth, air, speak  
 auguries to those  
 Who see their numbered hours fast  
 pressing to the close.

## XXVIII

But strength is from the mightiest !  
 There is one  
 Still in the breach, and on the ram-  
 part seen,  
 Whose cheek shows paler with  
 each morning sun,  
 And tells in silence, how the night  
 hath been,  
 In kingly halls, a vigil : yet serene  
 The ray set deep within his thought-  
 ful eye :  
 And there is that in his collected  
 mien,  
 To which the hearts of noble men  
 reply,  
 With fires, partaking not this frame's  
 mortality !

## XXIX

Yes ! call it not of lofty minds the  
 fate,  
 To pass o'er earth in brightness,  
 but alone ;  
 High power was made their birth-  
 right, to create  
 A thousand thoughts responsive  
 to their own !  
 A thousand echoes of their spirit's  
 tone  
 Start into life, where'er their path  
 may be,  
 Still following fast ; as when the  
 wind hath blown  
 O'er Indian groves, a wanderer  
 wild and free,  
 Kindling and bearing flames afar  
 from tree to tree !

## XXX

And it is thus with thee ! thy lot  
 is cast  
 On evil days, thou Cæsar ! yet the  
 few  
 That set their generous bosom to  
 the blast  
 Which rocks thy throne—the fear-  
 less and the true,  
 Bear hearts wherein thy glance  
 can still renew  
 The free devotion of the years gone  
 by,  
 When from bright dreams the  
 ascendant Roman drew  
 Enduring strength ! States vanish  
 —ages fly—

But leave one task unchanged—to  
 suffer and to die !

## XXXI

These are our nature's heritage.  
 But thou,  
 The crowned with empire ! thou  
 wert called to share  
 A cup more bitter. On thy  
 fevered brow  
 The semblance of that buoyant  
 hope to wear,  
 Which long had passed away ;  
 alone to bear  
 The rush and pressure of dark  
 thoughts, that came  
 As a strong billow in their weight  
 of care ;  
 And, with all this, to smile ! for  
 earth-born frame  
 These are stern conflicts, yet they  
 pass, unknown to fame !

## XXXII

Her glance is on the triumph, on  
 the field,  
 On the red scaffold ; and where'er,  
 in sight  
 Of human eyes, the human soul  
 is steeled  
 To deeds that seem as of immortal  
 might,  
 Yet are proud nature's ! But her  
 meteor-light  
 Can pierce no depths, no clouds ;  
 it falls not where  
 In silence, and in secret, and in  
 night,  
 The noble heart doth wrestle with  
 despair,  
 And rise more strong than death  
 from its unwitnessed prayer.

## XXXIII

Men have been firm in battle :  
 they have stood  
 With a prevailing hope on ravaged  
 plains,  
 And won the birthright of their  
 hearths with blood,  
 And died rejoicing, 'midst their  
 ancient fanes,  
 That so their children, undefiled  
 with chains,  
 Might worship there in peace.  
 ▲ But they that stand



When not a beacon o'er the wave  
remains,  
Linked but to perish with a ruined  
land,  
Where Freedom dies with them—call  
*these* a martyr-band !

## xxxiv

But the world heeds them not.  
Or if, perchance,  
Upon their strife it bend a careless  
eye,  
It is but as the Roman's stoic  
glance  
Fell on that stage where man's last  
agony  
Was made *his* sport, who, know-  
ing *one* must die,  
Recked not *which* champion ; but  
prepared the strain,  
And bound the bloody wreath of  
victory,  
To greet the conqueror, while, with  
calm disdain,  
The vanquished proudly met the  
doom he met in vain.

## xxxv

The hour of Fate comes on ! and it  
is fraught  
With *this* of Liberty, that now the  
need  
Is past to veil the brow of anxious  
thought,  
And clothe the heart, which still  
beneath must bleed,  
With Hope's fair-seeming drapery.  
We are freed  
From tasks like these by misery ;  
one alone  
Is left the brave, and rest shall be  
thy meed,  
Prince, watcher, wearied one !  
when thou hast shown  
How brief the cloudy space which  
parts the grave and throne.

## xxxvi

The signs are full. They are not  
in the sky,  
Nor in the many voices of the air,  
Nor the swift clouds. No fiery  
hosts on high  
Toss their wild spears : no meteor-  
banners glare,  
No comet fiercely shakes its blazing  
hair ;

And yet the signs are full : too  
truly seen  
In the thinned ramparts, in the  
pale despair  
Which lends one language to a  
people's mien,  
And in the ruined heaps where walls  
and towers have been !

## xxxvii

It is a night of beauty : such a  
night [shade,  
As, from the sparry grot or laurel-  
Or wave in marbled cavern rippling  
bright,  
Might woo the nymphs of Grecian  
fount and glade  
To sport beneath its moonbeams,  
which pervade  
Their forest-haunts ; a night, to  
rove alone  
Where the young leaves by vernal  
winds are swayed,  
And the reeds whisper, with a  
dreamy tone  
Of melody, that seems to breathe  
from worlds unknown ;

## xxxviii

A night, to call from green Ely-  
sium's bowers  
The shades of elder bards ; a  
night, to hold  
Unseen communion with the in-  
spiring powers  
That made deep groves their  
dwelling-place of old ;  
A night, for mourners, o'er the  
hallowed mould,  
To strew sweet flowers ; for re-  
vellers to fill  
And wreathe the cup ; for sorrows  
to be told  
Which love hath cherished long—  
vain thoughts ! be still !  
It is a night of fate, stamped with  
Almighty Will !

## xxxix

It *should* come sweeping in the  
storm, and rending  
The ancient summits in its dread  
career !  
And with vast billows wrathfully  
contending,  
And with dark clouds o'ershadow-  
ing every sphere !

But He, Whose footstep shakes the  
earth with fear,  
Passing to lay the sovereign cities  
low,  
Alike in His omnipotence is near,  
When the soft winds o'er spring's  
green pathway blow,  
And when His thunders cleave the  
monarch mountain's brow.

## XLI

The heavens in still magnificence  
look down  
On the hushed Bosphorus, whose  
ocean stream  
Sleeps, with its paler stars: the  
snowy crown  
Of far Olympus, in the moonlight-  
gleam  
Towers radiantly, as when the  
Pagan's dream  
Thronged it with gods, and bent the  
adoring knee;  
—But that is past—and now the  
One Supreme  
Fills not alone *those* haunts; but  
earth, air, sea,  
And Time, which presses on, to finish  
His decree.

## XLI

Olympus, Ida, Delphi! ye, the  
thrones  
And temples of a visionary might,  
Brooding in clouds above your  
forest zones,  
And mantling thence the realms be-  
neath with night;  
Ye have looked down on battles!  
Fear, and Flight,  
And armed Revenge, all hurrying  
past below!  
But there is yet a more appalling  
sight  
For earth prepared, than e'er, with  
tranquil brow,  
Ye gazed on from your world of soli-  
tude and snow!

## XLII

Last night a sound was in the  
Moslem camp,  
And Asia's hills re-echoed to a cry  
Of savage mirth!—Wild horn and  
war-steeds' tramp  
Blent with the shout of barbarous  
revelry,

The clash of desert-spears! Last  
night the sky  
A hue of menace and of wrath put  
on,  
Caught from red watch-fires, blazing  
far and high,  
And countless, as the flames, in  
ages gone,  
Streaming to heaven's bright queen  
from shadowy Lebanon!

## XLIII

But all is stillness now. May this  
be sleep  
Which wraps those eastern thou-  
sands? Yes, perchance  
Along yon moonlit shore and  
dark-blue deep,  
Bright are their visions with the  
Hours' glance,  
And they behold the sparkling foun-  
tains dance  
Beneath the bowers of paradise,  
that shed  
Rich odours o'er the Faithful; but  
the lance,  
The bow, the spear, now round the  
slumberers spread,  
Ere fate fulfil such dreams, must rest  
beside the dead.

## XLIV

May this be sleep, this hush?—  
A sleepless eye  
Doth hold its vigil 'midst that  
dusky race!  
One that would scan the abyss of  
destiny, [trace  
E'en now is gazing on the skies, to  
In those bright worlds, the burning  
isles of space,  
Fate's mystic pathway: they the  
while, serene,  
Walk in their beauty; but Mo-  
hammed's face  
Kindles beneath their aspect, and  
his mien,  
All fired with stormy joy, by that  
soft light is seen.

## XLV

Oh! wild presumption of a con-  
queror's dream,  
To gaze on those pure altar-fires,  
enshrined  
In depths of blue infinitude, and  
deem

They shine to guide the spoiler of mankind  
 O'er fields of blood ! But with the restless mind  
 It hath been ever thus, and they that weep  
 For worlds to conquer, o'er the bounds assigned  
 To human search, in daring pride would sweep,  
 As o'er the trampled dust wherein they soon must sleep.

## XLVI

But ye ! that beamed on Fate's tremendous night,  
 When the storm burst o'er golden Babylon,  
 And ye, that sparkled with your wonted light  
 O'er burning Salem, by the Roman won ;  
 And ye, that calmly viewed the slaughter done  
 In Rome's own streets, when Alaric's trumpet-blast  
 Rung through the Capitol ; bright spheres ! roll on !  
*Still* bright, though empires fall ; and bid man cast  
 His humbled eyes to earth, and commune with the past.

## XLVII

For it hath mighty lessons ! from the tomb,  
 And from the ruins of the tomb, and where,  
 'Midst the 'wrecked cities in the desert's gloom,  
 All tameless creatures make their savage lair,  
*Thence* comes its voice, that shakes the midnight air  
 And calls up clouds to dim the laughing day,  
 And thrills the soul ;—yet bids us not despair,  
 But make one rock our shelter and our stay,  
 Beneath whose shade all else is passing to decay !

## XLVIII

The hours move on. I see a wavering gleam

O'er the hushed waters tremulously fall,  
 Poured from the Cæsar's palace : now the beam  
 Of many lamps is brightening in the hall,  
 And from its long arcades and pillars tall  
 Soft graceful shadows undulating lie  
 On the wave's heaving bosom, and recall  
 A thought of Venice, with her moonlight sky,  
 And festal seas and domes, and fairy pageantry.

## XLIX

But from that dwelling floats no mirthful sound !  
 The swell of flute and Grecian lyre no more,  
 Wafting an atmosphere of music round,  
 Tells the hushed seaman, gliding past the shore,  
 How monarchs revel there !—Its feasts are o'er—  
 Why gleam the lights along its colonnade ?  
 —I see a train of guests in silence pour  
 Through its long avenues of terraced shade,  
 Whose stately founts and bowers for joy alone were made !

## L

In silence, and in arms !—With helm—with sword—  
 These are no marriage garments ! Yet e'en now  
 Thy nuptial feast should grace the regal board,  
 Thy Georgian bride should wreath her lovely brow  
 With an imperial diadem !—but thou,  
 O fated prince ! art called, and these with thee,  
 To darker scenes ; and thou hast learned to bow  
 Thine Eastern sceptre to the dread decree,  
 And count it joy enough to perish—being free !

## LI

On through long vestibules, with  
solemn tread  
As men, that in some time of fear  
and woe,  
Bear darkly to their rest the noble  
dead,  
O'er whom by day their sorrows  
may not flow,  
The warriors pass : their measured  
steps are slow,  
And hollow echoes fill the marble  
halls,  
Whose long-drawn vistas open as  
they go  
In desolate pomp ; and from the  
pictured walls,  
Sad seems the light itself which on  
their armour falls !

## LII

And they have reached a gorgeous  
chamber, bright  
With all we dream of splendour ;  
yet a gloom  
Seems gathered o'er it to the boding  
sight,  
A shadow that anticipates the  
tomb !  
Still from its fretted roof the lamps  
illumine  
A purple canopy, a golden throne ;  
But it is empty !—hath the stroke  
of doom  
Fallen there already ? Where is he,  
the one,  
Born that high seat to fill, supremely  
and alone ?

## LIII

Oh ! there are times whose pres-  
sure doth efface  
Earth's vain distinctions !—when  
the storm beats loud,  
When the strong towers are totter-  
ing to their base,  
And the streets rock,—who mingle  
in the crowd ?  
—Peasant and chief, the lowly  
and the proud,  
Are in that throng ! Yes, life hath  
many an hour  
Which makes us kindred, by one  
chastening bowed,  
And feeling but, as from the storm  
we cower,

What shrinking weakness feels before  
unbounded power !

## LIV

Yet then that Power, whose dwell-  
ing is on high,  
Its loftiest marvels doth reveal, and  
speak,  
In the deep human heart more  
gloriously,  
Than in the bursting thunder !—  
Thence the weak,  
They that seemed formed, as  
flower-stems, but to break  
With the first wind, have risen to  
deeds, whose name  
Still calls up thoughts that mantle  
to the cheek,  
And thrill the pulse !—Ay, strength  
no pangs could tame  
Hath looked from woman's eye upon  
the sword and flame !

## LV

And this of such hours !—That  
throne is void,  
And its lord comes uncrowned.  
Behold him stand,  
With a calm brow, where woes  
have not destroyed  
The Greek's heroic beauty, 'midst  
his band,  
The gathered virtue of a sinking  
land,  
Alas ! how scanty !—Now is cast  
aside  
All form of princely state ; each  
noble hand  
Is pressed by turns in his : for  
earthly pride  
There is no room in hearts where  
earthly hope hath died !

## LVI

A moment's hush—and then he  
speaks—he speaks !  
But not of hope ! *that* dream hath  
long gone by :  
His words are full of memory—as  
he seeks,  
By the strong names of Rome and  
Liberty,  
Which yet are living powers that  
fire the eye,  
And rouse the heart of manhood ;  
and by all

The sad yet grand remembrances  
that lie  
Deep with earth's buried heroes ;  
to recall  
The soul of other years, if but to  
grace their fall !

## LVII

His words are full of faith !—And  
thoughts, more high  
Than Rome e'er knew, now fill his  
glance with light ;  
Thoughts which gave nobler lessons  
how to die  
Than e'er were drawn from Nature's  
haughty might !  
And to that eye, with all the spirit  
bright,  
Have theirs replied in tears, which  
may not shame  
The bravest in such moments !—  
'Tis a sight  
To make all earthly splendours  
cold and tame,  
—That generous burst of soul, with  
its electric flame !

## LVIII

They weep—those champions of  
the Cross—they weep,  
Yet vow themselves to death ! Ay,  
'midst that train  
Are martyrs, privileged in tears to  
steep  
Their lofty sacrifice ! The pang  
is vain,  
And yet its gush of sorrow shall not  
stain  
A warrior's sword. Those men are  
strangers here—  
The homes they never may behold  
again,  
Lie far away, with all things blest  
and dear,  
On laughing shores, to which their  
barks no more shall steer !

## LIX

Know'st thou the land where bloom  
the orange bowers  
Where, through dark foliage, gleam  
the citron's dyes ?  
—It is their own. They see their  
fathers' towers,  
'Midst its Hesperian groves in  
sunlight rise :

They meet in soul, the bright  
Italian eyes,  
Which long and vainly shall explore  
the main  
For their white sails' return : the  
melodies  
Of that sweet land are floating o'er  
their brain—  
Oh ! what a crowded world one mo-  
ment may contain !

## LX

Such moments come to thousands !  
—few may die  
Amidst their native shades. The  
young, the brave,  
The beautiful, whose gladdening  
voice and eye  
Made summer in a parent's heart,  
and gave  
Light to their peopled homes ; o'er  
land and wave  
Are scattered fast and far, as rose  
leaves fall  
From the deserted stem. They  
find a grave  
Far from the shadow of the an-  
cestral hall,  
A lonely bed is theirs, whose smiles  
were hope to all !

## LXI

But life flows on, and bears us with  
its tide,  
Nor may we, lingering, by the  
slumberers dwell,  
Though they were those once  
blooming at our side  
In youth's gay home ! Away !  
what sound's deep swell  
Comes on the wind ?—It is an  
empire's knell,  
Slow, sad, majestic, pealing through  
the night !  
For the last time speaks forth the  
solemn bell,  
Which calls the Christians to their  
holiest rite,  
With a funereal voice of solitary might.

## LXII

Again, and yet again !—A startling  
power  
In sounds like these lives ever ; for  
they bear,  
Full on remembrance, each event-  
ful hour,

Checkering life's crowded path.  
 They fill the air  
 When conquerors pass, and fearful  
 cities wear  
 A mien like joy's; and when young  
 brides are led  
 From their paternal homes; and  
 when the glare  
 Of burning streets on midnight's  
 cloud waves red,  
 And when the silent house receive its  
 guest—the dead.

## LXIII

But to those tones what thrilling  
 soul was given,  
 On that last night of empire!—  
 As a spell  
 Whereby the life-blood to its source  
 is driven,  
 On the chilled heart of multitudes  
 they fell.  
 Each cadence seemed a prophecy,  
 to tell  
 Of sceptres passing from their line  
 away,  
 An angel-watcher's long and sad  
 farewell,  
 The requiem of a faith's departing  
 sway,  
 A throne's, a nation's dirge, a wail for  
 earth's decay.

## LXIV

Again, and yet again!—from yon  
 high dome,  
 Still the slow peal comes awfully;  
 and they  
 Who never more, to rest in mortal  
 home,  
 Shall throw the breastplate off at  
 fall of day,  
 The imperial band, in close and  
 armed array,  
 As men that from the sword must  
 part no more,  
 Take through the midnight streets  
 their silent way,  
 Within their ancient temple to  
 adore,  
 Ere yet its thousand years of Christian  
 pomp are o'er.

## LXV

It is the hour of sleep: yet few the  
 eyes

O'er which forgetfulness her balm  
 hath shed  
 In the beleaguered city. Stillness  
 lies  
 With moonlight, o'er the hills and  
 waters spread,  
 But not the less, with signs and  
 sounds of dread,  
 The time speeds on. No voice is  
 raised to greet  
 The last brave Constantine: and  
 yet the tread  
 Of many steps is in the echoing  
 street,  
 And pressure of pale crowds, scarce  
 conscious why they meet.

## LXVI

Their homes are luxury's yet: why  
 pour they thence  
 With a dim terror in each restless  
 eye?  
 Hath the dread car which bears the  
 pestilence,  
 In darkness, with its heavy wheels  
 rolled by,  
 And rocked their palaces, as if on  
 high  
 The whirlwind passed?—From  
 couch and joyous board  
 Hath the fierce phantom beckoned  
 them to die?  
 —No!—what are these?—for  
 them a cup is poured  
 More dark with wrath;—*Man* comes  
 —the spoiler and the sword.

## LXVII

Still, as the monarch and his chief-  
 tains pass  
 Through those pale throngs, the  
 streaming torch-light throws  
 On some wild form, amidst the  
 living mass,  
 Hues, deeply red like lava's, which  
 disclose  
 What countless shapes are worn by  
 mortal woes!  
 Lips bloodless, quivering limbs,  
 hands clasped in prayer,  
 Starts, tremblings, hurrys, tears;  
 all outward shows  
 Betokening inward agonies, were  
 there:  
 —Grecks! Romans! all but such as  
 image brave despair!

## LXVIII

But high above that scene, in  
 bright repose,  
 And beauty borrowing from the  
 torches' gleams,  
 A mien of life, yet where no life-  
 blood flows,  
 But all instinct with loftier being  
 seems,  
 Pale, grand, colossal; lo! the  
 embodied dreams  
 Of yore!—Gods, heroes, bards,  
 in marble wrought,  
 Look down, as powers, upon the  
 wild extremes  
 Of mortal passion!—Yet 'twas  
 man that caught,  
 And in each glorious form enshrined  
 immortal thought!

## LXIX

Stood ye not thus amidst the streets  
 of Rome?  
 That Rome which witnessed, in her  
 sceptred days,  
 So much of noble death?—When  
 shrine and dome,  
 'Midst clouds of incense, rung with  
 choral lays,  
 As the long triumph passed, with  
 all its blaze  
 Of regal spoil, were ye not proudly  
 borne,  
 O sovereign forms? concentring  
 all the rays  
 Of the soul's lightnings?—did ye  
 not adorn  
 The pomp which earth stood still to  
 gaze on, and to mourn?

## LXX

Hath it been thus?—or did ye  
 grace the halls,  
 Once peopled by the mighty?  
 Haply there,  
 In your still grandeur, from the  
 pillared walls  
 Serene ye smiled on banquets of  
 despair,  
 Where hopeless courage wrought  
 itself to dare  
 The stroke of its deliverance,  
 'midst the glow  
 Of living wreaths, the sighs of  
 perfumed air,  
 The sound of lyres, the flower-  
 crowned goblet's flow.

—Behold again!—high hearts make  
 nobler offerings now!

## LXXI

The stately fane is reached—and at  
 its gate  
 The warriors pause; on life's  
 tumultuous tide  
 A stillness falls, while he whom  
 regal state  
 Hath marked from all, to be more  
 sternly tried  
 By suffering, speaks:—each ruder  
 voice hath died,  
 While his implores forgiveness!—  
 "If there be  
 One 'midst your throngs, my  
 people! whom, in pride  
 Or passion, I have wronged; such  
 pardon, free  
 As mortals hope from Heaven, accord  
 that man to me!"

## LXXII

But all is silence; and a gush of  
 tears  
 Alone replies!—He hath not been  
 of those  
 Who, feared by many, pine in  
 secret fears  
 Of all; the environed but by slaves  
 and foes,  
 To whom day brings not safety,  
 night repose,  
 For they have heard the voice cry,  
 "Sleep no more!"  
 Of them he hath not been, nor such  
 as close [is o'er,  
 Their hearts to misery, till the time  
 When it speaks low and kneels the  
 oppressor's throne before.

## LXXIII

He hath been loved—but who may  
 trust the love  
 Of a degenerate race?—in other  
 mould  
 Are cast the free and lofty hearts,  
 that prove  
 Their faith through fiery trials,  
 Yet behold,  
 And call him not forsaken;—  
 thoughts untold  
 Have lent his aspect calmness, and  
 his tread  
 Moves firmly to the shrine. What  
 poms unfold

Within its precincts !—Isles and  
seas have shed  
Their gorgeous treasures there, around  
the imperial dead.

## LXXIV

'Tis a proud vision—that most  
regal pile  
Of ancient days ! The lamps are  
streaming bright  
From its rich altar, down each  
pillared aisle  
Whose vista fades in dimness ; but  
the sight  
Is lost in splendours, as the waver-  
ing light  
Develops, on those walls, the  
thousand dyes,  
Of the veined marbles, which array  
their height,  
And from yon dome, the lode-star  
of all eyes,  
Pour such an iris-glow as emulates  
the skies.

## LXXV

But gaze thou not on these ;  
though heaven's own hues,  
In their soft clouds and radiant  
tracery vie ;  
Though tints, of sun-born glory,  
may suffuse  
Arch, column, rich mosaic : pass  
thou by  
The stately tombs, where eastern  
Cæsars lie,  
Beneath their trophies ; pause not  
here ; for know,  
A deeper source of all sublimity  
Lives in man's bosom, than the  
world can show,  
In nature or in art—above, around,  
below.

## LXXVI

Turn thou to mark (though tears  
may dim thy gaze)  
The steel-clad group before yon  
altar-stone ;  
Heed not though gems and gold  
around it blaze,  
Those heads unhelm'd, those  
kneeling forms alone,  
Thus bowed, look glorious here.  
The light is thrown  
Full from the shrine on one, a  
nation's lord,

A sufferer !—but his task shall  
soon be done—  
E'en now, as Faith's mysterious  
cup is poured,  
See to that noble brow, peace, not  
of earth, restored !

## LXXVII

The rite is o'er. The band of  
brethren part,  
Once—and *but* once—to meet on  
earth again ! [heart,  
Each, in the strength of a collected  
To dare what man may dare—and  
know 'tis vain !  
The rite is o'er : and thou, ma-  
jestic fane !—  
The glory is departed from thy  
brow !—  
Be clothed with dust !—the Chris-  
tian's farewell strain  
Hath died within thy walls ; thy  
Cross must bow ;  
Thy kingly tombs be spoiled ; thy  
golden shrines laid low !

## LXXVIII

The streets grow still and lonely—  
and the star,  
The last bright lingerer in the path  
of morn,  
Gleams faint ; and in the very lap  
of war,  
As if young Hope with twilight's  
ray were born,  
Awhile the city sleeps :—her  
throngs, o'erworn  
With fears and watchings, to their  
homes retire ;  
Nor is the balmy air of dayspring  
torn  
With battle-sounds ; the winds  
in sighs expire,  
And quiet broods in mists that veil  
the sunbeam's fire.

## LXXIX

The city sleeps !—ay ! on the  
combat's eve,  
And by the scaffold's brink, and  
'midst the swell  
Of angry seas, hath Nature won  
reprieve  
Thus from her cares. The brave  
have slumbered well,  
And e'en the fearful, in their  
dungeon-cell,



Chained between life and death !—  
 Such rest be thine,  
 For conflicts wait thee still ! Yet  
 who can tell  
 In that brief hour, how much of  
 heaven may shine  
 Full on thy spirit's dream !—Sleep,  
 weary Constantine !

## LXXX

Doth the blast rise ?—the clouded  
 east is red,  
 As if a storm were gathering ; and  
 I hear  
 What seems like heavy rain-drops,  
 or the tread,  
 The soft and smothered step, of  
 those that fear  
 Surprise from ambushed foes.  
 Hark ! yet more near  
 It comes, a many-toned and  
 mingled sound ;  
 A rustling, as of winds, where  
 boughs are sear,  
 A rolling, as of wheels that shake  
 the ground  
 From far ; a heavy rush, like seas  
 that burst their bound !

## LXXXI

Wake, wake ! They come from sea  
 and shore, ascending  
 In hosts your ramparts ! Arm ye  
 for the day !  
 Who now may sleep amidst the  
 thunders rending,  
 Through tower and wall, a path for  
 their array ?  
 Hark ! how the trumpet cheers  
 them to the prey,  
 With its wild voice, to which the  
 seas reply,  
 And the earth rocks beneath their  
 engines' sway, [cry,  
 And the far hills repeat their battle-  
 Till that fierce tumult seems to shake  
 the vaulted sky !

## LXXXII

They fail not now, the generous  
 band, that long  
 Have ranged their swords around  
 a falling throne ;  
 Still in those fearless men the walls  
 are strong,  
 Hearts, such as rescue empires, are  
 their own !

—Shall those high energies be  
 vainly shown !  
 No ! from their towers the invading  
 tide is driven  
 Back, like the Red Sea waves, when  
 God had blown  
 With His strong winds !—the dark-  
 browed ranks are riven—  
 Shout, warriors of the Cross !—for  
 victory is of Heaven !

## LXXXIII

Stand firm !—Again the crescent  
 host is rushing,  
 And the waves foam, as on the  
 galley's sweep,  
 With all their fires and darts,  
 though blood is gushing  
 Fast o'er their sides, as rivers to  
 the deep.  
 Stand firm !—there yet is hope, the  
 ascent is steep,  
 And from on high no shaft de-  
 scends in vain ;  
 —But those that fall swell up the  
 mangled heap,  
 In the red moat, the dying and the  
 slain,  
 And o'er that fearful bridge the  
 assailants mount again !

## LXXXIV

Oh ! the dread mingling, in that  
 awful hour,  
 Of all terrific sounds !—the savage  
 tone  
 Of the wild horn, the cannon's peal,  
 the shower  
 Of hissing darts, the crash of walls  
 o'erthrown,  
 The deep dull tambour's beat—  
 man's voice alone  
 Is there unheard ! Ye may not  
 catch the cry  
 Of trampled thousands—prayer,  
 and shriek, and moan,  
 All drowned, as that fierce hurri-  
 cane sweeps by,  
 But swell the unheeded sum earth  
 pays for victory !

## LXXXV

War-clouds have wrapt the city !  
 —through their dun,  
 O'erloaded canopy, at times ablaze,  
 As of an angry storm-presaging  
 sun,

From the Greek fire shoots up ;  
and lightning rays  
Flash, from the shock of sabres,  
through the haze,  
And glancing arrows cleave the  
dusky air !  
—Ay ! *this* is in the compass of  
our gaze,—  
But fearful things, unknown, untold,  
are there,  
Workings of wrath and death, and  
anguish, and despair !

## LXXXVI

Woe, shame and woe !—A chief, a  
warrior flies,  
A Red-Cross champion, bleeding,  
wild, and pale !  
—O God ! that nature's passing  
agonies,  
Thus, o'er the spark which dies  
not, should prevail !  
Yes ! rend the arrow from thy  
shattered mail,  
And stanch the blood-drops,  
Genoa's fallen son !  
Fly swifter yet ! the javelins pour  
as hail !  
—But there are tortures which  
thou canst not shun,  
The spirit is *their* prey—thy pangs are  
but begun !

## LXXXVII

Oh, happy in their homes, the  
noble dead !  
The seal is set on their majestic  
fame ;  
Earth has drunk deep the generous  
blood they shed,  
Fate has no power to dim their  
stainless name !  
*They* may not, in one bitter mo-  
ment, shame  
Long glorious years ; from many  
a lofty stem  
Fall graceful flowers, and eagle  
hearts grow tame,  
And stars drop, fading, from the  
diadem ;  
But the bright *past* is *theirs*—there  
is no change for *them* !

## LXXXVIII

Where art thou, Constantine ?—  
where death is reaping

His sevenfold harvest !—where the  
stormy light,  
Fast as the artillery's thunderbolts  
are sweeping,  
Throws meteor-bursts o'er battle's  
noonday-night !  
Where the towers rock and crumble  
from their height,  
As to the earthquake, and the  
engines ply,  
Like red Vesuvio ; and where  
human might  
Confronts all this, and still brave  
hearts beat high,  
While scimitars ring loud on shivering  
panoply.

## LXXXIX

Where art thou, Constantine ?—  
where Christian blood  
Hath bathed the walls in torrents,  
and in vain !  
Where faith and valour perish in  
the flood,  
Whose billows, rising o'er their  
bosoms, gain  
Dark strength each moment :  
where the gallant slain  
Around the banner of the Cross lie  
strewed,  
Thick as the vine-leaves on the  
autumnal plain ;  
Where all, save one high spirit, is  
subdued,  
And through the breach press on the  
o'erwhelming multitude.

## XC

Now is he battling 'midst a host  
alone,  
As the last cedar stems awhile the  
sway  
Of mountain-storms, whose fury  
hath o'erthrown  
Its forest-brethren in their green  
array !  
And he hath cast his purple robe  
away,  
With its imperial bearings ; that his  
sword  
An iron ransom from the chain may  
pay,  
And win, what haply fate may yet  
accord,  
A soldier's death—the all now left  
an empire's lord !

## XCI

Search for him now where bloodiest  
lie the files  
Which once were men, the faithful  
and the brave !  
Search for him now where loftiest  
rise the piles  
Of shattered helms and shields,  
which could not save ;  
And crests and banners, never more  
to wave  
In the free winds of heaven ! He  
is of those  
O'er whom the host may rush, the  
tempest rave,  
And the steeds trample, and the  
spearmen close,  
Yet wake them not !—so deep their  
long and last repose !

## XCII

Woe to the vanquished !—thus it  
hath been still  
Since Time's first march !—Hark,  
hark, a people's cry !  
Ay, now the conquerors in the  
streets fulfil  
Their task of wrath ! In vain the  
victims fly ; [agony  
Hark ! now each piercing tone of  
Blends in the city's shriek ! The  
lot is cast.  
Slaves, 'twas your *choice* thus,  
rather thus, to die,  
Than where the warrior's blood  
flows warm and fast,  
And roused and mighty hearts beat  
proudly to the last !

## XCIII

Oh ! well doth freedom battle !  
Men have made,  
E'en 'midst their blazing roofs, a  
noble stand,  
And on the floors, where once their  
children played,  
And by the hearths, round which  
their household band  
At evening met ; ay, struggling  
hand to hand,  
Within the very chambers of their  
sleep,  
There have they taught the spoilers  
of the land,  
In 'chainless hearts what fiery  
strength lies deep,

To guard free homes !—but ye !—  
kneel, tremblers ! kneel and  
weep !

## XCIV

'Tis eve—the storm hath died, the  
valiant rest  
Low on their shields ; the day's  
fierce work is done,  
And bloodstained seas, and burning  
towers attest  
Its fearful deeds. An empire's  
race is run !  
Sad, 'midst his glory, looks the  
parting sun  
Upon the captive city. Hark ! a  
swell  
(Meet to proclaim barbaric war-  
fields won)  
Of fierce triumphal sounds, that  
wildly tell  
The Soldan comes within the Cæsars'  
halls to dwell !

## XCV

Yes ! with the peal of cymbal and  
of gong,  
He comes,—the Moslem treads  
those ancient halls !  
But all is stillness there, as death  
had long  
Been lord alone within those gor-  
geous walls,  
And half that silence of the grave  
apalls  
The conqueror's heart. Ay, thus  
with triumph's hour,  
Still comes the boding whisper,  
which recalls  
A thought of those impervious  
clouds that lower  
O'er grandeur's path, a sense of some  
far mightier Power !

## XCVI

" The owl upon Afrasiab's towers  
hath sung  
Her watch-song, and around the  
imperial throne,  
The spider weaves his web ! " Still  
darkly hung  
That verse of omen, as a prophet's  
tone,  
O'er his flushed spirit. Years on  
years have flown  
To prove its truth : kings pile  
their domes in air

That the coiled snake may bask  
on sculptured stone,  
And nations clear the forest, to  
prepare  
For the wild fox and wolf more stately  
dwellings there !

## xcvii

But thou ! that on thy ramparts  
proudly dying  
As a crowned leader in such hours  
should die,  
Upon thy pyre of shivered spears  
art lying,  
With the heavens o'er thee for a  
canopy,  
And banners for thy shroud ! No  
tear, no sigh,  
Shall mingle with thy dirge ; for  
thou art now  
Beyond vicissitude ! Lo ! reared  
on high,  
The Crescent blazes, while the Cross  
must bow :  
But where no change can reach, there,  
Constantine, art thou !

## xcviii

" After life's fitful fever thou  
sleepest well ! "  
We may not mourn thee ! Scep-  
tered chiefs, from whom  
The earth received her destiny, and  
fell  
Before them trembling—to a  
sterner doom  
Have oft been called. For them  
the dungeon's gloom,  
With its cold starless midnight,  
hath been made  
More fearful darkness, where, as in  
a tomb,  
Without a tomb's repose, the chain  
hath weighed  
Their very soul to dust, with each  
high power decayed.

## xcix

Or in the eye of thousands they  
have stood,  
To meet the stroke of death ; but  
not like thee !  
From bonds and scaffolds hath  
appealed *their* blood,  
But thou didst fall unfettered,  
armed, and free,

H.P.

And kingly to the last !—And if it  
be,  
That, from the viewless world,  
whose marvels none  
Return to tell, a spirit's eye can  
see  
The things of earth ; still mayst  
thou hail the sun,  
Which o'er thy land shall dawn, when  
freedom's fight is won.

## c

And the hour comes, in storm ! A  
light is glancing  
Far through the forest-god's Arca-  
dian shades !  
—'Tis not the moonbeam, tremu-  
lously dancing,  
Where lone Alpheus bathes his  
haunted glades ;  
A murmur, gathering power, the  
air pervades  
Round dark Cithæron and by  
Delphi's steep ;  
—'Tis not the song and lyre of  
Grecian maids,  
Nor pastoral reed that lulls the  
vales to sleep,  
Nor yet the rustling pines, nor yet the  
sounding deep !

## ci

Arms glitter on the mountains,  
which, of old,  
Awoke to freedom's first heroic  
strain,  
And by the streams, once crimson,  
as they rolled  
The Persian helm and standard to  
the main ;  
And the blue waves of Salamis  
again  
Thrill to the trumpet ; and the  
tombs reply,  
With their ten thousand echoes,  
from each plain,  
Far as Platæa's, where the mighty  
lie,  
Who crowned so proudly there the  
bowl of liberty !

## cii

Bright land, with glory mantled  
o'er by song !  
Land of the vision—~~dear~~ ~~visions~~  
and streams

And fountains, whose deserted  
banks along, [teems;  
Still the soft air with inspiration  
Land of the graves, whose dwellers  
shall be themes  
To verse for ever; and of ruined  
shrines,  
That scarce look desolate beneath  
such beams,  
As bathe in gold thine ancient  
rocks and pines!  
—When shall thy sons repose in  
peace beneath their vines?

## CIII

*Thou wert not made for bonds, nor  
shame, nor fear!*  
—Do the hoar oaks and dark-green  
laurels wave  
O'er Mantinea's earth?—doth  
Pindus rear  
His snows, the sunbeam, and the  
storm to brave?  
And is there yet on Marathon a  
grave? [line  
And doth Eurotas lead his silvery  
By Sparta's ruins?—And shall  
man, a slave,  
Bowed to the dust, amid such  
scenes repine?  
—If e'er a soil was marked for  
freedom's step, 'tis thine!

## CIV

Wash from that soil the stains  
with battle-showers!

—Beneath Sophia's dome the  
Moslem prays,  
The Crescent gleams amidst the  
olive bowers,  
In the Comneni's halls the Tartar  
sways:  
But not for long!—the spirit of  
those days,  
When the three hundred made their  
funeral pile  
Of Asia's dead, is kindling, like the  
rays  
Of thy rejoicing sun, when first his  
smile  
Warms the Parnassian rock, and gilds  
the Delian isle.

## CV

If then 'tis given thee to arise in  
might,  
Trampling the scourge, and dashing  
down the chain,  
Pure be thy triumphs, as thy name  
is bright!  
The cross of victory should not  
know a stain!  
So may that faith once more su-  
preinely reign,  
Through which we lift our spirits  
from the dust!  
And deem not, e'en when virtue  
dies in vain,  
She dies forsaken; but repose our  
trust  
On Him Whose ways are dark, un-  
searchable—but just.

## GREEK SONGS

I.—THE STORM OF DELPHI<sup>1</sup>

Far through the Delphian shades  
An Eastern trumpet rung!  
And the startled eagle rushed on  
high!  
With a sounding flight through the  
fiery sky;  
And banners, o'er the shadowy  
glades,  
To the sweeping winds were  
flung.

<sup>1</sup> See the account cited from Herodotus, in  
Mitford's *Greece*.

Banners, with deep-red gold  
All waving as aflame,  
And a fitful glance from the bright  
spear-head  
On the dim wood paths of the moun-  
tain shed,  
And a peal of Asia's war notes told  
That 'n arms the Persian came.

He came with starry gems  
On his quiver and his crest;  
With starry gems, at whose heart the  
day  
Of the cloudless orient burning lay,

And they cast a gleam on the laurel  
stems,  
As onward his thousands pressed.

But a gloom fell o'er their way,  
And a heavy moan went by !  
A moan, yet not like the wind's low  
swell,  
When its voice grows wild amidst cave  
and dell,  
But a mortal murmur of dismay,  
Or a warrior's dying sigh !

A gloom fell o'er their way !  
'Twas not the shadow cast  
By the dark pine boughs, as they  
crossed the blue  
Of the Grecian heavens with their  
solemn hue ;—  
The air was filled with a mightier  
sway—  
But on the spearmen passed !

And hollow to their tread,  
Came the echoes of the ground,  
And banners drooped, as with dews  
o'erborne,  
And the wailing blast of the battle  
horn  
Had an altered cadence, dull and  
dead,  
Of strange foreboding sound.

But they blew a louder strain,  
When the steep defiles were  
passed !  
And afar the crowned Parnassus rose,  
To shine through heaven with his  
radiant snows,  
And in golden light the Delphian  
fane  
Before them stood at last !

In golden light it stood,  
'Midst the laurels gleaming lone,  
For the sun-god yet, with a lovely  
smile,  
O'er its graceful pillars looked awhile,  
Though the stormy shade on cliff  
and wood  
Grew deep round its mountain-  
throne.

And the Persians gave a shout !  
But the marble-walls replied,  
With a clash of steel and a sullen roar  
Like heavy wheels on the ocean shore,

And a savage trumpet's note  
pealed out,  
Till their hearts for terror died !

On the armour of the god,  
Then a viewless hand was laid ;  
There were helm and spear, with a  
clanging din,  
And corslet brought from the shine  
within,  
From the inmost shrine of the dread  
abode,  
And before its front arrayed.

And a sudden silence fell  
Through the dim and loaded air !  
On the wild bird's wing, and the  
myrtle spray,  
And the very founts, in their silvery  
way,  
With a weight of sleep came down  
the spell,  
Till man grew breathless there.

But the pause was broken soon !  
'Twas not by song or lyre ;  
For the Delphian maids had left their  
bowers,  
And the hearths were lone in the city's  
towers,  
But there burst a sound through  
the misty noon—  
That battle-noon of fire !

It burst from earth and heaven !  
It rolled from crag and cloud !  
For a moment of the mountain blast,  
With a thousand stormy voices  
passed  
And the purple gloom of the sky  
was riven,  
When the thunder pealed aloud.

And the lightnings in their play  
Flashed forth, like javelins  
thrown ;  
Like sun-darts winged from the silver  
bow,  
They smote the spear and the tur-  
baned brow,  
And the bright gems flew from the  
crests like spray,  
And the banners were struck  
down !

And the massy oak boughs crashed  
To the fire-bolts from on high,

And the forest lent its billowy roar,  
While the glorious tempest onward bore,

And lit the streams, as they foamed  
and dashed,  
With the fierce rain sweeping by.

Then rushed the Delphian men  
On the pale and scattered host ;  
Like the joyous burst of a flashing  
wave,

They rushed from the dim Corycian  
cave,

And the sighing blast o'er wood  
and glen

Roll'd on, with the spears they  
tossed.

There were cries of wild dismay,  
There were shouts of warrior  
glee,

There were savage sounds of the  
tempest's mirth,  
That shook the realm of their eagle  
birth ;

But the mount of song, when they  
died away,

Still rose, with its temple, free !

And the Pæan swelled ere long,

Io Pæan ! from the fane ;

Io Pæan ! for the war array,  
On the crowned Parnassus riven that  
day !

Thou shalt rise as free, thou mount  
of song !

With thy bounding streams  
again.

## II.—THE BOWL OF LIBERTY

BEFORE the fiery sun,  
The sun that looks on Greece with  
cloudless eye,  
In the free air, and on the war-field  
won,  
Our fathers crowned the Bowl of  
Liberty.

Amidst the tombs they stood,  
The tombs of heroes ! with the  
solemn skies,

And the wide plain around, where  
patriot blood  
Had steeped the soil in hues of sac-  
rifice.

They called the glorious dead,  
In the strong faith which brings the  
viewless nigh,  
And poured rich odours o'er their  
battle-bed,  
And bade them to their rite of Liberty.

They called them from the  
shades,  
The golden-fruited shades, where  
minstrels tell  
How softer light the immortal clime  
pervades,  
And music floats o'er meads of  
asphodel.

Then fast the bright red-wine  
Flowed to *their* names who taught  
the world to die  
And made the land's green turf a  
living shrine,  
Meet for the wreath and Bowl of  
Liberty.

So the rejoicing earth  
Took from her vines again the blood  
she gave,  
And richer flowers to deck the tomb  
drew birth  
From the free soil thus hallowed to  
the brave.

We have the battle-fields,  
The tombs, the names, the blue  
majestic sky,  
We have the founts the purple vin-  
tage yields ;  
—When shall *we* crown the Bowl of  
Liberty ?

## III.—THE VOICE OF SCIO

A voice from Scio's isle—  
A voice of song, a voice of old  
Swept far as cloud or billow rolled,  
And earth was hushed the while—

The souls of nations woke !  
Where lies the land, whose hills among  
That voice of victory hath not wrung,  
As if a trampet spoke ?

To sky, and sea, and shore,  
Of those whose blood, on Ilion's plain,  
Swept from the rivers to the main,  
A glorious tale it bore.

Still, by our sun-bright deep,  
With all the fame that fiery lay  
Threw round them, in its rushing way,  
The sons of battle sleep.

And kings their turf have crowned !  
And pilgrims o'er the foaming wave  
Brought garlands there : so rest the  
brave  
Who thus their bard have found !

A voice from Scio's isle,  
A voice as deep hath risen again  
As far shall peal its thrilling strain,  
Where'er our sun may smile !

Let not its tones expire !  
Such power to waken earth and  
heaven,  
And might and vengeance ne'er was  
given  
To mortal song or lyre !

Know ye not whence it comes ?  
—From ruined hearths, from burning  
fanés,  
From kindred blood on yon red plains,  
From desolated homes !

'Tis with us through the night !  
'Tis on our hills, 'tis in our sky—  
Hear it, ye heavens ! when swords  
flash high,  
O'er the mid-waves of fight !

#### IV.—THE SPARTANS' MARCH

"The Spartans used not the trumpet in their march into battle," says Thucydides, "because they wished not to excite the rage of their warriors. Their charging-step was made to the 'Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders.' The valour of a Spartan was too highly tempered to require a stunning or a rousing impulse. His spirit was like a steed too proud for the spur."—  
CAMPBELL on the *Elegiac Poetry of the Greeks*.

'Twas morn upon the Grecian hills,  
Where peasants dressed the vines ;  
Sunlight was on Cithæron's rills,  
Arcadia's rocks and pines.

And brightly, through his reeds and  
flowers,  
Eurotas wandered by,  
When a sound arose from Sparta's  
towers  
Of solemn harmony.

Was it the hunters' choral strain  
To the woodland-goddess poured ?  
Did virgin hands in Pallas' fane  
Strike the full-sounding chord ?

But helms were glancing on the  
stream,  
Spears ranged in close array,  
And shields flung back a glorious  
beam  
To the morn of a fearful day !

And the mountain echoes of the land  
Swelled through the deep blue sky ;  
While to soft strains moved forth a  
band  
Of men that moved to die.

They marched not with the trumpet's  
blast,  
Nor bade the horn peal out,  
And the laurel groves, as on they  
passed,  
Rung with no battle shout !

They asked no clarion's voice to fire  
Their souls with an impulse high ;  
But the Dorian reed and the Spartan  
lyre  
For the sons of liberty !

And still sweet flutes, their path  
around,  
Sent forth Æolian breath ;  
They needed not a sterner sound  
To marshal them for death !

So moved they calmly to their field,  
Thence never to return,  
Save bearing back the Spartan shield,  
Or on it proudly borne !

#### V.—THE URN AND SWORD

THEY sought for treasures in the  
tomb,  
Where gentler hands were wont to  
spread | bloom  
Fresh boughs and flowers of purple  
And sunny ringlets, for the dead.

They scattered far the greensward  
heap,  
Where once those hands the bright  
wine poured  
—What found they in the home of  
sleep ?—  
A mouldering urn, a shivered sword !



An urn, which held the dust of one  
Who died when hearths and shrines  
were free ;

A sword, whose work was proudly  
done  
Between our mountains and the sea.

And these are treasures !—undis-  
mayed,

Still for the suffering land we trust,  
Wherein the past its fame hath laid,  
With freedom's sword, and valour's  
dust.

#### VI.—THE MYRTLE BOUGH

STILL green, along our sunny shore,  
The flowering myrtle waves,  
As when its fragrant boughs of yore  
Were offered on the graves—

The graves, wherein our mighty men  
Had rest, unviolated then.

Still green it waves ! as when the  
hearth

Was sacred through the land ;  
And fearless was the banquet's mirth,  
And free the minstrel's hand ;  
And guests, with shining myrtle  
crowned, [round.

Sent the wreathed lyre and wine-cup

Still green, as when on holy ground  
The tyrant's blood was poured :  
Forget ye not what garlands bound  
The young deliverer's sword !

Though earth may shroud Harmodius  
now,

We still have sword and myrtle  
bough !

## ELYSIUM

[In the Elysium of the ancients, we find none but heroes and persons who had either been fortunate or distinguished on earth ; the children, and apparently the slaves and lower classes, that is to say, Poverty, Misfortune, and Innocence, were banished to the Infernal Regions.—CHATFAUBRIAND, *Génie du Christianisme*.]

FAIR wert thou in the dreams  
Of elder time, thou land of glorious  
flowers

And summer winds and low-toned  
silvery streams,

Dim with the shadows of thy laurel  
bowers,

Where, as they passed, bright hours  
Left no faint sense of parting, such  
as clings

To earthly love, and joy in loveliest  
things !

Fair wert thou, with the light  
On thy blue hills and sleepy waters  
cast,

From purple skies ne'er deepening  
into night,

Yet soft, as if each moment were their  
last

Of glory, fading fast  
Along the mountains !—but *thy*  
golden day

Was not as those that warn us of  
decay.

And ever, through thy shades,  
A swell of deep Æolian sound went  
by,

From fountain-voices in their secret  
glades,

And low reed-whispers, making sweet  
reply

To summer's breezy sigh,  
And young leaves trembling to the  
wind's light breath,

Which ne'er had touched them with  
a hue of death !

And the transparent sky  
Rung as a dome, all thrilling to the  
strain

Of harps that, 'midst the woods, made  
harmony

Solemn and sweet ; yet troubling  
not the brain

With dreams and yearnings vain,  
And dim remembrances, that still  
draw birth

From the bewildering music of the  
earth.

And who, with silent tread,  
 Moved o'er the plains of waving  
 asphodel?  
 Called from the dim procession of the  
 dead,  
 Who, midst the shadowy amaranth-  
 bowers might dwell,  
 And listen to the swell  
 Of those majestic hymn-notes, and  
 inhale  
 The spirit wandering in the immortal  
 gale?

They of the sword, whose praise,  
 With the bright wine at nations'  
 feasts, went round!  
 They of the lyre, whose unforgotten  
 lays  
 Forth on the winds had sent their  
 mighty sound,  
 And in all regions found  
 Their echoes 'midst the mountains!—  
 and become  
 In man's deep heart as voices of his  
 home!

They of the daring thought!  
 Daring and powerful, yet to dust  
 allied—  
 Whose flight through stars, and seas,  
 and depths, had sought  
 The soul's far birthplace—but with-  
 out a guide!  
 Sages and seers, who died,  
 And left the world their high myster-  
 ious dreams,  
 Born 'midst the olive woods, by  
 Grecian streams.

But the most *loved* are they  
 Of whom fame speaks not with her  
 clarion voice,  
 In regal halls!—the shades o'erhang  
 their way,  
 The vale, with its deep fountains, is  
 their choice,  
 And gentle hearts rejoice  
 Around their steps; till silently they  
 die,  
 As a stream shrinks from summer's  
 burning eye.

And these—of whose abode,  
 'Midst her green valleys, earth re-  
 tained no trace,  
 Save a flower springing from their  
 burial-sod,

A shade of sadness on some kindred  
 face,  
 A dim and vacant place  
 In some sweet home;—thou hadst no  
 wreaths for *these*,  
 Thou sunny land! with all thy  
 deathless trees!

The peasant at his door  
 Might sink to die when vintage feasts  
 were spread,  
 And songs on every wind! From  
 thy bright shore  
 No lovelier vision floated round his  
 head—  
 Thou wert for nobler dead!  
 He heard the bounding steps which  
 round him fell,  
 And sighed to bid the festal sun  
 farewell!

The slave, whose very tears  
 Were a forbidden luxury, and whose  
 breast  
 Kept the mute woes and burning  
 thoughts of years,  
 As embers in a burial-urn compressed;  
*He* might not be thy guest!  
 No gentle breathings from thy distant  
 sky  
 Came o'er *his* path, and whispered  
 "Liberty!"

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,  
 Unlike a gift of Nature to Decay,  
 Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too  
 dear,  
 The child at rest before the mother  
 lay,  
 E'en so to pass away,  
 With its bright smile!—Elysium!  
 what wert *thou*  
 To her, who wept o'er that young  
 slumberer's brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!  
 For the fair creature from her bosom  
 gone,  
 With life's fresh flowers just opening  
 in its hand,  
 And all the lovely thoughts and  
 dreams unknown  
 Which, in its clear eye, shone  
 Like spring's first wakening! but  
 that light was past—  
 Where went the dewdrop swept before  
 the blast?

Not where *thy* soft winds played,  
 Not where thy waters lay in glassy  
 sleep ! [Visions, fade !  
 Fade with thy bowers, thou Land of  
 From thee no voice came o'er the  
 gloomy deep,

And bade man cease to weep !  
 Fade with the amaranth plain, the  
 myrtle grove,  
 Which could not yield one hope to  
 sorrowing love !

## THE FUNERAL GENIUS ;

### AN ANCIENT STATUE

[*Debout, couronné de fleurs, les bras élevés et posés sur sa tête, et le dos appuyé contre un pin, ce génie semble exprimer par son attitude le repos des morts. Les bas-reliefs des tombeaux offrent souvent des figures semblables.*—VISCONTI, *Description des Antiques du Musée Royal*]

Thou shouldst be looked on when the  
 starlight falls  
 Through the blue stillness of the  
 summer air,  
 Not by the torch-fire wavering on the  
 walls—  
 It hath too fitful and too wild a glare !  
 And thou !—thy rest, the soft, the  
 lovely, seems  
 To ask light steps, that will not  
 break its dreams.

Flowers are upon thy brow ; for so  
 the dead  
 Were crowned of old, with pale spring  
 flowers like these ;  
 Sleep on thine eye hath sunk ; yet  
 softly shed,  
 As from the wing of some faint  
 southern breeze :  
 And the pine boughs o'ershadow thee  
 with gloom  
 Which of the grove seems breathing  
 —not the tomb.

They feared not death, whose calm  
 and gracious thought  
 Of the last hour, hath settled thus in  
 thee !  
 They who thy wreath of pallid roses  
 wrought, [tree,  
 And laid thy head against the forest  
 As that of one, by music's dreamy  
 close,  
 On the wood violets lulled to deep  
 repose.

They feared not death !—yet who  
 shall say his touch  
 Thus lightly falls on gentle things  
 and fair ?

Doth he bestow, or will he leave so  
 much  
 Of tender beauty as thy features  
 wear ?  
 Thou sleeper of the bower ! on whose  
 young eyes  
 So still a night, a night of summer,  
 lies !

Had they seen aught like thee ?—  
 Did some fair boy  
 Thus, with his graceful hair, before  
 them rest ?  
 His graceful hair, no more to wave  
 in joy,  
 But drooping, as with heavy dews  
 oppressed :  
 And his eye veiled so softly by its  
 fringe,  
 And his lip faded to the white-rose  
 tinge ?

Oh ! happy, if to them the one dread  
 hour  
 Made known its lessons from a brow  
 like thine !  
 If all their knowledge of the spoiler's  
 power  
 Came by a look so tranquilly divine !  
 —Let him, who *thus* hath seen the  
 lovely part,  
 Hold well that image to his thought-  
 ful heart !

But thou, fair slumberer ! was there  
 less of woe,  
 Or love, or terror, in the days of old,  
 That men poured out their gladdening  
 spirit's flow,  
 Like sunshine, on the desolate and  
 cold,

And gave thy semblance to the  
shadowy king,  
Who for deep souls had then a deeper  
sting ?

In the dark bosom of the earth they  
laid !

Far more than we—for loftier faith  
is ours !

*Their* gems were lost in ashes—yet  
they made

The grave a place of beauty and of  
flowers,

With fragrant wreaths, and summer  
boughs arrayed,

And lovely sculpture gleaming  
through the shade.

Is it for *us* a darker gloom to shed  
O'er its dim precincts ?—do we not  
entrust

But for a time, its chambers with our  
dead,

And strew immortal seed upon the  
dust ?

—Why should *we* dwell on that which  
lies beneath,

When living light hath touched the  
brow of death.

### THE TOMBS OF PLATÆA

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAMS

AND there they sleep !—the men  
who stood

In arms before the exulting sun,  
And bathed their spears in Persian  
blood,

And taught the earth how freedom  
might be won.

They sleep !—the Olympic wreaths  
are dead,

The Athenian lyres are hushed and  
gone ;

The Dorian voice of song is fled—  
Slumber, ye mighty ! slumber deeply  
on.

They sleep, and seems not all  
around

As hallowed unto glory's tomb !

Silence is on the battle ground,

The heavens are loaded with a breath-  
less gloom.

And stars are watching on their  
height,

But dimly seen through mist and  
cloud,

And still and solemn is the light  
Which folds the plain, as with a  
glimmering shroud.

And thou, pale night-queen ! here  
thy beams

Are not as those the shepherd  
loves,

Nor look they down on shining  
streams,

By Naiads haunted in their laurel  
groves :

Thou seest no pastoral hamlet  
sleep,

In shadowy quiet, 'midst its vines  
No temple gleaming from the steep,  
'Midst the grey olives, or the moun-  
tain pines ;

But o'er a dim and boundless waste,  
Thy rays, e'en like a tomb-lamp's,  
brood,

Where man's departed steps are  
traced

But by his dust, amidst the solitude.

And be it thus !—What slave shall  
tread

O'er freedom's ancient battle-  
plains !

Let deserts wrap the glorious dead,  
When their bright land sits weeping  
o'er her chains :

Here, where the Persian clarion  
rung,

And where the Spartan sword  
flashed high,

And where the pæan strains were  
sung,

From year to year swelled on by  
liberty !

Here should no voice, no sound, be  
heard,

Until the bonds of Greece be riven,  
Save of the leader's charging word,

Or the shrill trumpet, pealing up  
through heaven !

Rest in your silent homes, ye brave !

No vines festoon your lonely tree !

No harvest o'er your war-field wave,  
Till rushing winds proclaim—the  
land is free !

### THE VIEW FROM CASTRI

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAMS

THERE have been bright and glorious pageants here,  
Where now grey stones and moss-grown columns lie :  
There have been words, which earth grew pale to hear,  
Breathed from the cavern's misty chambers nigh :  
There have been voices, through the sunny sky  
And the pine woods, their choral hymn-notes sending ;  
And reeds and lyres, their Dorian melody,  
With incense clouds around the temple blending ;  
And throngs with laurel boughs, before the altar bending.

There have been treasures of the seas and isles  
Brought to the day-god's now-forsaken throne ;  
Thunders have pealed along the rock defiles,  
When the far-echoing battle-horn made known  
That foes were on their way !—the deep wind's moan  
Hath chilled the invader's heart with secret fear,  
And from the Sybil-grottoes, wild and lone,  
Storms have gone forth, which, in their fierce career,  
From his bold hand have struck the banner and the spear.

The shrine hath sunk !—but thou unchanged art there !  
Mount of the voice and vision, robed with dreams !  
Unchanged, and rushing through the radiant air,  
With thy dark waving pines, and flashing streams,  
And all thy founts of song ! their bright course teems

With inspiration yet ; and each dim haze,  
Or golden cloud which floats around thee, seems  
As with its mantle veiling from our gaze  
The mysteries of the past, the gods of elder days !

' Away, vain phantasies !—doth less of power  
Dwell round thy summit, or thy cliffs invest,  
Though in deep stillness now, the ruin's flower  
Wave o'er the pillars mouldering on thy breast !  
—Lift through the free blue heavens thine arrowy crest !  
Let the great rocks their solitude regain !  
No Delphian lyres now break thy noontide rest  
With their full chords :—but silent be the strain '  
Thou hast a mightier voice to speak the Eternal's reign !

### THE FESTAL HOUR

WHEN are the lessons given  
That shake the startled earth ?  
When wakes the foe  
While the friend sleeps ? When  
falls the traitor's blow ?  
When are proud sceptres riven,  
High hopes o'erthrown ?—It is when  
lands rejoice,  
When cities blaze and lift the exulting voice,  
And wave their banners to the kindling heaven !

Fear ye the festal hour !  
When mirth o'erflows, then tremble !  
—'Twas a night  
Of gorgeous revel, wreaths, and dance,  
and light,  
When through the regal bower  
The trumpet pealed, ere yet the song was done,  
And there were shrieks in golden Babylon,  
And trampling armies, ruthless in their power.

The marble shrines were crowned :  
 Young voices, through the blue  
 Athenian sky,  
 And Dorian reeds, made summer  
 melody,  
 And censers waved around ;  
 And lyres were strung and bright  
 libations poured !  
 When, through the streets, flashed  
 out the avenging sword,  
 Fearless and free, the sword with  
 myrtles bound !

Through Rome a triumph passed.  
 Rich in her sun-god's mantling beams  
 went by  
 That long array of glorious pageantry,  
 With shout and trumpet-blast.  
 An empire's gems their starry splendour shed  
 O'er the proud march ; a king in  
 chains was led ;  
 A stately victor, crowned and robed,  
 came last.

And many a Dryad's bower  
 Had lent the laurels which, in waving  
 play,  
 Stirred the warm air, and glistened  
 round his way,  
 As a quick-flashing shower.  
 —O'er his own porch, meantime, the  
 cypress hung,  
 Through his fair halls a cry of anguish  
 rung—  
 Woe for the dead !—the father's  
 broken flower !

A sound of lyre and song,  
 In the still night, went floating o'er  
 the Nile,  
 Whose waves, by many an old mysterious pile,  
 Swept with that voice along ;  
 And lamps were shining o'er the red  
 wine's foam  
 Where a chief revelled in a monarch's  
 dome,  
 And fresh rose-garlands decked a  
 glittering throng.

'Twas Antony that bade  
 The joyous chords ring out !—but  
 strains arose  
 Of wilder omen at the banquet's close !  
 Sounds, by no mortal made,

Shook Alexandria through her streets  
 that night,  
 And passed—and with another sun-  
 set's light,  
 The kingly Roman on his bier was  
 laid.

Bright 'midst its vineyards lay  
 The fair Campanian city, with its  
 towers  
 And temples gleaming through dark  
 olive-bowers  
 Clear in the golden day,  
 Joy was around it as the glowing sky,  
 And crowds had filled its halls of  
 revelry,  
 And all the sunny air was music's  
 way.

A cloud came o'er the face  
 Of Italy's rich heaven !—its crystal  
 blue  
 Was changed, and deepened to a  
 wrathful hue  
 (Of night, o'ershadowing space,  
 As with the wings of death !—in all  
 his power  
 Vesuvius woke, and hurled the burn-  
 ing shower,  
 And who could tell the buried city's  
 place ?

Such things have been of yore,  
 In the gay regions where the citrons  
 blow,  
 And purple summers all their sleepy  
 glow  
 On the grape clusters pour ;  
 And where the palms to spicy  
 winds are waving,  
 Along clear seas of melting sapphire,  
 laving,  
 As with a flow of light, their southern  
 shore.

Turn we to other climes !—  
 Far in the Druid-Isle a feast was  
 spread,  
 'Midst the rock altars of the warrior  
 dead :  
 And ancient battle rhymes  
 Were chanted to the harp ; and yel-  
 low mead  
 Went flowing round, and tales of  
 martial deed,  
 And lofty songs of Britain's elder time ;

But, ere the giant fane  
Cast its broad shadows on the robe of  
even,  
Hushed were the bards, and in the  
face of heaven,  
O'er that old burial-plain  
Flashed the keen Saxon dagger!—  
Blood was streaming  
Where late the mead-cup to the sun  
was gleaming,  
And Britain's hearths were heaped  
that night in vain—

For they returned no more!  
They that went forth at morn, with  
reckless heart,  
In that fierce banquet's mirth to bear  
their part;  
And, on the rushy floor,  
And the bright spears and bucklers of  
the walls,  
The high wood fires were blazing in  
their halls;  
But not for them—they slept—their  
feast was o'er!

Fear ye the festal hour!  
Ay, tremble when the cup of joy o'er-  
flows!  
Tame down the swelling heart!—  
the bridal rose,  
And the rich myrtle's flower  
Have veiled the sword!—Red wines  
have sparkled fast  
From venomed goblets, and soft  
breczes passed,  
With fatal perfume, through the re-  
vel's bower.

Twine the young glowing wreath!  
But pour not all your spirit in the  
song,  
Which through the sky's deep azure  
floats along,  
Like summer's quickening  
breath!  
The ground is hollow in the path of  
mirth: [earth,  
Oh! far too daring seems the joy of  
So darkly pressed and girdled in by  
death!

## SONG OF THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN

[In the year 1315, Switzerland was invaded by Duke Leopold of Austria, with a formidable army. It is well attested that this prince repeatedly declared "he would trample the audacious rustics under his feet"; and that he had procured a large stock of cordage, for the purpose of binding their chiefs, and putting them to death.

The 15th October, 1315, dawned. The sun darted its first rays on the shields and armour of the advancing host; and this being the first army ever known to have attempted the frontiers of the cantons, the Swiss viewed its long line with various emotions. Montfort de Tetteng led the cavalry into the narrow pass, and soon filled the whole space between the mountain (Mount Sattel) and the lake. The fifty men on the eminence (above Morgarten) raised a sudden shout, and rolled down heaps of rocks and stones among the crowded ranks. The Confederates on the mountain, perceiving the impression made by this attack, rushed down in close array, and fell upon the flank of the disordered column. With massy clubs they dashed in pieces the armour of the enemy, and dealt their blows and thrusts with long pikes. The narrowness of the defile admitted of no evolutions, and a slight frost having injured the road, the horses were impeded in all their motions; many leaped into the lake; all were startled; and at last the whole column gave way, and fell suddenly back on the infantry; and these last, as the nature of the country did not allow them to open their files, were run over by the fugitives, and many of them trampled to death. A general rout ensued, and Duke Leopold was, with much difficulty, rescued by a peasant, who led him to Winterthur, where the historian of the times saw him arrive in the evening, pale, sullen and dismayed.—PLANTA'S *History of the Helvetic Confederacy*]

THE wine-month shone in its golden  
prime,  
And the red grapes clustering hung,  
But a deeper sound, through the  
Switzer's clime,  
Than the vintage music, rung —  
A sound, through vaulted caves,  
A sound, through echoing glen,

Like the hollow swell of a rushing  
wave; [men.  
—'Twas the tread of steel-girt  
And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,  
'Midst the ancient rocks was blown,  
Till the Alps replied to that voice of  
war

With a thousand of their own.  
 And through the forest-glooms  
 Flashed helmets to the day,  
 And the winds were tossing knight-  
 ly plumes,  
 Like the larch boughs in their  
 play.

In Hasli's <sup>1</sup> wilds there was gleaming  
 steel,  
 As the host of the Austrian passed,  
 And the Schreckhorn's <sup>2</sup> rocks, with  
 a savage peal,  
 Made mirth of his clarion's blast.  
 Up 'midst the Righi <sup>3</sup> snows,  
 The stormy march was heard,  
 With the charger's tramp, whence  
 fire-sparks rose,  
 And the leader's gathering word.

But a band, the noblest band of all,  
 Through the rude Morgarten strait,  
 With blazoned streamers, and lances  
 tall,  
 Moved onwards in princely state.  
 They came with heavy chains,  
 For the race despised so long—  
 But amidst his Alp domains,  
 The herdsman's arm is strong !

The sun was reddening the clouds of  
 morn  
 When they entered the rock-defile,  
 And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn  
 Their bugles rung the while.  
 But on the misty height,  
 Where the mountain people  
 stood,  
 There was stillness, as of night,  
 When storms at distance brood.

There was stillness, as of deep dead  
 night,  
 And a pause—but not of fear,  
 While the Switzers gazed on the  
 gathering might  
 Of the hostile shield and spear  
 On wound those columns bright  
 Between the lake and wood,  
 But they looked not to the misty  
 height  
 Where the mountain <sup>4</sup>people  
 stood.

<sup>1</sup> Hasli, a wild district in the canton of Berne.

<sup>2</sup> Schreckhorn, the *peak of terror*, a mountain  
 in the canton of Berne.

<sup>3</sup> Righi, a mountain in the canton of Schwyz.

The pass was filled with their serried  
 power,  
 All helmed and mail-arrayed,  
 And their steps had sounds like a  
 thunder shower  
 In the rustling forest shade.  
 There were prince and crested  
 knight,  
 Hemmed in by cliff and flood,  
 When a shout arose from the misty  
 height  
 Where the mountain people  
 stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding  
 down,  
 Their startled foes among,  
 With a joyous whirl from the summit  
 thrown—  
 —Oh ! the herdsman's arm is  
 strong !  
 They came like lauwine hurled  
 From Alp to Alp in play,  
 When the echoes shout through the  
 snowy world,  
 And the pines are borne away.

The fir woods crashed on the moun-  
 tain side,  
 And the Switzers rushed from high,  
 With a sudden charge, on the flower  
 and pride  
 Of the Austrian chivalry :  
 Like hunters of the deer,  
 They stormed the narrow dell,  
 And first in the shock, with Uri's  
 spear,  
 Was the arm of William Tell.

There was tumult in the crowded  
 strait,  
 And a cry of wild dismay,  
 And many a warrior met his fate  
 From a peasant's hand that day !  
 And the empire's banner then  
 From its place of waving free,  
 Went down before the shepherd  
 men,  
 The men of the Forest Sea.

With their pikes and massy clubs they  
 brake  
 The cuirass and the shield,  
 And the war-horse dashed to the  
 reddening lake  
 From the reapers of the field !  
 The field—but not of sheaves—



Proud crests and pennons lay,  
Strewn o'er it thick as the birch-  
wood leaves,  
In the Autumn tempest's way.

Oh! the sun in heaven fierce havoc  
viewed,

When the Austrian turned to fly,  
And the brave, in the trampling mul-  
titude,

Had a fearful death to die!  
And the leader of the war  
At eve unhelmed was seen,  
With a hurrying step on the wilds  
afar,  
And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the  
freeman tills,

Went back from the battle-toil,  
To their cabin homes 'midst the deep  
green hills,

All burdened with royal spoil.  
There were songs and festal fires  
On the soaring Alps that night,  
When children sprung to greet their  
sires  
From the wild Morgarten fight.

#### ON A FLOWER FROM THE FIELD OF GRÜTLI

WHENCE art thou, flower? From  
holy ground,

Where freedom's foot hath been!  
Yet bugle-blast or trumpet-sound  
Ne'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field! thy birth  
Was not where spears have crossed,  
And shivered helms have strewn the  
earth,  
'Midst banners won and lost.

But where the sunny hues and show-  
ers

Unto thy cup were given,  
There met high hearts at midnight  
hours,

Pure hands were raised to heaven;

And vows were pledged that man  
should roam

Through every Alpine dell  
Free as the wind, the torrent's foam,  
The shaft of William Tell.

And prayer, the full deep flow of  
prayer,

Hallowed the pastoral sod;  
And souls grew strong for battle there,  
Nerved with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt,  
That calm devoted band,  
And rose, and made their spirits felt  
Through all the mountain land.

Then welcome Grütli's free-born  
flower!

Even in thy pale decay  
There dwells a breath, a tone, a  
power,  
Which all high thoughts obey.

#### ON A LEAF FROM THE TOMB OF VIRGIL

AND was thy home, pale withered  
thing,

Beneath the rich blue southern sky?  
Wert thou a nursling of the spring,  
The winds and suns of glorious Italy?

Those suns in golden light e'en now,  
Look o'er the poet's lovely grave;  
Those winds are breathing soft, but  
thou

Answering their whisper, there no  
more shalt wave.

The flowers o'er Posilippo's brow  
May cluster in their purple bloom,  
But on the o'ershadowing ilex  
bough,

Thy breezy place is void by Virgil's  
tomb.

Thy place is void; oh! none on  
earth,

This crowded earth, may so re-  
main,

Save that which souls of loftiest  
birth

Leave when they part, their brighter  
home to gain.

Another leaf, ere now, hath sprung  
On the green stem which once was  
thine;

When shall another strain be sung  
Like his, whose dust hath made that  
spot a shrine?

## THE CHIEFTAIN'S SON

YES, it is ours!—the field is won,  
A dark and evil field!  
Lift from the ground my noble son,  
And bear him homewards on his  
bloody shield.

Let me not hear your trumpets ring,  
Swell not the battle-horn!  
Thoughts far too sad those notes  
will bring,  
When to the grave my glorious  
flower is borne!

Speak not of victory!—in the name  
There is too much of woe!  
Hushed be the empty voice of  
Fame—  
Call me back *his* whose graceful head  
is low.

Speak not of victory!—from my  
halls,  
The sunny hour is gone!  
The ancient banner on my walls,  
Must sink ere long; I had but him—  
but one!

Within the dwelling of my sires  
The hearths will soon be cold,  
With me must die the beacon-fires  
That streamed at midnight from the  
mountain-hold.

And let them fade, since this must  
be,  
My lovely and my brave!  
Was thy bright blood poured  
forth for me?  
And is there but for stately youth a  
grave?

Speak to me once again, my boy!  
Wilt thou not hear my call?  
Thou wert so full of life and joy,  
I had not dreamt of *this*—that thou  
couldst fall!

Thy mother watches from the steep  
For thy returning plume;  
How shall I tell her that thy sleep  
Is of the silent house, the untimely  
tomb?

Thou didst not seem as one to die,  
With all thy young renown!  
—Ye saw his falchion's flash on  
high,

In the mid-fight, when spears and  
crests went down!

Slow be your march! the field is  
won!  
A dark and evil field!  
Lift from the ground my noble son,  
And bear him homewards on his  
bloody shield.

## A FRAGMENT

Rest on your battle-fields, ye brave!  
Let the pines murmur o'er your  
grave,  
Your dirge be in the moaning wave—  
We call you back no more!

Oh! there was mourning when ye fell,  
In your own vales a deep-toned knell,  
An agony, a wild farewell—  
But that hath long been o'er.

Rest with your still and solemn fame;  
The hills keep record of your name,  
And never can a touch of shame  
Darken the buried brow.

But we on changeful days are cast,  
When bright names from their place  
fall fast  
And ye that with your glory passed,  
We cannot mourn you now.

## ENGLAND'S DEAD

Son of the Ocean Isle!  
Where sleep your mighty dead?  
Show me what high and stately pile  
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger! track the deep—  
Free, free the white sail spread!  
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind  
sweep,  
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,  
By the Pyramid o'erswayed,  
With fearful power the noonday  
reigns,  
And the palm trees yield no  
shade;—

But let the angry sun  
From heaven look fiercely red,  
Unfelt by those whose task is done!—  
*There* slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might  
Along the Indian shore,  
And far by Ganges' banks at night  
Is heard the tiger's roar ;—

But let the sound roll on  
It hath no tone of dread  
For those that from their toils are  
gone,—  
There slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods  
The Western wilds among,  
And free, in green Columbia's woods,  
The hunter's bow is strung ;—

But let the floods rush on !  
Let the arrow's flight be sped !  
Why should *they* reckon whose task is  
done ?—  
There slumber England's dead.

The mountain storms rise high  
In the snowy Pyrenees,  
And toss the pine boughs through  
the sky  
Like rose leaves on the breeze ;—

But let the storm rage on !  
Let the fresh wreaths be shed !  
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—  
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose  
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,  
When round the ship the ice-fields  
close,  
And the northern night-clouds  
lower ;—

But let the ice drift on !  
Let the cold-blue deserts spread !  
Their course with mast and flag is  
done—  
Even there sleep England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,  
The men of field and wave !  
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,  
The seas and shores their grave ?

Go, stranger ! track the deep—  
Free, free the white sails spread !  
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind  
sweep,  
Where rest not England's dead.

## THE MEETING OF THE BARDS

WRITTEN FOR AN EISTEDDVOG, OR  
MEETING OF WELSH BARDS, HELD IN  
LONDON, MAY 22, 1822

[The *Gorseddau*, or meetings of the British bards, were anciently ordained to be held in the open air, on some conspicuous situation, whilst the sun was above the horizon ; or, according to the expression employed on these occasions, "in the face of the sun, and in the eye of light." The places set apart for this purpose were marked out by a circle of stones, called the Circle of Federation. The presiding bard stood on a large stone (Maen Gorsedd, or the Stone of Assembly) in the centre. The sheathing of a sword upon this stone was the ceremony which announced the opening of a *Gorsedd*, or meeting. The bards always stood in their uni-coloured robes, with their heads and feet uncovered, within the Circle of Federation.—See OWEN'S *Translation of the Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hen*.]

WHERE met our bards of old ?—the  
glorious throng,  
They of the mountain and the battle  
song ?  
They met—oh ! not in kingly hall or  
bower,  
But where wild nature girt herself  
with power :  
They met where streams flashed  
bright from rocky caves ;  
They met where woods made moan  
o'er warriors' graves,  
And where the torrent's rainbow  
spray was cast,  
And where dark lakes were heaving  
to the blast,  
And 'midst the eternal cliffs, whose  
strength defied  
The crested Roman, in his hour of  
pride ;—  
And where the Carnedd, on its lonely  
hill,  
Bore silent record of the mighty  
still ;  
And where the Druid's ancient  
cromlech frowned  
And the oaks breathed mysterious  
murmurs round.

There thronged the inspired of  
yore !—on plain or height,  
*In the sun's face, beneath the eye of  
light !*  
And, baring unto heaven each noble  
head,  
Stood in the Circle, where none else  
might tread.

Well might their lays be lofty !—  
 soaring thought  
 From Nature's presence tenfold  
 grandeur caught :  
 Well might bold freedom's soul per-  
 vade the strains  
 Which startled eagles from their lone  
 domains,  
 And, like a breeze in chainless tri-  
 umph, went  
 Up through the blue resounding  
 firmament.  
 Whence came the echoes to those  
 numbers high ?  
 'Twas from the battle-fields of days  
 gone by,  
 And from the tombs of heroes, laid  
 to rest  
 With their good swords, upon the  
 mountain's breast ;  
 And from the watch towers on the  
 heights of snow,  
 Severed by cloud and storm from all  
 below ;  
 And the turf-mounds, once girt by  
 ruddy spears,  
 And the rock-altars of departed  
 years.  
 —Thence, deeply mingling with the  
 torrent's roar,  
 The winds a thousand wild responses  
 bore ;  
 And the green land, whose every  
 vale and glen  
 Doth shrine the memory of heroic  
 men,  
 On all her hills awakening to rejoice,  
 Sent forth proud answers to her  
 children's voice.

For us, not ours the festival to  
 hold,  
 Midst the stone circles, hallowed thus  
 of old ;  
 Not where great Nature's majesty  
 and might  
 First broke all-glorious on our infant  
 sight ;  
 Not near the tombs, where sleep our  
 free and brave,  
 Not by the mountain-llyn, the ocean  
 wave,  
 In these late days we meet—dark  
 Mona's shore,  
 Eryri's cliffs resound with harps no  
 more !

H.P.

But as the stream (though time or  
 art may turn  
 The current, bursting from its  
 caverned urn,  
 From Alpine glens, or ancient forest  
 bowers,  
 To bathe soft vales of pasture and of  
 flowers),  
 Alike in rushing strength or sunny  
 sleep,  
 Holds on its course, to mingle with  
 the deep ;  
 Thus, though our paths be changed,  
 still warm and free,  
 Land of the bard ! our spirit flies to  
 thee !  
 To thee our thoughts, our hopes, our  
 hearts belong,  
 Our dreams are haunted by thy voice  
 of song !  
 Nor yield our souls one patriot feeling  
 less  
 To the green memory of thy loveliness,  
 Than theirs, whose harp-notes pealed  
 from every height,  
*In the sun's face, beneath the eye of  
 light !*

## THE VOICE OF SPRING

I COME, I come ! ye have called me  
 long—  
 I come o'er the mountains with light  
 and song !  
 Ye may trace my step o'er the waken-  
 ing earth,  
 By the winds which tell of the violet's  
 birth,  
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy  
 grass,  
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.  
 I have breathed on the South, and  
 the chestnut flowers  
 By thousands have burst from the  
 forest-bowers,  
 And the ancient graves and the fallen  
 fanes  
 Are veiled with wreaths on Italian  
 plains ;—  
 But it is not for me, in my hour of  
 bloom,  
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb !  
 I have looked on the hills of the stormy  
 North,

R

And the larch has hung all his tassels forth, The fisher is out on the sunny sea, And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free, And the pine has a fringe of softer green, And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.	And youth is abroad in my green domains.
I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh, And called out each voice of the deep blue sky; From the night-bird's lay through the starry time, [clime, In the groves of the soft Hesperian To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes, When the dark fir branch into verdure breaks.	But ye !—ye are changed since ye met me last ! There is something bright from your features passed ! There is that come over your brow and eye Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die ! —Ye smile ! but your smile hath a dimness yet : Oh ! what have you looked on since last we met ?
From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain, They are sweeping on to the silvery main, They are flashing down from the mountain brows, They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs, They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves, And the earth resounds with the joy of waves !	Ye are changed, ye are changed !—and I see not here All whom I saw in the vanished year ! There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright, Which tossed in the breeze with a play of light ; There were eyes in whose glistening laughter lay No faint remembrance of dull decay !
Come forth, O ye children of gladness ! come ! Where the violets lie may be now your home. Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye, And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly ! With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay, Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.	There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head, As if for a banquet all earth were spread ; There were voices that rang through the sapphire sky, And had not a sound of mortality ! Are they gone ? is their mirth from the mountains passed ?— Ye have looked on death since ye met me last !
Away from the dwellings of careworn men, The waters are sparkling in grove and glen ! Away from the chamber and sullen hearth, The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth ! Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,	I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now— Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow ! Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace— She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race, With their laughing eyes and their festal crown : They are gone from amongst you in silence down ! They are gone from amongst you, the young and fair, Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair !

But I know of a land where there  
falls no blight— [eyes of light !  
I shall find them there, with their  
Where Death 'midst the blooms of  
the morn may dwell,  
I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell !

The summer is coming, on soft winds  
borne—

Ye may press the grape, ye may bind  
the corn !

For me, I depart to a brighter shore—  
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine  
no more ;

I go where the loved who have left  
you dwell,

And the flowers are not Death's—  
fare ye well, farewell !

## MISCELLANEOUS

### LINES

WRITTEN IN A HERMITAGE ON THE  
SEASHORE

O WANDERER ! would thy heart  
forget  
Each earthly passion and regret,  
And would thy wearied spirit rise  
To commune with its native skies ;  
Pause for a while, and deem it  
sweet  
To linger in this calm retreat ;  
And give thy cares, thy griefs, a  
short suspense,  
Amidst wild scenes of lone magnifi-  
cence.

Unmixed with aught of meaner  
tone,  
Here Nature's voice is heard alone :  
When the loud storm, in wrathful  
hour,  
Is rushing on its wing of power,  
And spirits of the deep awake,  
And surges foam, and billows  
break,  
And rocks and ocean caves around,  
Reverberate each awful sound ;  
That mighty voice, with all its dread  
control,  
To loftiest thought shall wake thy  
thrilling soul.

But when no more the sea-winds  
rave,  
When peace is brooding on the  
wave,  
And from earth, air, and ocean  
rise  
No sounds but plaintive melodies ;

Soothed by their softly mingling  
swell, [well,  
As daylight bids the world fare-  
The rustling wood, the dying breeze,  
The faint, low rippling of the seas,  
A tender calm shall steal upon thy  
breast,  
A gleam reflected from the realms of  
rest.

Is thine a heart the world hath  
stung,  
Friends have deceived, neglect  
hath wrung ?  
Hast thou some grief that none  
may know,  
Some lonely, secret, silent woe ?  
Or have thy fond affections fled  
From earth, to slumber with the  
dead ?—  
Oh ! pause awhile—the world dis-  
own,  
And dwell with Nature's self alone !  
And though no more she bids arise  
Thy soul's departed energies,  
And though thy joy of life is o'er,  
Beyond her magic to restore ;  
Yet shall her spells o'er every passion  
steal,  
And soothe the wounded heart they  
cannot heal.

### DIRGE OF A CHILD

No bitter tears for thee be shed,  
Blossom of being ! seen and gone !  
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,  
O blest departed one !  
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,  
Blushed into dawn and passed away.

Yes! thou art fled, ere guilt had  
power  
To stain thy cherub-soul and form,  
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower  
That never felt a storm!  
The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's  
breath,  
All that it knew from birth to death.

Thou wert so like a form of light,  
That heaven benignly called thee  
hence,  
Ere yet the world could breathe one  
blight  
O'er thy sweet innocence:  
And thou, that brighter home to  
bless,  
Art passed, with all thy loveliness!

Oh! hadst thou still on earth re-  
mained,  
Vision of beauty! fair, as brief!  
How soon thy brightness had been  
stained

With passion or with grief!  
Now not a sullyng breath can rise,  
To dim thy glory in the skies.

We rear no marble o'er thy tomb;  
No sculptured image there shall  
mourn;

Ah! fitter far the vernal bloom  
Such dwelling to adorn.  
Fragrance, and flowers, and dews,  
must be  
The only emblems meet for thee.

Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,  
Adorned with Nature's brightest  
wreath,

Each glowing season shall combine  
Its incense there to breathe;  
And oft, upon the midnight air,  
Shall viewless harps be murmuring  
there.

And oh! sometimes in visions blest,  
Sweet spirit! visit our repose;  
And bear, from thine own world of  
rest,

Some balm for human woes!  
What form more lovely could be given  
Than thine to messenger of heaven?

### INVOCATION

HUSHED is the world in night and  
sleep,

Earth, Sea, and Air, are still as  
death;  
Too rude to break a calm so deep,  
Were music's faintest breath  
Descend, bright Visions! from aerial  
bowers,  
Descend to gild your own soft, silent  
hours.

In hope or fear, in toil or pain,  
The weary day have mortals past;  
Now, dreams of bliss! be yours to  
reign,  
And all your spells around them  
cast;  
Steal from their hearts the pang,  
their eyes the tear,  
And lift the veil that hides a brighter  
sphere.

Oh! bear your softest balm to  
those,  
Who fondly, vainly, mourn the  
dead,  
To them that world of peace dis-  
close,

Where the bright soul is fled:  
Where Love, immortal in his native  
clime,  
Shall fear no pang from fate, no  
blight from time

Or to his loved, his distant land,  
On your light wings the exile bear  
To feel once more his heart expand,  
In his own genial mountain air;  
Hear the wild echoes' well-known  
strains repeat,  
And bless each note, as Heaven's  
own music sweet.

But oh! with Fancy's brightest  
ray,  
Blest dreams! the bard's repose  
illumine;  
Bid forms of heaven around him  
play,

And bowers of Eden bloom!  
And waft his spirit to its native  
skies  
Who finds no charm in life's realities.

No voice is on the air of night,  
Through folded leaves no murmurs  
creep,  
Nor star nor moonbeam's trembling  
light

Falls on the placid brow of sleep.  
Descend, bright Visions! from your  
airy bower :  
Dark, silent, solemn, is your favourite  
hour.

TO THE MEMORY OF  
GENERAL SIR EDWARD  
PAKENHAM

BRAVE spirit! mourned with fond  
regret,  
Lost in life's pride, in valour's noon,  
Oh! who could deem *thy* star should  
set  
So darkly and so soon!

Fatal, though bright, the fire of mind  
Which marked and closed thy brief  
career ;  
And the fair wreath, by Hope  
entwined  
Lies withered on thy bier.

The soldier's death hath been thy  
doom,  
The soldier's tear thy meed shall be ,  
Yet, son of war! a prouder tomb  
Might Fate have reared for thee

*Thou* shouldst have died, O high-  
souled chief!  
In those bright days of glory fled,  
When triumph so prevailed o'er  
grief,  
We scarce could mourn the  
dead.

Noontide of fame! each tear-drop  
then  
Was worthy of a warrior's grave :  
When shall affection weep again  
So proudly o'er the brave?

There, on the battle-fields of Spain,  
'Midst Roncesvalles' mountain-scene,  
Or on Vittoria's blood-red plain,  
Meet had thy deathbed been.

We mourn not that a hero's life  
Thus in its ardent prime should  
close ;

Hadst thou but fallen in nobler strife,  
But died 'midst conquered foes!

Yet hast thou still (though victory's  
flame

In that last moment cheered thee  
not)  
Left Glory's isle another name,  
That ne'er may be forgot :

And many a tale of triumph won,  
Shall breathe that name in Memory's  
ear,  
And long may England mourn a son  
*Without reproach or fear.*

TO THE MEMORY OF  
SIR HENRY ELLIS

WHO FELL IN THE BATTLE OF  
WATERLOO

Happy are they who die in youth, when their  
renown is around them.—OSSIAN.

WEEPST thou for him, whose doom  
was sealed

On England's proudest battle-field?  
For him, the lion-heart, who died  
In victory's full resistless tide?

Oh, mourn him not!  
By deeds like his that field was won,  
And Fate could yield to Valour's son  
No brighter lot.

He heard his band's exulting cry,  
He saw the vanguard eagles fly;  
And envied be his death of fame,  
It shed a sunbeam o'er his name  
That nought shall dim :  
No cloud obscured his glory's day,  
It saw no twilight of decay—  
Weep not for him!

And breathe no dirge's plaintive  
moan,  
A hero claims far loftier tone!  
Oh! proudly should the war-song  
swell,  
Recording how the mighty fell  
In that dread hour,  
When England, 'midst the battle-  
storm—  
The avenging angel—reared her  
form  
In tenfold power.

Yet, gallant heart! to swell thy  
praise,  
Vain were the minstrel's noblest lays;  
Since he, the soldier's guiding star,  
The Victor chief, the lord of war,  
Has owned thy fame:



And oh ! like *his* approving word,  
What trophied marble could record  
A warrior's name ?

### GUERRILLA SONG

FOUNDED ON THE STORY RELATED  
OF THE SPANISH PATRIOT MINA

Oh ! forget not the hour, when  
through forest and vale,  
We returned with our chief to his  
dear native halls ;  
Through the woody sierra there  
sighed not a gale,  
And the moonbeam was bright on  
his battlement walls ;  
And nature lay sleeping in calmness  
and light,  
Round the home of the valiant that  
rose on our sight.

We entered that home—all was  
loneliness round,  
The stillness, the darkness, the peace  
of the grave ;  
Not a voice, not a step, bade its  
echoes resound,  
Ah ! such was the welcome that  
waited the brave !  
For the spoilers had passed, like the  
poison-wind's breath,  
And the loved of his bosom lay silent  
in death.

Oh ! forget not that hour—let its  
image be near,  
In the light of our mirth, in the  
dreams of our rest,  
Let its tale awake feelings too deep  
for a tear,  
And rouse into vengeance each arm  
and each breast,  
Till cloudless the dayspring of liberty  
shine  
O'er the plains of the olive and hills  
of the vine.

### THE AGED INDIAN

WARRIORS ! my noon of life is past,  
The brightness of my spirit flown ;  
I crouch before the wintry blast,  
Amidst my tribe I dwell alone ;  
The heroes of my youth are fled,  
They rest among the warlike dead.

Ye slumberers of the narrow cave !  
My kindred chiefs in days of yore,  
Ye fill an unremembered grave,  
Your fame, your deeds, are known  
no more,

The records of your wars are gone,  
Your names forgot by all but one.

Soon shall that one depart from  
earth,  
To join the brethren of his prime ;  
Then will the memory of your birth  
Sleep with the hidden things of time.  
With him, ye sons of former days !  
Fades the last glimmering of your  
praise.

His eyes, that hailed your spirits'  
flame,  
Still kindling in the combat's shock,  
Have seen, since darkness veiled  
your fame,

Sons of the desert and the rock !  
Another, and another race,  
Rise to the battle and the chase.

Descendants of the mighty dead !  
Fearless of heart and firm of hand !  
O ! let me join their spirits fled,  
O ! send me to their shadowy land.  
Age hath not tamed Ontara's heart,  
He shrinks not from the friendly  
dart.

These feet no more can chase the  
deer,

The glory of this arm is flown ;—  
Why should the feeble linger here,  
When all the pride of life is gone ?  
Warriors ! why still the stroke deny,  
Think ye Ontara fears to die ?

He feared not in his flower of days,  
When strong to stem the torrent's  
force,  
When through the desert's pathless  
maze,

His way was as an eagle's course !  
When war was sunshine to his sight,  
And the wild hurricane, delight !

Shall then the warrior tremble *now* ?  
Now when his envied strength is o'er—  
Hung on the pine his idle bow,  
His pirogue useless on the shore ?  
When age hath dimmed his failing  
eye,  
Shall he, the joyless, fear to die ?

Sons of the brave! delay no more,  
The spirits of my kindred call;  
'Tis but one pang, and all is o'er!  
Oh! bid the aged cedar fall!  
To join the brethren of his prime,  
The mighty of departed time.

### EVENING AMONGST THE ALPS

SOFT skies of Italy! how richly drest,  
Smile these wild scenes in your  
purpureal glow!  
What glorious hues, reflected from  
the west,  
Float o'er the dwellings of eternal  
snow!

Yon torrent, foaming down the  
granite steep,  
Sparkles all brilliance in the setting  
beam;  
Dark glens beneath in shadowy  
beauty sleep,  
Where pipes the goatherd by his  
mountain stream.

Now from yon peak departs the  
vivid ray,  
That still at eve its lofty temple  
knows;  
From rock and torrent fade the tints  
away,  
And all is wrapt in twilight's deep  
repose:  
While through the pine wood gleams  
the vesper star  
And roves the Alpine gale o'er soli-  
tudes afar.

### DIRGE OF THE HIGHLAND CHIEF IN "WAVERLEY"

SON of the mighty and the free!  
High-minded leader of the brave!  
Was it for lofty chief like thee,  
To fill a nameless grave?  
Oh! if amidst the valiant slain,  
The warrior's bier had been thy lot,  
E'en though on red Culloden's plain,  
We then had mourned thee not.

But darkly closed thy dawn of fame,  
That dawn whose sunbeam rose so  
fair;  
Vengeance alone may breathe thy  
name,  
The watchword of Despair!

Yet oh! if gallant spirit's power  
Hath e'er ennobled death like thine,  
Then glory marked *thy* parting hour,  
Last of a mighty line!

O'er thy own towers the sunshine falls,  
But cannot chase their silent gloom;  
Those beams that gild thy native  
walls

Are sleeping on thy tomb!  
Spring on thy mountains laughs the  
while,

Thy green woods wave in vernal air,  
But the loved scenes may vainly  
smile:

Not e'en thy dust is there.

On thy blue hills no bugle sound  
Is mingling with the torrent's roar,  
Unmarked, the wild deer sport  
around

Thou leadst the chase no more!

Thy gates are closed, thy halls are  
still,

Those halls where pealed the choral  
strain:

They hear the wind's deep murmur-  
ing thrill,

And all is hushed again.

No banner from the lonely tower  
Shall wave its blazoned folds on  
high;

There the tall grass, and summer  
flower,

Unmarked shall spring and die.

No more thy bard, for other ear,  
Shall wake the harp once loved by  
thine— [hear,

Hushed be the strain *thou* canst not  
Last of a mighty line!

### THE CRUSADERS' WAR-SONG

CHIEFTAINS, lead on! our hearts  
beat high,

Lead on to Salem's towers!

Who would not deem it bliss to die,  
Slain in a cause like ours?

The brave who sleep in soil of thine,  
Die not entombed but shrined, O  
Palestine!

Souls of the slain in holy war!  
Look from your sainted rest.  
Tell us ye rose in Glory's car,  
To mingle with the blest;

Tell us how short the death-pang's  
power,  
How bright the joys of your immortal  
bower.

Strike the loud harp, ye minstrel  
train !

Pour forth your loftiest lays ;  
Each heart shall echo to the strain  
Breathed in the warrior's praise.  
Bid every string triumphant swell  
The inspiring sounds that heroes love  
so well.

Salem ! amidst the fiercest hour,  
The wildest rage of fight,  
Thy name shall lend our falchions  
power,  
And nerve our hearts with might.  
Envid be those for thee that fall,  
Who find their graves beneath thy  
sacred wall.

For them no need that sculptured  
tomb

Should chronicle their fame,  
Or pyramid record their doom,  
Or deathless verse their name ;  
It is enough that dust of thine  
Should shroud their forms, O blessed  
Palestine !

Chieftains, lead on ! our hearts beat  
high

For combat's glorious hour ;  
Soon shall the Red Cross banner fly  
On Salem's loftiest tower !  
We burn to mingle in the strife,  
Where *but* to die ensures eternal life.

### THE DEATH OF CLANRONALD

It was in the battle of Sheriffmoor that young Clanronald fell, leading on the Highlanders of the right wing. His death dispirited the assailants, who began to waver. But Glengarry, chief of a rival branch of the Clan Colla, started from the ranks, and, waving his bonnet round his head, cried out, "To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for mourning!" The Highlanders received a new impulse from his words, and, charging with redoubled fury, bore down all before them.—See the *Quarterly Review's* article of "Culloden Papers."

Oh ! ne'er be Clanronald the valiant  
forgot !

Still fearless and first in the combat  
he fell ;

But we paused not one tear-drop to  
shed o'er the spot,

We spared not one moment to mur-  
mur "Farewell."

We heard but the battle word given  
by the chief,

"To-day for revenge, and to-morrow  
for grief !"

And wildly, Clanronald ! we echoed  
the vow,

With the tear on our cheek, and the  
sword in our hand ;

Young son of the brave ! we may  
weep for thee now,

For well has thy death been avenged  
by thy band,

When they joined, in wild chorus,  
the cry of the chief,

"To-day for revenge, to-morrow for  
grief !"

Thy dirge in that hour was the bugle's  
wild call,

The clash of the claymore, the shout  
of the brave ;

But now thy own bard may lament  
for thy fall,

And the soft voice of melody sigh o'er  
thy grave—

While Albyn remembers the words  
of the chief,

"To-day for revenge, to-morrow for  
grief !"

Thou art fallen, O fearless one !  
flower of thy race :

Descendant of heroes ! thy glory is  
set :

But thy kindred, the sons of the  
battle and chase,

Have proved that thy spirit is bright  
in them yet !

Nor vainly have echoed the words  
of the chief,

"To-day for revenge, and to-morrow  
for grief !"

### TO THE EYE

THRONE of expression ! whence the  
spirit's ray

Pours forth so oft the light of mental  
day,

Where fancy's fire, affection's melting  
beam,

Thought, genius, passion, reign in turn  
supreme,  
And many a feeling words can ne'er  
impart  
Finds its own language to pervade  
the heart ;  
Thy power, bright orb, what bosom  
hath not felt,  
To thrill, to rouse, to fascinate, to  
melt !  
And by some spell of undefined con-  
trol,  
With magnet-influence touch the  
secret soul !

Light of the features ! in the morn of  
youth  
Thy glance is nature, and thy lan-  
guage truth :  
And ere the world, with all-corrupt-  
ing sway,  
Hath taught e'en *thee* to flatter and  
betray,  
The ingenuous heart forbids thee to  
reveal,  
Or speak one thought that interest  
would conceal ;  
While yet thou seemest the cloudless  
mirror, given  
But to reflect the purity of heaven ;  
O ! then how lovely, there unveiled,  
to trace  
The unsullied brightness of each  
mental grace !

When Genius lends thee all his living  
light  
Where the full beams of intellect  
unite ;  
When love illumines thee with his  
varying ray,  
Where trembling Hope and tearful  
Rapture play ;  
Or Pity's melting cloud thy beam  
subdues,  
Tempering its lustre with a veil of  
dews ;  
Still does thy power, whose all-com-  
manding spell  
Can pierce the mazes of the soul so  
well,  
Bid some new feeling to existence  
start,  
From its deep slumbers in the inmost  
heart.

And oh ! when thought, in ecstasy  
sublime,  
That soars triumphant o'er the  
bounds of time,  
Fires thy keen glance with inspira-  
tion's blaze,  
The light of heaven, the hope of  
nobler days  
(As glorious dreams, for utterance  
far too high,  
Flash through the mist of dim mor-  
tality),  
Who does not own, that through  
thy lightning-beams  
A flame unquenchable, unearthly,  
streams ?—  
That pure, though captive effluence  
of the sky,  
The vestal ray, the spark that can-  
not die !

### THE HERO'S DEATH

LIFE's parting beams were in his eye,  
Life's closing accents on his tongue,  
When round him, pealing to the sky,  
The shout of victory rung !

Then, ere his gallant spirit fled,  
A smile so bright illumed his face—  
Oh ! never, of the light it shed,  
Shall memory lose a trace !

His was a death, whose rapture high  
Transcended all that life could  
yield ;  
His warmest prayer was so to die,  
On the red battle-field !

And they may feel, who loved him  
most,  
A pride so holy and so pure :  
Fate hath no power o'er those who  
boast  
A treasure thus secure !

### THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure  
caves and cells,  
Thou hollow-sounding and mys-  
terious main ?—  
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-  
coloured shells  
Bright things which gleam un-  
recked of, and in vain.

Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy  
sea!

We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!

What wealth untold,

Far down, and shining through  
their stillness lies!

Thou hast the starry gems, the  
burning gold,

Won from ten thousand royal  
argosies.—

Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild  
and wrathful main!

Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more!

Thy waves have rolled

Above the cities of a world gone  
by!

Sand hath filled up the palaces of  
old,

Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of  
revelry.—

Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scorn-  
ful play:

Man yields them to decay.

Yet more! the billows and the  
depths have more!

High hearts and brave are gathered  
to thy breast!

They hear not now the booming  
waters roar,

The battle-thunders will not break  
their rest.—

Keep thy red gold and gems, thou  
stormy grave!

Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—  
those for whom

The place was kept at board and  
hearth so long,

The prayer went up through mid-  
night's breathless gloom,

And the vain yearning woke 'midst  
festal song!

Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers  
o'erthrown—

But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone  
down,

Dark flow thy tides o'er man-  
hood's noble head,

O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's  
flowery crown:

Yet must thou hear a voice—  
Restore the dead!

Earth shall reclaim her precious  
things from thee!—

Restore the dead, thou sea!

### BRING FLOWERS

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the  
festal board,

To wreath the cup ere the wine is  
poured!

Bring flowers! they are springing in  
wood and vale:

Their breath floats out on the southern  
gale,

And the touch of the sunbeam hath  
waked the rose,

To deck the hall where the bright  
wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the con-  
queror's path!

He hath shaken thrones with his  
stormy wrath:

He comes with the spoils of nations  
back,

The vines lie crushed in his chariot's  
track,

The turf looks red where he won the  
day.

Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's  
way!

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely  
cell!

They have tales of the joyous woods  
to tell—

Of the free blue streams, and the  
glowing sky,

And the bright world shut from his  
languid eye;

They will bear him a thought of the  
sunny hours,

And the dream of his youth. Bring  
him flowers, wild flowers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the  
bride to wear!

They were born to blush in her  
shining hair.

She is leaving the home of her child-  
hood's mirth,

She hath bid farewell to her father's  
hearth,

Her place is now by another's side.  
Bring flowers for the locks of the  
fair young bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the  
bier to shed,  
A crown for the brow of the early  
dead !  
For this through its leaves hath the  
white rose burst,  
For this in the woods was the violet  
nursed !  
Though they smile in vain for what  
once was ours,  
They are love's last gift. Bring ye  
flowers, pale flowers !

Bring flowers to the shrine where we  
kneel in prayer—  
They are nature's offering, their  
place is *there* !  
They speak of hope to the fainting  
heart,  
With a voice of promise they come  
and part,  
They sleep in dust through the wintry  
hours,  
They break forth in glory. Bring  
flowers, bright flowers !

## THE CRUSADER'S RETURN

Alas ! the mother that him bare,  
If she had been in presence there,  
In his wan cheeks and sunburnt hair  
She had not known her child.  
*Marmion.*

Rest, pilgrim, rest ! Thou'rt from  
the Syrian land,  
Thou'rt from the wild and won-  
drous East, I know  
By the long-withered palm-branch  
in thy hand,  
And by the darkness of thy sun-  
burnt brow.  
Alas ! the bright, the beautiful, who  
part  
So full of hope, for that far coun-  
try's bourne !  
Alas ! the weary and the changed in  
heart,  
And dimmed in aspect, who like  
thee return !  
Thou'rt faint—stay, rest thee from  
thy toils at last :  
Through the high chestnuts lightly  
plays the breeze,  
The stars gleam out, the *Ave* hour is  
past,  
The sailor's hymn hath died along  
the seas.

Thou'rt faint and worn—hear'st  
thou the fountain welling  
By the grey pillars of yon ruined  
shrine ?  
Seest thou the dewy grapes before  
thee swelling ?  
—He that hath left me trained  
that loaded vine !

He was a child when thus the bower  
he wove ;  
(Oh ! hath a day fled since his  
childhood's time ?)  
That I might sit and hear the sound I  
love,  
Beneath its shade—the convent's  
vesper-chime.  
And sit *thou* there !—for he was gentle  
ever,  
With his glad voice he would have  
welcomed thee,  
And brought fresh fruits to cool thy  
parched lips' fever.  
There in his place thou'rt resting—  
where is he ?

If I could hear that laughing voice  
again,  
But once again ! How oft it  
wanders by,  
In the still hours, like some remem-  
bered strain,  
Troubling the heart with its wild  
melody !—  
Thou hast seen much, tired pilgrim !  
hast thou seen  
In that far land, the chosen land  
of yore,  
A youth—my Guido—with the fiery  
mien  
And the dark eye of this Italian  
shore ?

The dark, clear, lightning eye ! On  
heaven and earth  
It smiled—as if man were not  
dust it smiled !  
The very air seemed kindling with his  
mirth,  
And I—my heart grew young  
before my child !  
My blessed child !—I had but him—  
yet he  
Filled all my home even with o'er-  
flowing joy,  
Sweet laughter, and wild song, and  
footstep free.

Where is he now?—my pride, my  
flower, my boy!

His sunny childhood melted from  
my sight,  
Like a spring dew drop Then his  
forehead wore  
A prouder look—his eye a keener  
light:  
I knew these woods might be his  
world no more! they go  
He loved me—but he left me! Thus  
Whom we have reared, watched,  
blessed, too much adored.  
He heard the trumpet of the Red  
Cross blow,  
And bounded from me with his  
father's sword!

Thou weep'st—I tremble!—thou  
hast seen the slain  
Pressing a bloody turf—the young  
and fair,  
With their pale beauty strewing o'er  
the plain  
Where hosts have met: speak!  
answer!—was *he* there?  
Oh! hath his smile departed? Could  
the grave  
Shut o'er those bursts of bright  
and tameless glee?  
No! I shall yet behold his dark locks  
wave!—  
That look gives hope—I knew it  
could not be!

Still weep'st thou, wanderer? Some  
fond mother's glance  
O'er thee, too, brooded in thine  
early years—  
Think'st thou of her, whose gentle  
eye, perchance,  
Bathed all thy faded hair with  
parting tears?  
Speak, for thy tears disturb me!—  
what art thou?  
Why dost thou hide thy face, yet  
weeping on?  
Look up! Oh! is it—that wan  
cheek and brow!—  
Is it—alas! yet joy!—my son, my  
son!

## THE REVELLERS

RING, joyous chords!—ring out  
again!  
A swifter and a wilder strain

They are here—the fair face and the  
careless heart,  
And stars shall wane ere the mirthful  
part.—  
But I met a dimly mournful glance,  
In a sudden turn of the flying dance;  
I heard the tone of a heavy sigh  
In a pause of the thrilling melody!  
And it is not well that woe should  
breathe  
On the bright spring flowers of the  
festal wreath!—  
Ye that to thought or to grief belong,  
Leave, leave the hall of song!

Ring, joyous chords!—But who art  
*thou*  
With the shadowy locks o'er thy pale  
young brow,  
And the world of dreamy gloom that  
lies  
In the misty depths of thy soft dark  
eyes?  
Thou hast loved, fair girl! thou hast  
loved too well!  
Thou art mourning now o'er a broker's  
spell;  
Thou hast poured thy heart's rich  
treasures forth,  
And art unrepaid for their priceless  
worth!  
Mourn on!—yet come thou not *here*  
the while,  
It is but a pain to see thee smile!  
There is not a tone in our songs for  
thee—  
Home with thy sorrows flee!

Ring, joyous chords!—Ring out  
again!—  
But what dost thou with the revel's  
train?  
A silvery voice through the soft air  
floats,  
But thou hast no part in the gladden-  
ing notes;  
There are bright young faces that  
pass thee by,  
But they fix no glance of thy wander-  
ing eye!  
Away! there's a void in thy yearning  
breast,  
Thou weary man! wilt thou *here*  
find rest!  
Away! for thy thoughts from the  
scene have fled,

And the love of *thy* spirit is with the dead :

Thou art but more lone 'midst the sounds of mirth—

Back to thy silent hearth !

Ring, joyous chords !—ring forth again !

A swifter still, and a wilder strain !—  
But *thou*, though a reckless mien be thine,

And thy cup be crowned with the foaming wine,

By the fitful bursts of thy laughter loud,

By thine eye's quick flash through its troubled cloud,

I know thee ! it is but the wakeful fear

Of a haunted bosom that brings thee here !

I know thee !—thou fearest the solemn night,

With her piercing stars and her deep wind's might !

There's a tone in her voice which thou fain wouldst shun,

For it asks what the secret soul hath done !

And thou—there's a dark weight on thine—away !—

Back to thy home, and pray !

Ring, joyous chords !—ring out again !

A swifter still, and a wilder strain !  
And bring fresh wreaths !—we will banish all

Save the free in heart from our festive hall.

On ! through the maze of the fleet dance, on !—

But where are the young and the lovely gone ?

Where are the brows with the Red Cross crowned,

And the floating forms with the bright zone bound ?

And the waving locks and the flying feet,

That still should be where the mirthful meet ?—

They are gone—they are fled—they are parted all :

Alas ! the forsaken hall !

## THE CONQUEROR'S SLEEP

SLEEP 'midst thy banners furled !  
Yes ! thou art there, upon thy buckler lying,

With the soft wind unfelt around thee sighing,

Thou chief of hosts, whose trumpet shakes the world !

Sleep, while the babe sleeps on its mother's breast

Oh ! strong is night—for thou too art at rest !

Stillness hath smoothed thy brow,  
And now might love keep timid vigils by thee,

Now might the foe with stealthy foot draw nigh thee,

Alike unconscious and defenceless thou !

Tread lightly, watchers ! Now the field is won,

Break not the rest of nature's weary son !

Perchance some lovely dream  
Back from the stormy fight thy soul is bearing,

To the green places of thy boyish daring,

And all the windings of thy native stream.

Why, this were joy ! Upon the tented plain,

Dream on, thou Conqueror !—be a child again !

But thou wilt wake at morn,  
With thy strong passions to the conflict leaping,

And thy dark troubled thoughts all earth o'ersweeping ;

So wilt thou rise, O thou of woman born !

And put thy terrors on, till none may dare

Look upon thee—the tired one, slumbering there !

Why, so the peasant sleeps  
Beneath his vine !—and man must kneel before thee,

And for his birthright vainly still implore thee !

Shalt thou be stayed because thy brother weeps ?—



Wake! and forget that 'midst a  
dreaming world,  
Thou hast lain thus, with all thy  
banners furled!

Forget that thou, even thou,  
Hast feebly shivered when the wind  
passed o'er thee,  
And sunk to rest upon the earth which  
bore thee,  
And felt the night-dew chill thy  
fevered brow!  
Wake with the trumpet, with the  
spear press on!—  
Yet shall the dust take home its  
mortal son.

#### OUR LADY'S WELL

Fount of the woods! thou art hid  
no more  
From heaven's clear eye, as in time  
of yore.  
For the roof hath sunk from thy  
mossy walls,  
And the sun's free glance on thy  
slumber falls;  
And the dim tree-shadows across thee  
pass,  
As the boughs are swayed o'er thy  
silvery glass;  
And the reddening leaves to thy  
breast are blown,  
When the autumn wind hath a stormy  
tone;  
And thy bubbles rise to the flashing  
rain—  
Bright Fount! thou art nature's  
own again!

Fount of the vale! thou art sought  
no more  
By the pilgrim's foot, as in time  
of yore,  
When he came from afar, his beads  
to tell,  
And to chant his hymn at Our Lady's  
Well.  
There is heard no *Ave* through thy  
bowers,  
Thou art gleaming lone 'midst thy  
water-flowers!  
But the herd may drink from thy  
gushing wave,  
And there may the reaper his fore-  
head lave,

And the woodman seeks thee not in  
vain—  
Bright Fount! thou art nature's own  
again!

Fount of the Virgin's ruined shrine!  
A voice that speaks of the past is  
thine!  
It mingles the tone of a thoughtful  
sigh  
With the notes that ring through the  
laughing sky;  
'Midst the mirthful song of the summer  
bird,  
And the sound of the breeze, it will  
yet be heard!—  
Why is it that thus we may gaze on  
thee,  
To the brilliant sunshine sparkling  
free?  
'Tis that all on earth is of *Time's*  
domain—  
He hath made thee nature's own  
again!

Fount of the chapel with ages grey!  
Thou art springing freshly amidst  
decay;  
Thy rites are closed, and thy cross  
lies low,  
And the changeful hours breathe o'er  
thee now.  
Yet if at thine altar one holy thought  
In man's deep spirit of old hath  
wrought;  
If peace to the mourner hath here  
been given,  
Or prayer, from a chastened heart,  
to heaven—  
Be the spot still hallowed while Time  
shall reign,  
Who hath made thee nature's own  
again!

#### THE PARTING OF SUMMER

Thou'rt bearing hence thy roses,  
Glad summer, fare thee well!  
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies  
In every wood and dell.

But o'e the golden sunset  
Of thy latest lingering day,  
Oh! tell me, o'er this chequered  
earth,  
How thou hast passed away?

Brightly, sweet Summer ! brightly  
Thine hours have floated by,  
To the joyous birds of the woodland  
boughs,  
The rangers of the sky ;

And brightly in the forests,  
To the wild deer wandering free ;  
And brightly, 'midst the garden  
flowers,  
To the happy murmuring bee :

But how to human bosoms  
With all their hopes and fears,  
And thoughts that make them eagle-  
wings,  
To pierce the unborn years ?

Sweet Summer ! to the captive  
Thou hast flown in burning dreams  
Of the woods, with all their whis-  
per-  
ing leaves,  
And the blue rejoicing streams ;—

To the wasted and the weary  
On the bed of sickness bound,  
In swift delirious fantasies,  
That changed with every sound ;—

To the sailor on the billows,  
In longings, wild and vain,  
For the gushing founts and breezy  
hills,  
And the homes of earth again !

And unto me, glad Summer !  
How hast thou flown to me ?  
My chainless footstep naught hath  
kept  
From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,  
In memories of the dead—  
In shadows from a troubled heart,  
O'er thy sunny pathway shed :

In brief and sudden strivings  
To fling a weight aside—  
'Midst these thy melodies have ceased,  
And all thy roses died.

But oh ! thou gentle Summer !  
If I greet thy flowers once more,  
Bring me again the buoyancy  
Wherewith my soul should soar !

Give me to hail thy sunshine  
With song and spirit free ;

Or in a purer air than this  
May that next meeting be !

## THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS

—Sing aloud  
Old songs, the precious music of the heart.  
WORDSWORTH.

SING them upon the sunny hills,  
When days are long and bright  
And the blue gleam of shining rills,  
Is loveliest to the sight !  
Sing them along the misty moor,  
Where ancient hunters roved,  
And swell them through the torrent's  
roar,  
The songs our fathers loved !—

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear  
When harps were in the hall,  
And each proud note made lance and  
spear  
Thrill on the bannered wall :  
The songs that through our valleys  
green,  
Sent on from age to age,  
Like his own river's voice, have been  
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale  
Is filled with plummy sheaves ;  
The woodman, by the starlight pale,  
Cheered homeward through the  
leaves :  
And unto them the glancing oars  
A joyous measure keep,  
Where the dark rocks that crest our  
shores  
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be ! a light they shed  
O'er each old fount and grove ;  
A memory of the gentle dead,  
A lingering spell of love.  
Murmuring the names of mighty  
men,  
That bid our streams roll on,  
And link high thoughts to every glen  
Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the  
hearth,  
When evening fires burn clear,  
And in the fields of harvest mirth,  
And on the hills of deer.  
So shall each unforgotten word,  
When far those loved ones roam,

Call back the hearts which once it  
stirred,  
To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land  
Shall whisper in the strain,  
The voices of their household band  
Shall breathe their names again ;  
The heathery heights in vision rise,  
Where, like the stag, they roved.  
Sing to your sons those melodies  
The songs your fathers loved !

### THE WORLD IN THE OPEN AIR

COME, while in freshness and dew it  
lies,

To the world that is under the free  
blue skies !

Leave ye man's home, and forget his  
care—

There breathes no sigh on the day-  
spring's air.

COME to the woods, in whose mossy  
dells

A light all made for the poet dwells—  
A light, coloured softly by tender  
leaves,

Whence the primrose a mellower glow  
receives.

The stockdove is there in the beechen  
tree,

And the lulling tone of the honey-bee;  
And the voice of cool waters 'midst  
feathery fern,

Shedding sweet sounds from some  
hidden urn.

There is life, there is youth, there is  
tameless mirth,

Where the streams, with the lilies  
they wear, have birth ;

There is peace where the alders are  
whispering low :

COME from man's dwellings with all  
their woe !

Yes ! we will come—we will leave  
behind

The homes and the sorrows of human  
kind.

It is well to rove where the river leads  
Its bright blue vein along sunny  
meads :

It is well through the rich wild woods  
to go,

And to pierce the haunts of the fawn  
and doe ;

And to hear the gushing of gentle  
springs,

When the heart has been fretted by  
worldly stings ;

And to watch the colours that flit  
and pass,

With insect wings, through the wavy  
grass ;

And the silvery gleams o'er the ash  
tree's bark,

Borne in with a breeze through the  
foliage dark.

Joyous and far shall our wanderings  
be,

As the flight of birds o'er the glitter-  
ing sea :

To the woods, to the dingles where  
violets blow,

We will bear no memory of earthly  
woe.

But if by the forest brook we meet  
A line like the pathway of former feet ;

If, 'midst the hills, in some lonely  
spot,

We reach the grey ruins of tower  
or cot ;—

If the cell, where a hermit of old  
hath prayed,

Lift up its cross through the solemn  
shade ;

Or if some nook, where the wild  
flowers wave,

Bear token sad of a mortal grave,—

Doubt not but *there* will our steps be  
stayed,

There our quick spirits awhile de-  
layed ;

There will thought fix our impatient  
eyes,

And win back our hearts to their  
sympathies.

For what though the mountains  
and skies be fair,

Steeped in soft hues of the summer  
air ?

'Tis the soul of man, by its hopes and  
dreams,

That lights up all nature with living gleams.

Where it hath suffered and nobly striven,  
Where it hath poured forth its vows to heaven ;  
Where to repose it hath brightly passed,  
O'er this green earth there is glory cast.

And by the soul, 'midst groves and rills,  
And flocks that feed on a thousand hills,  
Birds of the forest, and flowers of the sod,  
*We*, only *we*, may be linked to God !

#### KINDRED HEARTS

Oh ! ask not, hope thou not too much  
Of sympathy below !  
Few are the hearts whence one same touch  
Bids the sweet fountains flow—  
Few—and by still conflicting powers  
Forbidden here to meet :  
Such ties would make this life of ours  
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye,  
Sees not as thine, which turns  
In such deep reverence to the sky,  
Where the rich sunset burns :  
It may be that the breath of spring,  
Born amidst violets lone,  
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—  
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—  
A sorrowful delight !  
The melody of distant chimes,  
The sound of waves by night,  
The wind that, with so many a tone,  
Some chord within can thrill,—  
These may have language all thine own,  
To *him* a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not, for this, the true  
And steadfast love of years ;  
The kindly, that from childhood grew,  
The faithful to thy tears !  
If there be one that o'er the dead  
Hath in thy grief borne part,

H P.

And watched through sickness by thy bed,—  
Call *his* a kindred heart !

But for those bonds all perfect made  
Wherein bright spirits blend,  
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,  
With the same breeze that bend—  
For that full bliss of thought allied  
Never to mortals given,  
Oh ! lay thy lovely dreams aside,  
Or lift them unto heaven.

#### THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE

In sunset's light, o'er Afric thrown,  
A wanderer proudly stood  
Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,  
Of Egypt's awful flood—  
The cradle of that mighty birth,  
So long a hidden thing to earth !

He heard in life's first murmuring sound,  
A low mysterious tone—  
A music sought, but never found  
By kings and warriors gone.  
He listened—and his heart beat high :  
That was the song of victory !

The rapture of a conqueror's mood  
Rushed burning through his frame,—  
The depths of that green solitude  
Its torrents could not tame ;  
Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile,  
Round those far fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars. Across his soul  
There swept a sudden change :  
E'en at the pilgrim's glorious goal  
A shadow dark and strange  
Breathed from the thought, so swift to fall

O'er triumph's hour—and *is this all ?*  
No more than this ! What seemed  
it *now*

First by that spring to stand ?  
A thousand streams of lovelier flow  
Bathed his own mountain-land !  
Whence, far o'er waste and ocean track,  
Their wild, sweet voices, called him back.

They called him back to many a glade,  
His childhood's haunt of play,  
Where brightly through the beechen  
shade

Their waters glanced away ;  
They called him, with their sounding  
waves,  
Back to his father's hills and graves.

But, darkly mingling with the thought  
Of each familiar scene,  
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught  
With all that lay between—  
The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,  
The whirling sands, the red simoom !

Where was the glow of power and  
pride ?

The spirit born to roam ?  
His altered heart within him died  
With yearnings for his home !  
All vainly struggling to repress  
The gush of painful tenderness.

He wept ! The stars of Afric's  
heaven

Beheld his bursting tears,  
E'en on that spot where fate had  
given

The meed of toiling years !—  
O Happiness ! how far we flee  
Thine own sweet paths in search of  
thee !

### CASABIANCA

THE boy stood on the burning deck  
Whence all but he had fled ;  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
As born to rule the storm—  
A creature of heroic blood,  
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go  
Without his father's word ;  
That father, faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud :—" Say, father, say  
If yet my task is done ! "  
He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father ! " once again he  
cried,

" If I may yet be gone ! "  
And but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair,  
And looked from that lone post of  
death  
In still yet brave despair ;

And shouted but once more aloud,  
" My father ! must I stay ? "  
While o'er him fast, through sail and  
shroud,  
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And streamed above the gallant child  
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-  
sound—  
The boy—oh ! where was he ?  
Ask of the winds that far around  
With fragments strewed the sea !—

With mast, and helm, and pennon  
fair,  
That well had borne their part ;  
But the noblest thing which perished  
there  
Was that young faithful heart !

### THE DIAL OF FLOWERS

'TWAS a lovely thought to mark the  
hours  
As they floated in light away,  
By the opening and the folding  
flowers,  
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich  
hue,  
And its graceful cup and bell,  
In whose coloured vase might sleep  
the dew,  
Like a pearl in an ocean shell.

To such sweet signs might the time  
have flowed  
In a golden current on,  
Ere from the garden, man's first  
abode,  
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly  
told—

Those days of song and dreams—  
When shepherds gathered their flocks  
of old

By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest

Far off in a breezeless main,

Which many a bark, with a weary  
quest,

Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,  
Marked thus—even thus—on  
earth,

By the closing of one hope's delight,  
And another's gentle birth ?

Oh ! let us live, so that flower by  
flower,

Shutting in turn, may leave

A lingering still for the sunset  
hour,

A charm for the shaded eve.

## OUR DAILY PATHS

Nought shall prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings.

WORDSWORTH.

THERE'S beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes  
Can trace it 'midst familiar things, and through their lowly guise ;  
We may find it where a hedgerow showers its blossoms o'er our way,  
Or a cottage window sparkles forth in the last red light of day.

We may find it where a spring shines clear beneath an aged tree,  
With the foxglove o'er the water's glass, borne downwards by the bee ;  
Or where a swift and sunny gleam on the birchen stems is thrown,  
As a soft wind playing parts the leaves, in copses green and lone.

We may find it in the winter boughs, as they cross the cold blue sky,  
While soft on icy pool and stream their pencilled shadows lie,  
When we look upon their tracery, by the fairy frost-work bound,  
Whence the flitting redbreast shakes a shower of crystals to the ground

Yes ! beauty dwells in all our paths—but sorrow, too, is there :  
How oft some cloud within us dims the bright, still summer air !  
When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the joyous things,  
That through the leafy places glance on many-coloured wings.

With shadows from the past we fill the happy woodland shades,  
And a mournful memory of the dead is with us in the glades ;  
And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an echo's plaintive tone  
Of voices, and of melodies, and of silvery laughter gone.

But are we free to do even thus—to wander as we will,  
Bearing sad visions through the grove, and o'er the breezy hill ?  
No ! in our daily paths lie cares, that oftentimes bind us fast,  
While from their narrow round we see the golden day fleet past.

They hold us from the woodlark's haunts, and violet dingles, back,  
And from all the lovely sounds and gleams in the shining river's track ;  
They bar us from our heritage of springtime, hope, and mirth,  
And weigh our burdened spirits down with the cumbering dust of earth.

Yet should this be ? Too much, too soon, despondingly we yield !  
A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of the field !  
A sweeter by the birds of heaven—which tell us, in their flight,  
Of One that through the desert air for ever guides them right.

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and bid vain conflicts cease ?  
Ay, when they commune with themselves in holy hours of peace,  
And feel that by the lights and clouds through which our pathway lies,  
By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for the skies !

## THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS

SILENT and mournful sat an Indian chief,

In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb ;

His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with grief,

And his arms folded in majestic gloom ;

And his bow lay unstrung, beneath the mound

Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.

For a pale cross above its greensward rose,

Telling the cedars and the pines that there

Man's heart and hope had struggled with his woes,

And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer.

Now all was hushed—and eve's last splendour shone

With a rich sadness on the attesting stone.

There came a lonely traveller o'er the wild,

And he, too, paused in reverence by that grave,

Asking the tale of its memorial, piled Between the forest and the lake's bright wave ;

Till, as a wind might stir a withered oak,

On the deep dream of age his accents broke.

And the grey chieftain, slowly rising, said—

" I listened for the words, which, years ago,

Passed o'er these waters. Though the voice is fled

Which made them as a singing fountain's flow,

Yet, when I sit in their long-faded track,

Sometimes the forest's murmur gives them back.

" Askest thou of him whose house is lone beneath ?

I was an eagle in my youthful pride,

When o'er the seas he came, with summer's breath,

To dwell amidst us, on the lake's green side.

Many the times of flowers have been since then—

Many, but bringing nought like *him* again !

" Not with the hunter's bow and spear he came,

O'er the blue hills to chase the flying roe ;

Not the dark glory of the woods to tame,

Laying their cedars, like the corn-stalks, low ;

But to spread tidings of all holy things,

Gladdening our souls, as with the morning's wings.

" Doth not yon cypress whisper how we met,

I and my brethren that from earth have gone,

Under its boughs to hear his voice, which yet

Seems through their gloom to send a silvery tone ?

He told of One the grave's dark bonds Who broke,

And our hearts burned within us as he spoke.

" He told of far and sunny lands, which lie

Beyond the dust wherein our fathers dwell :

Bright must they be ! for *there* are none that die,

And none that weep, and none that say ' Farewell ! '

He came to guide us Thither ; but away

The Happy called him, and he might not stay.

" We saw him slowly fade—athirst, perchance,

For the fresh waters of that lovely clime ;

Yet was there still a sunbeam in his glance,

And on his gleaming hair no touch of time—

Therefore we hoped : but now the  
lake looks dim,  
For the green summer comes—and  
finds not him !

" We gathered round him in the  
dewy hour  
Of one still morn, beneath his  
chosen tree ;  
From his clear voice, at first, the words  
of power  
Came low, like moanings of a dis-  
tant sea ;  
But swelled and shook the wilderness  
ere long,  
As if the spirit of the breeze grew  
strong.

" And then once more they trembled  
on his tongue,  
And his white eyelids fluttered, and  
his head  
Fell back, and mist upon his forehead  
hung—  
Knowest thou not how we pass to  
join the dead ?  
It is enough ! he sank upon my  
breast—  
Our friend that loved us, he was gone  
to rest !

" We buried him where he was wont  
to pray,  
By the calm lake, e'en here, at  
eventide ;  
We reared this cross in token where  
he lay,  
For on the Cross, he said, his Lord  
had died !  
Now hath he surely reached, o'er  
mount and wave,  
That flowery land whose green turf  
hides no grave.

" But I am sad ! I mourn the clear  
light taken  
Back from my people, o'er whose  
place it shone,  
The pathway to the better shore  
forsaken,  
And the true words forgotten, save  
by one,  
Who hears them faintly sounding  
from the past,  
Mingled with death-songs in each  
fitful blast."

Then spoke the wanderer forth with  
kindling eye :

" Son of the wilderness ! despair  
thou not,  
Though the bright hour may seem  
to thee gone by,  
And the cloud settled o'er thy  
nation's lot !  
Heaven darkly works—yet, where  
the seed hath been  
There shall the fruitage, glowing  
yet, be seen.

" Hope on, hope ever !—by the  
sudden springing  
Of green leaves which the winter  
hid so long ;  
And by the bursts of free, triumphant  
singing,  
After cold silent months the woods  
among ;  
And by the rending of the frozen  
chains,  
Which bound the glorious rivers on  
the plains.

" Deem not the words of light that  
here were spoken,  
But as a lovely song, to leave no  
trace .  
Yet shall the gloom which wraps thy  
hills be broken,  
And the full dayspring rise upon  
thy race !  
And fading mists the better path  
disclose,  
And the wide desert blossom as the  
rose."

So by the cross they parted, in the  
wild,  
Each fraught with musings for life's  
after day,  
Memories to visit *one*, the forest's  
child,  
By many a blue stream in its lonely  
way ;  
And upon *one*, 'midst busy throngs  
to press  
Deep thoughts and sad, yet full of  
holiness.

### LAST RITES

By the mighty minster's bell,  
Tolling with a sudden swell ;  
By the colours half-mast high,



O'er the sea hung mournfully ;  
Know, a prince hath died !

By the drum's dull muffled sound,  
By the arms that sweep the ground,  
By the volleying muskets' tone,  
Speak ye of a soldier gone  
In his manhood's pride.

By the chanted psalm that fills  
Reverently the ancient hills,  
Learn, that from his harvests done,  
Peasants bear a brother on  
To his last repose.

By the pall of snowy white  
Through the yew trees gleaming  
bright ;  
By the garland on the bier,  
Weep ! a maiden claims thy tear—  
Broken is the rose !

Which is the tenderest rite of all ?—  
Buried virgin's coronal,  
Requiem o'er the monarch's head,  
Farewell gun for warrior dead,  
Herdsman's funeral hymn ?

Tells not each of human woe ?  
Each of hope and strength brought  
low ?

Number each with holy things,  
If one chastening thought it brings  
Ere life's day grow dim !

### THE HEBREW MOTHER

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sha-  
on's plain,  
When a young mother, with her first-  
born, thence  
Went up to Zion ; for the boy was  
vowed  
Unto the Temple service. By the  
hand  
She led him, and her silent soul, the  
while,  
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye  
Met her sweet serious glance, re-  
joiced to think  
That aught so pure, so beautiful was  
hers,  
To bring before her God. So passed  
they on  
O'er Judah's hills ; and whereso'er  
the leaves  
Of the broad sycamore made sounds  
at noon,

Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive  
boughs,  
With their cool dimness, crossed the  
sultry blue  
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that  
he might rest ;  
Yet from her own meek eyelids  
chased the sleep  
That weighed their dark fringe down,  
to sit and watch  
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's  
repose,  
As at a red flower's heart. And  
where a fount  
Lay, like a twilight star, 'midst palmy  
shades,  
Making its bank green gems along  
the wild,  
There, too, she lingered, from the  
diamond wave  
Drawing bright water for his rosy  
lips,  
And softly parting clusters of jet curls  
To bathe his brow. At last the fane  
was reached,  
The earth's one sanctuary—and  
rapture hushed  
Her bosom, as before her, through  
the day,  
It rose, a mountain of white marble,  
steeped  
In light like floating gold. But when  
that hour  
Waned to the farewell moment, when  
the boy  
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming  
tears, his eye  
Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear,  
Turned from the white-robed priest,  
and round her arm  
Clung even as joy clings—the deep  
spring-tide  
Of nature then swelled high, and  
o'er her child  
Bending, her soul broke forth in  
mingled sounds  
Of weeping and sad song. " Alas ! "  
she cried,—

" Alas ! my boy, thy gentle grasp  
is on me,  
The bright tears quiver in thy plead-  
ing eyes ;  
And now fond thoughts arise,  
And silver cords again to earth have  
won me,

And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—

Now shall I hence depart ?

“How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing  
So late, along the mountains, at my side ?

And I, in joyous pride,  
By every place of flowers my course delaying,  
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,  
Beholding thee so fair !

“And, oh ! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,  
Will it not seem as if the sunny day  
Turned from its door away ?  
While through its chambers wander-  
ing, weary-hearted,  
I languish for thy voice, which past me still  
Went like a singing rill ?

“Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,  
When from the fount at evening I return,  
With the full water-urn ;  
Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings greet me,  
As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,  
And watch for thy dear sake.

“And thou, will slumber's dewy clouds fall round thee,  
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed ?  
Wilt thou not vainly spread  
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,  
To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,  
A cry which none shall hear ?

“What have I said, my child ! Will He not hear thee,  
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest ?  
Shall He not guard thy rest,  
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,  
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy ?  
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy.

“I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee,  
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart !  
And, precious as thou art,  
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,  
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled !  
And thou shalt be His child.

“Therefore, farewell ! Go—my soul may fail me,  
As the hart panteth for the water brooks,  
Yearning for thy sweet looks.  
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me ;  
Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,  
The Rock of Strength—Farewell ! ”

### THE WRECK

ALL night the booming minute-gun  
Had pealed along the deep,  
And mournfully the rising sun  
Looked o'er the tide-worn steep.  
A barque from India's coral strand,  
Before the raging blast,  
Had veil'd her topsails to the sand,  
And bowed her noble mast.

The queenly ship !—brave hearts had striven,  
And true ones died with her !  
We saw her mighty cable riven,  
Like floating gossamer.  
We saw her proud flag struck that morn—  
A star once o'er the seas,—  
Her anchor gone, her deck upturn,  
And sadder things than these !

We saw her treasures cast away,  
The rocks with pearls were sown ;  
And, strangely sad, the ruby's ray  
Flashed out o'er fretted stone.  
And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,  
Like ashes by a breeze ;  
And gorgeous robes—but oh ! that shore  
Had sadder things than these !

We saw the strong man still and low,  
A crushed reed thrown aside ;

Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,  
Not without strife he died.  
And near him on the seaweed lay—  
Till then we had not wept—  
But well our gushing hearts might  
say,  
That there a *mother* slept !

For her pale arms a babe had pressed  
With such a wreathing grasp,  
Billows had dashed o'er that fond  
breast,  
Yet not undone the clasp.  
Her very tresses had been flung  
To wrap the fair child's form,  
Where still their wet long streamers  
hung  
All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,  
Gleamed up the boy's dead face,  
Like slumber's, trustingly serene,  
In melancholy grace.  
Deep in her bosom lay his head,  
With half-shut violet eye—  
*He* had known little of her dread,  
Nought of her agony !

O human love ! whose yearning heart,  
Through all things vainly true,  
So stamps upon thy mortal part  
Its passionate adieu—  
Surely thou hast another lot :  
There is some home for thee,  
Where thou shalt rest, remembering  
not  
The moaning of the sea !

### THE TRUMPET

THE trumpet's voice hath roused the  
land,  
Light up the beacon pyre !  
A hundred hills have seen the brand,  
And waved the sign of fire.  
A hundred banners to the breeze  
Their gorgeous folds have cast—  
And, hark ! was that the sound of  
seas ?  
A king to war went past.

The chief is arming in his hall,  
The peasant by his hearth ;  
The mourner hears the thrilling call,  
And rises from the earth.  
The mother on her first-born son  
Looks with a boding eye—

*They* come not back, though all be won,  
Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and  
bound  
The falchion to his side ;  
E'en, for the marriage altar crowned,  
The lover quits his bride.  
And all this haste, and change, and  
fear,  
By *earthly* clarion spread !—  
How will it be when kingdoms hear  
The blast that wakes the dead ?

### EVENING PRAYER

#### AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL

Now in thy youth, beseech of Him  
Who giveth, upbraiding not,  
That His light in thy heart become not dim,  
And His love be unforgot ;  
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be  
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee.  
BERNARD BARTON.

HUSH ! 'tis a holy hour. The quiet  
room  
Seems like a temple, while yon soft  
lamp sheds  
A faint and starry radiance, through  
the gloom  
And the sweet stillness, down on  
fair young heads,  
With all their clustering locks, un-  
touched by care,  
And bowed, as flowers are bowed in  
night, in prayer.

Gaze on—'tis lovely ! Childhood's  
lip and cheek,  
Mantling beneath its earnest brow  
of thought !  
Gaze—yet what seest thou in those  
fair, and meek,  
And fragile things, as but for sun-  
shine wrought ?—  
Thou seest what grief must nurture  
for the sky,  
What death must fashion for eternity !

O joyous creatures ! that will sink  
to rest,  
Lightly when those pure orisons are  
done,  
As birds with slumber's honey-dew  
oppress,  
'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set  
of sun—

Lift up your hearts ! though yet no  
sorrow lies  
Dark in the summer-heaven of those  
clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts the  
untroubled springs  
Of hope make melody where'er ye  
tread,  
And o'er your sleep bright shadows,  
from the wings  
Of spirits visiting but youth, be  
spread ;  
Yet in those flute-like voices, ming-  
ling low,  
Is woman's tenderness—how soon  
her woe !

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,  
And patient smiles to wear through  
suffering's hour,  
And sunless riches, from affection's  
deep,  
To pour on broken reeds—a  
wasted shower !  
And to make idols, and to find them  
clay,  
And to bewail that worship. There-  
fore pray !

Her lot is on you—to be found un-  
tired,  
Watching the stars out by the bed  
of pain,  
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow  
inspired,  
And a true heart of hope, though  
hope be vain ;  
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer  
decay,  
And, oh ! to love through all things.  
Therefore pray !

And take the thought of this calm  
vesper time,  
With its low murmuring sounds  
and silvery light,  
On through the dark days fading  
from their prime,  
As a sweet dew to keep your souls  
from blight !  
Earth will forsake—Oh ! happy to  
have given  
The unbroken heart's first fragrance  
unto heaven.

## THE HOUR OF DEATH

Il est dans la Nature d'aimer à se livrer à  
l'idée même qu'on redoute.

CORINNE.

LEAVES have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north  
wind's breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own,  
O Death !

Day is for mortal care,  
Eve, for glad meetings round the  
joyous hearth,  
Night, for the dreams of sleep, the  
voice of prayer—  
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the  
earth.

The banquet hath its hour—  
Its feverish hour, of mirth, and song,  
and wine ;  
There comes a day for grief's o'er-  
whelming power,  
A time for softer tears—but all are  
thine.

Youth and the opening rose  
May look like things too glorious for  
decay,  
And smile at thee—but thou art  
not of those  
That wait the ripened bloom to seize  
their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north  
wind's breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own,  
O Death !

We know when moons shall wane,  
When summer birds from far shall  
cross the sea,  
When autumn's hue shall tinge  
the golden grain—  
But who shall teach us when to look  
for thee !

Is it when spring's first gale  
Comes forth to whisper where the  
violets lie ?

Is it when roses in our paths grow  
pale !—  
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to  
die !

Thou art where billows foam,  
Thou art where music melts upon the  
air ;

Thou art around us in our peaceful  
home,  
And the world calls us forth—and  
thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets  
friend,  
Beneath the shadow of the elm to  
rest—

Thou art where foe meets foe, and  
trumpets rend  
The skies, and swords beat down the  
princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north  
wind's breath,

And stars to set—but all—  
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own,  
O Death !

### THE LOST PLEIAD

Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below  
BYRON.

AND is there glory from the heavens  
departed ?

O void unmarked !—thy sisters of  
the sky

Still hold their place on high,  
Though from its rank thine orb so  
long hath started,

Thou, that no more art seen of  
mortal eye !

Hath the night lost a gem, the regal  
night ?

She wears her crown of old magni-  
ficence,

Though'thou art exiled thence—  
No desert seems to part those urns of  
light,

'Midst the far depths of purple  
gloom intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads  
burning—

The shepherd greets them on his  
mountains free ;

And from the silvery sea  
To them the sailor's wakeful eye is  
turning—

Unchanged they rise, they have  
not mourned for thee.

Couldst thou be shaken from thy  
radiant place,

Even as a dew-drop from the  
myrtle spray,

Swept by the wind away ?

Wert thou not peopled by some glor-  
ious race,

And was there power to smite them  
with decay ?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of  
sceptres riven ?

Bowed be our hearts to think on  
what *we* are.

When from its height afar

A world sinks thus—and yon majes-  
tic heaven

Shines not the less for that one  
vanished star !

### THE CLIFFS OF DOVER

The inviolate Island of the sage and free.  
BYRON.

Rocks of my country ! let the cloud

Your crested heights array,

And rise ye like a fortress proud  
Above the surge and spray !

My spirit greets you as ye stand,

Breasting the billow's foam ;

Oh ! thus for ever guard the land,

The severed land of home !

I have left rich blue skies behind,

Lighting up classic shrines,

And music in the southern wind,

And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers

Have floated o'er my way ;

The pilgrim's voice, at vesper hours,

Hath soothed me with its lay.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,

The purple heavens of Rome—

Yes, all are glorious,—yet again

I bless thee, land of home ?

For thine the Sabbath peace, my  
land,

And thine the guarded hearth ;

And thine the dead—the noble  
band,

That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in thy breeze,  
 Their steps are on thy plains ;  
 Their names, by old majestic trees,  
 Are whispered round thy fanes.

Their blood hath mingled with the  
 tide  
 Of thine exulting sea :  
 Oh, be it still a joy, a pride,  
 To live and die for thee !

### THE GRAVES OF MARTYRS

THE kings of old have shrine and  
 tomb

In many a minster's haughty gloom ;  
 And green, along the ocean side,  
 The mounds arise where heroes died ;  
 But show me, on thy flowery breast,  
 Earth ! where thy *nameless* martyrs  
 rest !

The thousands that, uncheered by  
 praise,  
 Have made one offering of their  
 days ;  
 For Truth, for Heaven, for Freedom's  
 sake,  
 Resigned the bitter cup to take ;  
 And silently, in fearless faith,  
 Bowing their noble souls to death,

Where sleep they, Earth ? By no  
 proud stone  
 Their narrow couch of rest is known ;  
 The still sad glory of their name  
 Hallows no fountain unto Fame ;  
 No—not a tree the record bears  
 Of their deep thoughts and lonely  
 prayers.

Yet haply all around lie strewed  
 The ashes of that multitude :  
 It may be that each day we tread  
 Where thus devoted hearts have  
 bled ;  
 And the young flowers our children  
 sow,  
 Take root in holy dust below.

Oh ! that the many-rustling leaves,  
 Which round our homes the summer  
 weaves,  
 Or that the streams, in whose glad  
 voice

Our own familiar paths rejoice,  
 Might whisper through the starry sky,  
 To tell where those blest slumberers  
 lie !

Would not our inmost hearts be  
 stilled,  
 With knowledge of their presence  
 filled,  
 And by its breathings taught to  
 prize  
 The meekness of self-sacrifice ?  
 —But the old woods and sounding  
 waves  
 Are silent of those hidden graves.

Yet what if no light footstep there  
 In pilgrim-love and awe repair,  
 So let it be ! Like him, whose clay  
 Deep buried by his Maker lay,  
 They sleep in secret,—but their sod,  
 Unknown to man, is marked of God !

### THE HOUR OF PRAYER

Pregar, pregar, pregar,  
 Ch' altro ponno i mortali al pianger nati ?  
 ALI HIERI.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,  
 While the red light fades away ;  
 Mother, with thine earnest eye,  
 Ever following silently ;  
 Father, by the breeze of eve  
 Called thy harvest-work to leave—  
 Pray : ere yet the dark hours be,  
 Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Traveller, in the stranger's land,  
 Far from thine own household band ;  
 Mourner, haunted by the tone  
 Of a voice from this world gone ;  
 Captive, in whose narrow cell  
 Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;  
 Sailor on the darkening sea—  
 Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Warrior, that from battle won  
 Breathest now at set of sun ;  
 Woman, o'er the lowly slain  
 Weeping on his burial-plain ;  
 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
 Kindred by one holy tie,  
 Heaven's first star alike ye see—  
 Lift the heart and bend the knee !

THE VOICE OF HOME TO THE  
PRODIGAL

Von Bäumen, aus Wellen, aus Mauern,  
Wie ruft es dir freundlich und lind;  
Was hast du zu wandern, zu trauern?  
Komm' spielen, du freundliches Kind!  
LA MORTE FOUQUÉ.

Oh! when wilt thou return  
To thy spirit's early loves?  
To the freshness of the morn,  
To the stillness of the groves?

The summer birds are calling  
Thy household porch around,  
And the merry waters falling  
With sweet laughter in their sound.

And a thousand bright-veined flowers,  
From their banks of moss and fern,  
Breathe of the sunny hours—  
But when wilt thou return?

Oh! thou hast wandered long  
From thy home without a guide;  
And thy native woodland song  
In thine altered heart hath died.

Thou hast flung the wealth away,  
And the glory of thy spring;  
And to thee the leaves' light play  
Is a long-forgotten thing.

But when wilt thou return?—  
Sweet dew may freshen soon  
The flower, within whose urn  
Too fiercely gazed the noon.

O'er the image of the sky,  
Which the lake's clear bosom wore,  
Darkly may shadows lie—  
But not for evermore.

Give back thy heart again  
To the freedom of the woods,  
To the birds' triumphant strain,  
To the mountain solitudes!

But when wilt thou return?  
Along thine own pure air  
There are young sweet voices borne—  
Oh! should not thine be there?

Still at thy father's board  
There is kept a place for thee;  
And, by thy smile restored,  
Joy round the hearth shall be.

Still hath thy mother's eye,  
Thy coming step to greet,

A look of days gone by,  
Tender and gravely sweet.

Still, when the prayer is said,  
For thee kind bosoms yearn,  
For thee fond tears are shed—  
Oh! when wilt thou return?

## THE AWAKENING

How many thousands are awakening  
now!

Some to the songs from the forest  
bough,  
To the rustling of leaves at the lattice  
pane,  
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep mid-  
sea,  
To the dash of the waves in their  
foaming glee,  
As they break into spray on the ship's  
tall side,  
That holds through the tumult her  
path of pride.

And some—oh, well may *their* hearts  
rejoice!—  
To the gentle sound of a mother's  
voice:  
Long shall they yearn for that kindly  
tone,  
When from the board and the hearth  
'tis gone.

And some, in the camp, to the bugle's  
breath,  
And the tramp of the steed on the  
echoing heath,  
And the sudden roar of the hostile  
gun,  
Which tells that a field must ere night  
be won.

And some, in the gloomy convict cell,  
To the dull deep note of the warning  
bell,  
As it heavily calls them forth to die,  
When the bright sun mounts in the  
laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's  
horns,  
And some to the din from the city  
borne,  
And some to the rolling of torrent  
floods,

Far 'midst old mountains and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this chequered earth :

Each unto light hath a daily birth ;  
Though fearful or joyous, though sad or sweet,

Are the voices which first our upspringing meet.

But *one* must the sound be, and *one* the call,

Which from the dust shall awaken us all :

One !—but to severed and distant dooms,

How shall the sleepers arise from the tombs ?

### THE BREEZE FROM SHORE

Poetry reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the springtime of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature, by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings ; and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.—CHANNING.]

Joy is upon the lonely seas,

When Indian forests pour

Forth, to the billow and the breeze,

Their odours from the shore ;

Joy, when the soft air's fanning sigh  
Bears on the breath of Araby.

Oh ! welcome are the winds that tell

A wanderer of the deep

Where, far away, the jasmines dwell,

And where the myrrh-trees weep !  
Blest on the sounding surge and foam  
Are tidings of the citron's home !

The sailor at the helm they meet,  
And hope his bosom stirs,

Upspringing, 'midst the waves, to greet

The fair earth's messengers,  
That woo him, from the moaning main,  
Back to her glorious bowers again.

They woo him, whispering lovely tales

Of many a flowering glade,

And fount's bright gleam, in island vales

Of golden-fruited shade :

Across his lone ship's wake they bring  
A vision and a glow of spring.

And, O ye masters of the lay !

Come not even thus your songs

That meet us on life's weary way,  
Amidst her toiling throngs ?

Yes ! o'er the spirit thus they bear  
A current of celestial air.

Their power is from the brighter clime

That in our birth hath part ;

Their tones are of the world, which time

Sears not within the heart :

They tell us of the living light  
In its green places ever bright.

They call us, with a voice divine,  
Back to our early love,—

Our vows of youth at many a shrine,  
Whence far and fast we rove.

Welcome high thought and holy strain

That make us Truth's and Heaven's again !

### THE DYING IMPROVISATORE

My heart shall be poured over thee—and break.—*Prophecy of Dante.*

The spirit of my land,

It visits me once more !—though I must die

Far from the myrtles which thy breeze hath fanned,  
My own bright Italy !

It is, it is thy breath,

Which stirs my soul e'en yet, as wavering flame

Is shaken by the wind,—in life and death

Still trembling, yet the same !

Oh ! that love's quenchless power

Might waft my voice to fill thy summer sky,

And through thy groves its dying music shower,

Italy ! Italy !



The nightingale is there,  
The sunbeam's glow, the citron  
flower's perfume,  
The south wind's whisper in the  
scented air—  
It will not pierce the tomb !

Never, oh ! never more,  
On thy Rome's purple heaven mine  
eye shall dwell,  
Or watch the bright waves melt  
along thy shore—  
My Italy ! farewell !

Alas !—thy hills among  
Had I but left a memory of my  
name,  
Of love and grief one deep, true,  
fervent song,  
Unto immortal fame !

But like a lute's brief tone,  
Like a rose-odour on the breezes  
cast,  
Like a swift flush of dayspring, seen  
and gone,  
So hath my spirit passed—

Pouring itself away  
As a wild bird amidst the foliage turns  
That which within him triumphs,  
beats, or burns,  
Into a fleeting lay ;

That swells, and floats, and dies,  
Leaving no echo to the summer  
woods  
Of the rich breathings and im-  
passioned sighs  
Which thrilled their solitudes.

Yet, yet remember me !  
Friends ! that upon its murmurs oft  
have hung,  
When from my bosom, joyously and  
free,  
The fiery fountain sprung.

Under the dark rich blue  
Of midnight heavens, and on the  
starlit sea,  
And when woods kindle into spring's  
first hue,  
Sweet friends ! remember me !

And in the marble halls,  
Where life's full glow the dreams of  
beauty wear,

And poet-thoughts embodied light  
the walls,  
Let me be with you there !

Fain would I bind for you,  
My memory with all glorious things  
to dwell !  
Fain bid all lovely sounds my  
name renew— [farewell !  
Sweet friends ! bright land !

### MUSIC OF YESTERDAY

O ! mein Geist, ich fühle es in mir, strebt  
nach etwas Ueberirdischem, das keinem Menschen  
gegonnt ist.—TIECK.

THE chord, the harp's full chord is  
hushed,  
The voice hath died away,  
Whence music, like sweet waters,  
gushed  
But yesterday.

The awakening note, the breeze-like  
swell,  
The full o'ersweeping tone,  
The sounds that sighed "Farewell,  
farewell !"  
Are gone—all gone !

The love, whose fervent spirit passed  
With the rich meadow's flow ;  
The grief, to which it sank at last—  
Where are they now ?

They are with the scents by summer's  
breath  
Borne from a rose now shed :  
With the words from lips long sealed  
in death—  
For ever fled.

The sea-shell of its native deep  
A moaning thrill retains ;  
But earth and air no record keep  
Of parted strains.

And all the memories, all the dreams,  
They woke in floating by  
The tender thoughts, the Elysian  
gleams—  
Could these, too, die ?

They died ! As on the water's  
breast  
The ripple melts away,  
When the breeze that stirred it sinks  
to rest—  
So perished they.

Mysterious in their sudden birth,  
And mournful in their close,  
Passing, and finding not on  
earth  
Aim or repose.

Whence were they?—like the breath  
of flowers  
Why thus to come and go?  
A long, long journey must be ours  
Ere thus we know!

## THE FORSAKEN HEARTH

Was mir fehlt?—Mir fehlt ja alles,  
Bin so ganz verlassen hier!

*Tyrolese Melody.*

THE hearth, the hearth is desolate! the fire is quenched and gone  
That into happy children's eyes once brightly laughing shone;  
The place where mirth and music met is hushed through day and night.  
Oh! for one kind, one sunny face, of all that there made light!

But scattered are those pleasant smiles afar by mount and shore,  
Like gleaming waters from one spring dispersed to meet no more.  
Those kindred eyes reflect not now each other's joy or mirth,  
Unbound is that sweet wreath of home—alas! the lonely hearth!

The voices that have mingled here now speak another tongue,  
Or breathe, perchance, to alien ears the songs their mother sung.  
Sad, strangely sad, in stranger lands, must sound each household tone.  
The hearth, the hearth is desolate! the bright fire quenched and gone!

But *are* they speaking, singing yet, as in their days of glee?  
Those voices, are they lovely still, still sweet on earth or sea?  
Oh! some are hushed, and some are changed, and never shall one strain  
Blend their fraternal cadences triumphantly again.

And of the hearts that here were linked by long-remembered years,  
Alas! the brother knows not now when fall the sister's tears!  
One haply revels at the feast, while one may droop alone:  
For broken is the household chain, the bright fire quenched and gone!

Not so—'tis *not* a broken chain: thy memory binds them still,  
Thou holy hearth of other days! though silent now and chill.  
The smiles, the tears, the rites, beheld by thine attesting stone,  
Have yet a living power to mark thy children for thine own.

The father's voice, the mother's prayer, though called from earth away,  
With music rising from the dead, their spirits yet shall sway;  
And by the past, and by the grave, the parted yet are one,  
Though the loved hearth be desolate, the bright fire quenched and gone!

## THE DREAMER

There is no such thing as forgetting, possible  
to the mind; a thousand accidents may, and  
will, interpose a veil between our present  
consciousness and the secret inscription on the  
mind: but alike, whether veiled or unveiled,  
the inscription remains for ever.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Thou has been called, O sleep! the friend of  
woe,  
But 'tis the happy who have called thee so.  
SOUTHEY.

PEACE to thy dreams! thou art  
slumbering now—

The moonlight's calm is upon thy  
brow;  
All the deep love that o'erflows thy  
breast  
Lies 'midst the hush of thy heart at  
rest—  
Like the scent of a flower in its folded  
bell,  
When eve through the woodlands  
hath sighed farewell.

Peace! The sad memories that  
through the day

With a weight on thy lonely bosom  
lay,  
The sudden thoughts of the changed  
and dead,  
That bowed thee as winds bow the  
willow's head,  
The yearnings for faces and voices  
gone—  
All are forgotten! Sleep on, sleep  
on!

*Are they forgotten? It is not so!*  
Slumbers divides not the heart from  
its woe.  
E'en now o'er thine aspect swift  
changes pass,  
Like lights and shades over wavy  
grass:  
Tremblest thou, Dreamer? O love  
and grief!  
Ye have storms that shake e'en  
the closed-up leaf!

On thy parted lips there's a quiver-  
ing thrill,  
As on a lyre ere its chords are still,  
On the long silk lashes that fringe  
thine eye,  
There's a large tear gathering  
heavily—  
A rain from the clouds of thy spirit  
pressed:  
Sorrowful Dreamer! this is not  
rest!

It is Thought at work amidst buried  
hours—  
It is Love keeping vigil o'er perished  
flowers.  
—Oh, we bear within us mysterious  
things!  
Of Memory and Anguish, unfathomed  
springs;  
And Passion—those gulfs of the  
heart to fill  
With bitter waves, which it ne'er  
may still.

Well might we pause ere we gave  
them sway,  
Flinging the peace of our couch  
away!  
Well might we look on our souls in  
fear—  
They find no fount of oblivion  
here!

They forget not, the mantle of sleep  
beneath—  
How know we if under the wings of  
death?

### THE WINGS OF THE DOVE

Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then  
would I fly away, and be at rest.  
PSALM LV. 6.

OH, for thy wings, thou dove!  
Now sailing by with sunshine on thy  
breast;  
That, borne like thee above,  
I too might flee away, and be at  
rest!

Where wilt thou fold those  
plumes,  
Bird of the forest-shadows, holiest  
bird?  
In what rich leafy glooms,  
By the sweet voice of hidden waters  
stirred?

Over what blessed home,  
What roof with dark, deep summer  
foliage crowned,  
O fair as ocean's foam!  
Shall thy bright bosom shed a gleam  
around?

Or seekst thou some old shrine  
Of nymph or saint, no more by votary  
wooded,  
Though still, as if divine,  
Breathing a spirit o'er the solitude?

Yet wherefore ask thy way?  
Blest, ever blest, whate'er its aim,  
thou art!  
Unto the greenwood spray,  
Bearing no remembrance at thy  
heart!

No echoes that will blend  
A sadness with the whispers of the  
grove;  
No memory of a friend  
Far off, or dead, or changed to thee,  
thou dove!

On! to some cool recess  
Take, take me with thee on the  
summer wind,  
Leaving the weariness  
And all the fever of this life behind:

The aching and the void  
Within the heart, whereunto none  
reply,

The young bright hopes de-  
stroyed—  
Bird! bear me with thee through  
the sunny sky!

Wild wish, and longing vain,  
And brief upspringing to be glad  
and free!

Go to thy woodland reign;  
My soul is bound and held—I may  
not flee.

For even by all the fears  
And thoughts that haunt my dreams  
—untold, unknown

And burning woman's tears,  
Poured from mine eyes in silence and  
alone;

*Had* I thy wings, thou dove  
High 'midst the gorgeous isles of  
cloud to soar,

Soon the strong cords of love  
Would draw me earthwards—home-  
wards—yet once more.

#### PSYCHE BORNE BY ZEPHYRS TO THE ISLAND OF PLEASURE

Souvent l'âme, fortifiée par la contemplation  
des choses divines, voudroit déployer ses  
ailes vers le ciel. Elle croit qu'au terme de sa  
carrière un rideau va se lever pour lui dé-  
couvrir des scènes de lumière: mais quand  
la mort touche son corps périssable, elle jette  
un regard en arrière vers les plaisirs terrestres  
et vers ses compagnes mortelles.

SCHLEGEL, translated by MADAME DE STAEL.

FEARFULLY and mournfully  
Thou bidd'st the earth farewell;  
And yet thou'rt passing, loveliest one!  
In a brighter land to dwell.

Ascend, ascend rejoicing!  
The sunshine of that shore  
Around thee, as a glorious robe,  
Shall stream for evermore.

The breezy music wandering  
There through the Elysian sky,  
Hath no deep tone that seems to float  
From a happier time gone by.

And there the day's last crimson  
Gives no sad memories birth,  
H.P.

No thought of dead or distant friends,  
Or partings—as on earth.

Yet fearfully and mournfully  
Thou bidd'st that earth farewell,  
Although thou'rt passing, loveliest  
one!  
In a brighter land to dwell.

A land where all is deathless—  
The sunny wave's repose,  
The wood with its rich melodies,  
The summer and its rose:

A land that sees no parting,  
That hears no sound of sighs,  
That waits thee with immortal air—  
Lift, lift those anxious eyes!

Oh! how like *thee*, thou trembler  
Man's spirit fondly clings  
With timid love, to this, its world  
Of old familiar things!

We pant, we thirst for fountains  
That gush not here below!  
On, on we toil, allured by dreams  
Of the living water's flow.

We pine for kindred natures  
To mingle with our own;  
For communings more full and high  
Than aught by mortal known.

We strive with brief aspirings  
Against our bonds in vain,  
Yet summoned to be free at last,  
We shrink—and clasp our chain;

And fearfully and mournfully  
We bid the earth farewell,  
Though passing from its mists, like  
thee,  
In a brighter world to dwell.

#### THE BOON OF MEMORY

Many things answered me.—*Manfred*.

I go, I go!—and must mine image  
fade  
From the green spots wherein my  
childhood played,  
By my own streams?  
Must my life part from each familiar  
place,  
As a bird's song, that leaves the woods  
no trace  
Of its lone themes?

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and  
forget

The welcomes there, the hours when  
we have met

In grief or glee ?

All the sweet counsel, the communion  
high,

The kindly words of trust, in days  
gone by,

Poured full and free ?

A boon, a talisman, O Memory ! give,  
To shrine my name in hearts where I  
would live

For evermore !

Bid the wind speak of me where I  
have dwelt,

Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul  
hath felt,

A thought restore !

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved  
so well,

In the dim brooding violet of the dell,  
Set deep that thought ;

And let the sunset's melancholy glow,  
And let the spring's first whisper,  
faint and low,

With me be fraught !

And Memory answered me :—" Wild  
wish and vain !

I have no hues the loveliest to detain  
In the heart's core.

The place they held in bosoms all  
their own,

Soon with new shadows filled, new  
flowers o'ergrown,

Is theirs no more."

Hast *thou* such power, O Love ? And  
Love replied :

—" It is not mine ! Pour out thy  
soul's full tide

Of hope and trust,

Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon  
to gain—

'Tis but to write, with the heart's fiery  
rain,

Wild words on dust ! "

Song, is the gift with thee ? I ask a  
lay,

Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass  
away

From the still breast ;

Filled with a tone—oh ! not for  
deathless fame,

But a sweet haunting murmur of my  
name,

Where it would rest.

And Song made answer—" It is not  
in me,

Though called immortal ; though my  
gifts may be

All but divine.

A place of lonely brightness I can  
give :

A changeless one, where thou with  
Love wouldst live—

This is not mine ! "

Death, Death ! wilt *thou* the restless  
wish fulfil ?

And Death, the Strong One, spoke :—  
" I can but still

Each vain regret.

What if forgotten ?—All thy soul  
would crave,

Thou, too, within the mantle of the  
grave,

Wilt soon forget."

Then did my heart in lone faint sad-  
ness die,

As from all nature's voices one reply,  
But one—was given.

" Earth has no heart, fond dreamer !  
with a tone

To send thee back the spirit of thine  
own—

Seek it in heaven."

## ✓ I GO, SWEET FRIENDS !

I go, sweet friends ! yet think of me  
When spring's young voice awakes  
the flowers ;

For we have wandered far and free  
In those bright hours, the violet's  
hours.

I go ; but when you pause to hear  
From distant hills the Sabbath-bell  
On summer winds float silvery clear,  
Think on me then—I loved it well !

Forget me not around your hearth,  
When cheerly smiles the ruddy  
blaze ;

For dear hath been its evening mirth  
To me, sweet friends, in other days.

And oh ! when music's voice is heard  
To melt in strains of parting woe,  
When hearts to love and grief are  
stirred,

Think of me then ! I go, I go !

## ANGEL VISITS

No more of talk where God or angel guest,  
With man, as with his friend, familiar used  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast. MILTON.

ARE ye for ever to your skies de-  
parted ?

Oh ! will ye visit this dim world no  
more ?

Ye, whose bright wings a solemn  
splendour darted

Through Eden's fresh and flower-  
ing shades of yore ?

Now are the fountains dried on that  
sweet spot,

And ye—our faded earth beholds  
you not !

Yet, by your shining eyes not all for-  
saken,

Man wandered from his Paradise  
away ;

Ye, from forgetfulness his heart to  
waken,

Came down, high guests ! in many  
a later day,

And with the patriarchs, under vine or  
oak,

'Midst noontide calm or hush of even-  
ing, spoke.

From you, the veil of midnight dark-  
ness rending,

Came the rich mysteries to the  
sleeper's eye,

That saw your hosts ascending and  
descending

On those bright steps between the  
earth and sky

Trembling he woke, and bowed o'er  
glory's trace,

And worshipped awestruck, in that  
fearful place.

By Chebar's<sup>1</sup> brook ye passed, such  
radiance wearing

As mortal vision might but ill en-  
dure ;

<sup>1</sup> Ezek. x. 15, 20, 22.

Along the stream the living chariot  
bearing,

With its high crystal arch, intense-  
ly pure ;

And the dread rushing of your wings  
that hour,

Was like the noise of waters in their  
power.

But in the Olive Mount, by night  
appearing,

'Midst the dim leaves, your holiest  
work was done.

Whose was the voice that came di-  
vinely cheering,

Fraught with the breath of God, to  
aid His Son ?

—Haply of those that, on the moonlit  
plains,

Wafted good tidings unto Syrian  
swains.

Yet one more task was yours ! Your  
heavenly dwelling

Ye left, and by the unscaled sepul-  
chral stone,

In glorious raiment, sat ; the weepers  
telling,

That *He* they sought had triumphed,  
and was gone.

Now have ye left us for the brighter  
shore ;

Your presence lights the lonely groves  
no more.

But may ye not, unseen, around us  
hover,

With gentle promptings and sweet  
influence yet,

Though the fresh glory of those days  
be over,

When, 'midst the palm trees, man  
your footsteps met ;

Are ye not near, when faith and hope  
rise high,

When love, by strength, o'er masters  
agony ?

Are ye not near when sorrow, unre-  
pinning,

Yields up life's treasures unto  
Him who gave ?

When martyrs, all things for His sake  
resigning,

Lead on the march of death, serene-  
ly brave ?

Dreams! But a deeper thought our  
souls may fill;  
One, One is near—a spirit holier  
still!

### IVY SONG

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING SOME IVY  
LEAVES GATHERED FROM THE  
RUINED CASTLE OF RHEINFELS, ON  
THE RHINE

Oh! how could Fancy crown with  
*thee*

In ancient days the God of Wine,  
And bid thee at the banquet be  
Companion of the vine?

*Thy* home, wild plant! is where each  
sound

Of revelry hath long been o'er,  
Where song's full notes once pealed  
around,  
But now are heard no more.

The Roman on his battle-plains,  
Where kings before his eagles bent,  
Entwined thee with exulting strains  
Around the victor's tent.

Yet there, though fresh in glossy  
green,

Triumphantly thy boughs might  
wave,

Better thou lovest the silent scene  
Around the victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,  
The bards and heroes of the past;  
Where, through the halls of glory  
gone,

Murmurs the wintry blast;  
Where years are hastening to efface  
Each record of the grand and fair;  
Thou, in thy solitary grace,  
Wreath of the tomb! art there.

Oh! many a temple, once sublime,  
Beneath a blue Italian sky,  
Hath nought of beauty left by time,  
Save thy wild tapestry!

And reared 'midst crags and clouds,  
'tis thine

To wave where banners waved of  
yore,  
O'er towers that crest the noble  
Rhine,  
Along his rocky shore.

High from the fields of air look down  
Those eyries of a vanished race—  
Homes of the mighty, whose renown  
Hath passed and left no trace.

But there thou art!—thy foliage  
bright

Unchanged the mountain storm  
can brave;

Thou, that wilt climb the loftiest  
height,

Or deck the humblest grave!

'Tis still the same! Where'er we  
tread,

The wrecks of human power we  
see—

The marvels of all ages fled  
Left to decay and thee!

And still let man his fabrics rear,  
August, in beauty, grace, and  
strength;

Days pass—thou ivy never sere!—  
And all is thine at length!

### TO ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S CHILDREN ON HIS BIRTHDAY

WHERE sucks the bee now? Summer  
is flying,

Leaves round the elm tree faded are  
lying;

Violets are gone from their grassy  
dell,

With the cowslip cups, where the  
fairies dwell;

The rose from the garden hath  
passed away—

Yet happy, fair boy, is thy natal  
day!

For love bids it welcome, the love  
which hath smiled

Ever around thee, my gentle child!  
Watching thy footsteps, and guard-  
ing thy bed,

And pouring out joy on thy sunny  
head.

Roses may vanish, but *this* will  
stay—

Happy and bright is thy natal day!

### ON A SIMILAR OCCASION

Thou wakest from rosy sleep, to play  
With bounding heart, my boy!  
Before thee lies a long bright day  
Of summer and of joy.

Thou hast no heavy thought or dream

To cloud thy fearless eye :  
Long be it thus !—life's early stream  
Should still reflect the sky.

Yet, ere the cares of life lie dim  
On thy young spirit's wings,  
Now in thy morn forget not Him  
From Whom each pure thought  
springs.

So, in the onward vale of tears,  
Where'er thy path may be,  
When strength hath bowed to evil  
years,  
*He will remember thee !*

### CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST

FEAR was within the tossing bark  
When stormy winds grew loud,  
And waves came rolling high and  
dark,  
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their  
dread,  
And baffled in their skill ;  
But One was there, Who rose and said  
To the wild sea—"*Be still !*"

And the wind ceased—it ceased !  
that word  
Passed through the gloomy sky ;  
The troubled billows knew their Lord,  
And fell beneath His eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,  
And silence on the blast ;  
They sank, as flowers that fold to  
sleep  
When sultry day is past.

O Thou ! that in its wildest hour  
Didst rule the tempest's mood,  
Send Thy meek spirit forth in power,  
Soft on our souls to brood !

Thou that didst bow the billow's  
pride  
Thy mandate to fulfil !  
Oh, speak to passion's raging tide,  
Speak, and say, "*Peace Be still !*"

### EPITAPH

OVER THE GRAVE OF TWO BROTHERS, A  
CHILD AND A YOUTH

THOU, that canst gaze upon thine  
own fair boy,  
And hear his prayer's low murmur  
at thy knee,  
And o'er his slumber bend in breath-  
less joy,  
Come to this tomb !—it hath a  
voice for thee !  
Pray ! Thou art blest—ask strength  
for sorrow's hour :  
Love, deep as thine, lays here its  
broken flower.

Thou that art gathering from the  
smile of youth  
Thy thousand hopes, rejoicing to  
behold  
All the heart's depths before thee  
bright with truth,  
All the mind's treasures silently  
unfold,  
Look on this tomb !—for thee, too,  
speaks the grave,  
Where God hath sealed the fount of  
hope He gave.

### MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION

EARTH ! guard what here we lay in  
holy trust,  
That which hath left our home a  
darkened place,  
Wanting the form, the smile, now  
veiled with dust,  
The light departed with our love-  
liest face.

Yet from thy bonds our sorrow's  
hope is free—  
We have but lent the beautiful to  
thee.

But thou, O Heaven ! keep, keep  
what *thou* hast taken,  
And with our treasure keep our  
hearts on high ;  
The spirit meek, and yet by pain  
unshaken,  
The faith, the love, the lofty  
constancy—

Guide us where these are with our  
sister flown—  
They were of Thee, and Thou hast  
claimed Thine own !



## THE SOUND OF THE SEA

Thou art sounding on, thou mighty sea !

For ever and the same ;  
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee—  
Those thunders nought can tame.

Oh ! many a glorious voice is gone  
From the rich bowers of earth,  
And hushed is many a lovely one  
Of mournfulness or mirth.

The Dorian flute that sighed of yore  
Along the wave, is still ;  
The harp of Judah peals no more  
On Zion's awful hill.

The Memnon's lyre hath lost the chord  
That breathed the mystic tone ;  
And the songs at Rome's high  
triumphs poured,  
Arc with her eagles flown

And mute the Moorish horn that rang  
O'er stream and mountain free ;  
And the hymn that leagued Crusaders sang  
Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep !  
Through many an olden clime,  
The billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep  
Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice  
To every wind and sky, [rejoice  
And all our earth's green shores  
In that one harmony.

It fills the noontide's calm profound,  
The sunset's heaven of gold ;  
And the still midnight hears the sound,  
Even as first it rolled.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,  
Where sceptred cities rose !  
Thou speakest of One Who doth not change—  
So may our hearts repose.

## THE CHILD AND DOVE

SUGGESTED BY CHANTREY'S STATUE  
OF LADY LOUISA RUSSELL

Thou art a thing on our dreams to rise,

'Midst the echoes of long-lost melodies,  
And to fling bright dew from the morning back,  
Fair form ! on each image of childhood's track.

Thou art a thing to recall the hours  
When the love of our souls was on leaves and flowers,  
When a world was our own in some dim sweet grove,  
And treasure untold in one captive dove.

Are they gone ? can we think it while thou art there,  
Thou joyous child with the clustering hair ?  
Is it not spring that indeed breathes free  
And fresh o'er each thought, while we gaze on thee ?

No ! never more may we smile as thou  
Sheddest round smiles from thy sunny brow ;  
Yet something it is, in our hearts to shrine  
A memory of beauty undimmed as thine—

To have met the joy of thy speaking face,  
To have felt the spell of thy breezy grace,  
To have lingered before thee, and turned, and borne  
One vision away of the cloudless morn.

## A DIRGE

CALM on the bosom of thy God,  
Young spirit, rest thee now !  
Even while with us thy footstep trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath !  
Soul, to its place on high !—  
They that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,  
Whence thy meek smile is gone ;  
But oh !—a brighter home than ours,  
In heaven is now thine own.

## SCENE IN A DALECARLIAN MINE

Oh ! fondly, fervently, those two had loved,  
Had mingled minds in Love's own perfect trust,  
Had watched bright sunsets, dreamt of blissful  
years ;

—And thus they met.

“ HASTE, with your torches, haste !  
make firelight round ! ”—

They speed, they press : what hath the  
miner found ?

Relic or treasure—giant sword of old ?  
Gems bedded deep—rich veins of  
burning gold ?

—Not so—the dead, the dead ! An  
awestruck band

In silence gathering round the silent  
stand,

Chained by one feeling, hushing e'en  
their breath,

Before the thing that, in the might of  
death,

Fearful, yet beautiful, amidst them  
lay—

A sleeper, dreaming not !—a youth  
with hair

Making a sunny gleam (how sadly  
fair !)

O'er his cold brow : no shadow of  
decay

Had touched those pale, bright  
features—yet he wore

A mien of other days, a garb of yore.  
Who could unfold that mystery ?

From the throng

A woman wildly broke ; her eye was  
dim,

As if through many tears, through  
vigils long,

Through weary strainings :—all had  
been for him !

Those two had loved ! And there  
he lay, the dead,

In his youth's flower—and she, the  
living, stood

With her grey hair, whence hue and  
gloss had fled—

And wasted form, and cheek, whose  
flushing blood

Had long since ebbed—a meeting sad  
and strange !

—Oh ! are not meetings in this world  
of change

Sadder than partings oft ! She  
stood there, still,

And mute, and gazing—all her soul  
to fill

With the loved face once more—the  
young, fair face,

'Midst that rude cavern, touched  
with sculpture's grace,

By torchlight and by death : until at  
last

From her deep heart the spirit of the  
past

Gushed in low broken tones—“ And  
there thou art !

And thus we meet, that loved, and  
did but part

As for a few brief hours ! My friend,  
my friend !

First love, and only one ! Is this the  
end

Of hope deferred, youth blighted ?  
Yet thy brow

Still wears its own proud beauty, and  
thy cheek

Smiles—how unchanged ?—while I,  
the worn, and weak,

And faded—oh ! thou wouldst but  
scorn me now,

If thou couldst look on me !—a  
withered leaf,

Seared—though for thy sake—by the  
blast of grief !

Better to see thee thus ! For thou  
didst go

Bearing my image on thy heart, I  
know,

Unto the dead. My Ulric ! through  
the night

How have I called thee ! With the  
morning light

How have I watched for thee !—  
wept, wandered, prayed,

Met the fierce mountain tempest,  
undismayed,

In search of thee !—bound my worn  
life to one—

One torturing hope ! Now let me  
die ! 'Tis gone

Take thy betrothed !” And on his  
breast she fell,

—Oh ! since their youth's last pas-  
sionate farewell,

How changed in all but love !—the  
true, the strong,

Joining in death whom life had parted  
long !

They had one grave—one lonely  
bridal bed,

No friend, no kinsman there a tear  
to shed !

*His* name had ceased—*her* heart out-  
lived each tie,

Once more to look on that dead face,  
and die !

### ENGLISH SOLDIER'S SONG OF MEMORY

TO THE AIR OF "AM RHEIN! AM  
RHEIN!"

SING, sing in memory of the brave  
departed,

Let song and wine be poured !  
Pledge to their fame, the free and  
fearless-hearted.

Our brethren of the sword !

Off at the feast, and in the fight, their  
voices

Have mingled with our own ;  
Fill high the cup ! but when the soul  
rejoices,

Forget not who are gone.

They that stood with us, 'midst the  
dead and dying,

On Albuera's plain ;

They that beside us cheerily tracked  
the flying,

Far o'er the hills of Spain ;

They that amidst us, when the shells  
were showering

From old Rodrigo's wall,

The rampart scaled, through clouds,  
of battle towering,

First, first at Victory's call ;

They that upheld the banners,  
proudly waving,

In Roncesvalles' dell,

With England's blood, the southern  
vineyards laving—

Forget not how they fell !

Sing, sing in memory of the brave  
departed,

Let song and wine be poured !  
Pledge to their fame, the free and  
fearless-hearted,

Our brethren of the sword !

### HAUNTED GROUND

And slight, withal, may be the things which  
bring

Back on the heart the weight which it would  
fling

Aside for ever—it may be a sound,

A tone of music, summer eve, or spring,

A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall

wound,

Striking the electric train, wherewith we are  
darkly bound.

BYRON.

YES, it is haunted, this quiet scene,  
Fair as it looks, and all softly green ;

Yet fear thou not—for the spell is  
thrown,

And the might of the shadow, on me  
alone.

Are thy thoughts wandering to elves  
and fays,

And spirits that dwell where the  
water plays ?

Oh ! in the heart there are stronger  
powers,

That sway, though viewless, this  
world of ours !

Have I not lived 'midst these lonely  
dells,

And loved and sorrowed, and heard  
farewells, [look,

And learned in my own deep soul to  
And tremble before that mysterious

book ?

Have I not, under these whispering  
leaves,

Woven such dreams as the young  
heart weaves ?

Shadows—yet unto which life  
seemed bound ;

And is it not—is it not haunted  
ground ?

Must I not hear what *thou* hearest not,  
Troubling the air of the sunny spot ?

Is there not something to rouse but  
me,

Told by the rustling of every tree ?

Song hath been here, with its flow of  
thought ;

Love, with its passionate visions  
fraught ;

Death, breathing stillness and sadness  
round ;

And is it not—is it not haunted  
ground ?

Are there no phantoms, but such as  
come  
By night from the darkness that  
wraps the tomb?  
A sound, a scent, or a whispering  
breeze,  
Can summon up mightier far than  
these!

But I may not linger amidst them  
here!  
Lovely they are, and yet things to  
fear,  
Passing and leaving a weight behind,  
And a thrill on the chords of the  
stricken mind.

Away, away!—that my soul may  
soar  
As a free bird of blue skies once more!  
Here from its wing it may never cast  
The chain by those spirits brought  
back from the past.

Doubt it not—smile not—but go thou,  
too,  
Look on the scenes where thy child-  
hood grew—  
Where thou hast prayed at thy  
mother's knee,  
Where thou hast roved with thy  
brethren free;  
Go thou, when life unto thee is  
changed,  
Friends thou hast loved as thy soul,  
estranged;  
When from the idols thy heart hath  
made,  
Thou hast seen the colours of glory  
fade.

Oh! painfully then, by the wind's  
low sigh,  
By the voice of the stream, by the  
flower-cup's dye,  
By a thousand tokens of sight and  
sound,  
Thou wilt feel thou art treading on  
haunted ground.

### THE CHILD OF THE FORESTS

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE "MEM-  
OIRS OF JOHN HUNTER"

Is not thy heart far off amidst the  
woods,

Where the Red Ind an lays his  
father's dust,  
And, by the rushing of the torrent  
floods,  
To the Great Spirit bows in silent  
trust?  
Doth not thy soul o'ersweep the  
foaming main,  
To pour itself upon the wilds again?  
They are gone forth, the desert's  
warrior race,  
By stormy lakes to track the elk and  
roe;  
But where art thou, the swift one in  
the chase,  
With thy free footstep and unfail-  
ing bow?  
Their singing shafts have reached  
the panther's lair,  
And where art thou?—thine arrows  
are not there.

They rest beside their streams—the  
spoil is won—  
They hang their spears upon the  
cypress bough;  
The night-fires blaze, the hunter's  
work is done—  
They hear the tales of old—but  
where art thou?  
The night-fires blaze beneath the  
giant pine,  
And there a place is filled that once  
was thine.

For thou art mingling with the city's  
throng,  
And thou hast thrown thine Indian  
bow aside;  
Child of the forests! thou art borne  
along,  
E'en as ourselves, by life's tempes-  
tuous tide.  
But wilt this be? and canst thou  
*here* find rest?  
Thou hadst thy nurture on the  
desert's breast.

Comes not the sound of torrents to  
thine ear  
From the savannah-land, the land  
of streams?  
Hearest thou not murmurs which  
none else may hear?  
Is not the forest's shadow on thy  
dreams?

They call—wild voices call thee o'er  
the main,  
Back to thy free and boundless woods  
again.

Hear them not! hear them not!—  
thou canst not find  
In the far wilderness what once was  
thine!  
Thou hast quaffed knowledge from  
the founts of mind,  
And gathered loftier aims and hopes  
divine,  
Thou knowest the soaring thought,  
the immortal strain—  
Seek not the deserts and the woods  
again!

#### STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF —

In the full tide of melody and mirth  
While joy's bright spirit beams  
from every eye,  
Forget not him, whose soul, though  
fled from earth,  
Seems yet to speak in strains that  
cannot die.

Forget him not, for many a festal  
hour,  
Charmed by those strains for us  
has lightly flown:  
And memory's visions, mingling with  
their power,  
Wake the heart's thrill at each  
familiar tone.

Blest be the harmonist, whose well-  
known lays  
Revive life's morning dreams,  
when youth is fled,  
And, fraught with images of other  
days,  
Recall the loved, the absent, and  
the dead.

His the dear art whose spells awhile  
renew  
Hope's first illusions in their  
tenderest bloom—  
Oh! what were life, unless such  
moments threw  
Bright gleams, "like angel visits,"  
o'er its gloom?

#### THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS

YES! thou hast met the sun's last  
smile

From the haunted hills of Rome;  
By many a bright Ægean Isle  
Thou hast seen the billows foam.

From the silence of the Pyramid,  
Thou hast watched the solemn  
flow  
Of the Nile, that with its waters hid  
The ancient realm below.

Thy heart hath burned, as shepherds  
sung  
Some wild and warlike strain,  
Where the Moorish horn once proudly  
rung  
Through the pealing hills of Spain.

And o'er the lonely Grecian streams  
Thou hast heard the laurels moan,  
With a sound yet murmuring in thy  
dreams  
Of the glory that is gone.

But go thou to the pastoral vales  
Of the Alpine mountains old,  
If thou wouldst hear immortal tales  
By the wind's deep whispers told!

Go, if thou lovest the soil to tread  
Where man hath nobly striven,  
And life, like incense, hath been shed,  
An offering unto heaven.

For o'er the snows, and round the  
pines,  
Hath swept a noble flood;  
The nurture of the peasant's vines  
Hath been the martyr's blood!

A spirit, stronger than the sword,  
And loftier than despair,  
Through all the heroic region poured,  
Breathes in the generous air.

A memory clings to every steep  
Of long-enduring faith,  
And the sounding streams glad record  
keep  
Of courage unto death.

Ask of the peasant *where* his sires  
For truth and freedom bled?  
Ask, where were lit the torturing  
fires,  
Where lay the holy dead?

And he will tell thee, all around,  
On fount, and turf, and stone,  
Far as the chamois' foot can bound,  
Their ashes have been sown !

Go, when the Sabbath-bell is heard  
Up through the wilds to float,  
When the dark old woods and caves  
are stirred  
To gladness by the note ;

When forth, along their thousand  
rills,  
The mountain people come,  
Join thou their worship on those hills  
Of glorious martyrdom.

And while the song of praise ascends,  
And while the torrent's voice,  
Like the swell of many an organ,  
blends,  
Then let thy soul rejoice.

Rejoice, that human hearts, through  
scorn,  
Through shame, through death,  
made strong,  
Before the rocks and heavens have  
borne  
Witness of God so long !

### SONG OF THE SPANISH WANDERER

PILGRIM ! oh ! say, hath thy cheek been  
fanned

By the sweet winds of my sunny  
land ?

Know'st thou the sound of its  
mountain pines ?

And hast thou rested beneath its  
vines ?

Hast thou heard the music still  
wandering by,

A thing of the breezes, in Spain's  
blue sky,

Floating away o'er hill and heath  
With the myrtle's whisper, the cit-  
ron's breath ?

Then say, are there fairer vales than  
those

Where the warbling of fountains for  
ever flows ?

Are there brighter flowers than mine  
own, which wave

O'er Moorish ruin and Christian  
grave ?

O sunshine and song ! they are lying  
far

By the streams that look to the  
western star ;

My heart is fainting to hear once  
more

The water-voices of that sweet shore.

Many were they that have died for  
thee,

And brave, my Spain ! though thou  
art not free ;

But I call them blest—they have  
rent *their* chain—

They sleep in thy valleys, my sunny  
Spain !

### THE CONTADINA

WRITTEN FOR A PICTURE

NOT for the myrtle, and not for the  
vine,

Though its grape, like a gem, be the  
sunbeam's shrine ;

And not for the rich blue heaven that  
showers

Joy on thy spirit, like light on the  
flowers ;

And not for the scent of the citron  
trees—

Fair peasant ! I call thee not blest for  
*these*.

Not for the beauty spread over thy  
brow,

Though round thee a gleam, as of  
spring, it throw ;

And not for the lustre that laughs  
from thine eye,

Like a dark stream's flash to the sunny  
sky,

Though the south in its riches  
nought lovelier sees—

Fair peasant ! I call thee not blest for  
*these*.

But for those breathing and loving  
things—

For the boy's fond arm that around  
thee clings,

For the smiling cheek on thy lap that  
glows,

In the peace of a trusting child's  
repose—

For the hearts whose home is thy  
gentle breast,  
Oh ! richly I call thee, and deeply  
blest !

## TROUBADOUR SONG

THE warrior crossed the ocean's foam  
For the stormy fields of war ;  
The maid was left in a smiling home  
And a sunny land afar.

*His* voice was heard where javelin  
showers

Poured on the steel-clad line ;

*Her* step was 'midst the summer  
flowers,

Her seat beneath the vine.

His shield was cleft, his lance was  
riven,

And the red blood stained his crest ;

While she—the gentlest wind of  
heaven

Might scarcely fan her breast !

Yet a thousand arrows passed him by,  
And again he crossed the seas ;

But she had died as roses die

That perish with a breeze—

As roses die, when the blast is come  
For all things bright and fair :

There was death within the smiling  
home—

How had death found her there ?

## THE HOMES OF ENGLAND

Where's the coward that would not dare  
To fight for such a land ?

*Marmion.*

THE stately homes of England,

How beautiful they stand,

Amidst their tall ancestral trees,

O'er all the pleasant land !

The deer across their greensward  
bound,

Through shade and sunny gleam ;  
And the swan glides past them with  
the sound

Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !

Around their hearths by night,

What gladsome looks of household  
love

Meet in the ruddy light !

There woman's voice flows forth in  
song,

Or childhood's tale is told,

Or lips move tunefully along

Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England !

How softly on their bowers

Is laid the holy quietness

That breathes from Sabbath hours !

Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's  
chime

Floats through their woods at  
morn ;

All other sounds, in that still time,

Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England !

By thousands on her plains,

They are smiling o'er the silvery  
brooks,

And round the hamlet fances.

Through glowing orchards forth they  
peep,

Each from its nook of leaves ;

And fearless there the lowly sleep,

As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England !

Long, long, in hut and hall,

May hearts of native proof be reared  
To guard each hallowed wall !

And green for ever be the groves,

And bright the flowery sod,

Where first the child's glad spirit  
loves

Its country and its God !

## THE SICILIAN CAPTIVE

I have dreamt thou wert

A captive in thy hopelessness ; afar

From the sweet home of thy young infancy,

Whose image unto thee is as a dream

Of fire and slaughter ; I can see thee wasting,

Sick of thy native air.

L. E. L.

THE champions had come from their fields of war,

Over the crests of the billows far ;

They had brought back the spoils of a hundred shores,

Where the deep had foamed to their flashing oars.

They sat at their feast round the Norse king's board ;  
By the glare of the torchlight the mead was poured ;  
The hearth was heaped with the pine boughs high,  
And it flung a red radiance on shields thrown by.

The Scalds had chanted in Runic rhyme  
Their songs of the sword and the olden time ;  
And a solemn thrill, as the harp-chords rung,  
Had breathed from the walls where the bright spears hung.

But the swell was gone from the quivering string,  
They had summoned a softer voice to sing ;  
And a captive girl, at the warriors' call,  
Stood forth in the midst of that frowning hall.

Lonely she stood,—in her mournful eyes  
Lay the clear midnight of southern skies ;  
And the drooping fringe of their lashes low,  
Half-veiled a depth of unfathomed woe.

Stately she stood—though her fragile frame  
Seemed struck with the blight of some inward flame,  
And her proud pale brow had a shade of scorn,  
Under the waves of her dark hair worn.

And a deep flush passed, like a crimson haze,  
O'er her marble cheek by the pine-fire's blaze—  
No soft hue caught from the south wind's breath,  
But a token of fever at strife with death.

She had been torn from her home away,  
With her long locks crowned for her bridal-day,  
And brought to die of the burning dreams  
That haunt the exile by foreign streams.

They bade her sing of her distant land—  
She held its lyre with a trembling hand,  
Till the spirit its blue skies had given her woke,  
And the stream of her voice into music broke.

Faint was the strain, in its first wild flow—  
Troubled its murmur, and sad and low ;  
But it swelled into deeper power ere long,  
As the breeze that swept o'er her soul grew strong.

" They bid me sing of thee, mine own, my sunny land ! of thee !  
Am I not parted from thy shores by the mournful-sounding sea ?  
Doth not thy shadow wrap my soul ? in silence let me die,  
In a voiceless dream of thy silvery founts, and thy pure, deep sapphire sky,  
How should thy lyre give *here* its wealth of buried sweetness forth—  
Its tones of summer's breathings born, to the wild winds of the north ?

" Yet thus it shall be once, once more ! My spirit shall awake,  
And through the mists of death shine out, my country, for thy sake !  
That I may make *thee* known, with all the beauty and the light,  
And the glory never more to bless thy daughter's yearning sight !  
Thy woods shall whisper in my song, thy bright streams warble by,  
Thy soul flow o'er my lips again—yet once, my Sicily !

" There are blue heavens—far hence, far hence ! but, oh ! their glorious blue !  
Its very night is beautiful with the hyacinth's deep hue !



It is above my own fair land, and round my laughing home,  
And arching o'er my vintage hills, they hang their cloudless dome,  
And making all the waves as gems, that melt along the shore,  
And steeping happy hearts in joy—that now is mine no more.

"And there are haunts in that green land—oh! who may dream or tell  
Of all the shaded loveliness it hides in grot and dell!  
By fountains flinging rainbow-spray on dark and glossy leaves,  
And bowers wherein the forest-dove her nest untroubled weaves;  
The myrtle dwells there, sending round the richness of its breath,  
And the violets gleam like amethysts from the dewy moss beneath.

"And there are floating sounds that fill the skies through night and day—  
Sweet sounds! the soul to hear them faints in dreams of heaven away;  
They wander through the olive woods, and o'er the shining seas,  
They mingle with the orange scents that load the sleepy breeze;  
Lute, voice, and bird are blending there,—it were a bliss to die,  
As dies a leaf, thy groves among, my flowery Sicily!

"I may not thus depart—farewell! Yet no, my country! no  
Is not love stronger than the grave? I feel it must be so!  
My fleeting spirit shall o'ersweep the mountains and the man,  
And in thy tender starlight rove, and through thy woods again.  
Its passion deepens—it prevails!—I break my chain—I come  
To dwell a viewless thing, yet blest—in thy sweet air, my home!"

And her pale arms dropped the ringing lyre—  
There came a mist o'er her eye's wild fire—  
And her dark rich tresses in many a fold,  
Loosed from their braids, down her bosom rolled.

For her head sank back on the rugged wall—  
A silence fell o'er the warriors' hall;  
She had poured out her soul with her song's last tone:  
The lyre was broken, the minstrel gone!

### IVAN THE CZAR

[Ivan le Terrible, étant déjà devenu vieux, assiégait Novgorod. Les Boyards, le voyant affaibli, lui demandèrent s'il ne voulait pas donner le commandement de l'assaut à son fils. Sa fureur fut si grande à cette proposition, que rien ne pût l'appaiser: son fils se prosterna à ses pieds; il le repoussa avec un coup d'une telle violence, que deux jours après le malheureux en mourut. Le père, alors au désespoir, devint indifférent à la guerre comme au pouvoir, et ne survécut que peu de mois à son fils.—*Dix Années d'Exil*, par M<sup>lle</sup> DAME DE STAËL.]

Gieb diesen Todten mir heraus. Ich muss  
Ihn wieder haben!  
..... Trostlose allmacht,  
Die nicht einmal in Gräber ihren arm  
Verlangern, eine kleine Ueberlegung  
Mit Menschenleben nicht verbessern  
kann!

SCHILLER.

HE sat in silence on the ground,  
The old and haughty Czar,

Lonely, though princes girt him  
round,  
And leaders of the war;  
He had cast his jewelled sabre,  
That many a field had won,  
To the earth beside his youthful  
dead—  
His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed,  
Was laid that form of clay,  
Where the light a stormy sunset shed  
Through the rich tent made way;  
And a sad and solemn beauty  
On the pallid face came down,  
Which the lord of nations mutely  
watched,  
In the dust, with his renown.

Low tones at last, of woe and fear,  
From his full bosom broke—

A mournful thing it was to hear  
How then the proud man spoke !  
The voice that through the combat  
Had shouted far and high,  
Came forth in strange, dull, hollow  
tones,  
Burdened with agony.

" There is no crimson on thy cheek,  
And on thy lip no breath ;  
I call thee, and thou dost not speak—  
They tell me this is death !  
And fearful things are whispering  
That I the deed have done—  
For the honour of thy father's name,  
Look up, look up, my son !

" Well might I know death's hue and  
mien—  
But on *thine* aspect, boy !  
What, till this moment, have I seen  
Save pride and tameless joy ?  
Swiftest thou wert to battle,  
And bravest there of all—  
How could I think a warrior's frame  
Thus like a flower should fall ?

" I will not bear that still cold look—  
Rise up, thou fierce and free !  
Wake as the storm wakes ! I will  
brook  
All, save this calm, from thee !  
Lift brightly up, and proudly,  
Once more thy kindling eyes !  
Hath my word lost its power on  
earth ?  
I say to thee, arise !

" Didst thou not know I loved thee  
well !  
Thou didst not ! and art gone,  
In bitterness of soul, to dwell  
Where man must dwell alone.  
Come back, young fiery spirit !  
If but one hour to learn  
The secrets of the folded heart  
That seemed to thee so stern.

" Thou wert the first, the first, fair  
child  
That in mine arms I pressed :  
Thou wert the bright one, that hast  
smiled  
Like summer on my breast !  
I reared thee as an eagle,  
To the chase thy steps I led,  
I bore thee on my battle-horse,  
I look upon thee—dead !

" Lay down my warlike banners here,  
Never again to wave,  
And bury my red sword and spear,  
Chiefs ! in my first-born's grave !  
And leave me !—I have conquered,  
I have slain—my work is done !  
Whom have I slain ?—ye answer  
not—  
*Thou* too art mute, my son ! "

And thus his wild lament was poured  
Through the dark resounding  
night,  
And the battle knew no more his  
sword,  
Nor the foaming steed his might.  
He heard strange voices moaning  
In every wind that sighed ;  
From the searching stars of heaven  
he shrank—  
Humbly the conqueror died.

## CAROLAN'S PROPHECY

Thy cheek too swiftly flushes, o'er *thine* eye  
The lights and shadows come and go too fast ;  
Thy tears gush forth too soon, and in thy voice  
Are sounds of tenderness too passionate  
For peace on earth : oh ! therefore, child of  
song !  
'Tis well thou shouldst depart.

A SOUND of music, from amidst the  
hills,  
Came suddenly, and died ; a fitful  
sound  
Of mirth, soon lost in wail. Again it  
rose,  
And sank in mournfulness. There  
sat a bard  
By a blue stream of Erin, where it  
swept  
Flashing through rock and wood :  
the sunset's light  
Was on his wavy, silver-gleaming  
hair,  
And the wind's whisper in the moun-  
tain ash,  
Whose clusters drooped above. His  
head was bowed,  
His hand was on his harp, yet thence  
its touch  
Had drawn but broken strains ; and  
many stood  
Waiting around, in silent earnestness,  
The unchaining of his soul, the gush  
of song—

Many and graceful forms !—yet one  
 alone  
 Seemed present to his dream ; and  
 she, indeed,  
 With her pale virgin brow, and  
 changeful cheek,  
 And the clear starlight of her serious  
 eyes,  
 Lovely amidst the flowing of dark  
 locks  
 And pallid braiding flowers, was  
 beautiful,  
 E'en painfully !—a creature to be-  
 hold  
 With trembling 'midst our joy, lest  
 aught unseen  
 Should waft the vision from us, leav-  
 ing earth  
 Too dim without its brightness !  
 Did such fear  
 O'ershadow in that hour the gifted  
 one,  
 By his own rushing stream ? Once  
 more he gazed  
 Upon the radiant girl, and yet once  
 more  
 From the deep chords his wandering  
 hand brought out  
 A few short festive notes, an opening  
 strain [grief—  
 Of bridal melody, soon dashed with  
 As if some wailing spirit in the strings  
 Met and o'ermastered him ; but  
 yielding then  
 To the strong prophet impulse,  
 mournfully,  
 Like moaning waters o'er the harp  
 he poured  
 The trouble of his haunted soul, and  
 sang—

“ Voice of the grave !  
 I hear thy thrilling call ;  
 It comes in the dash of the foam-  
 ing wave,  
 In the sere leaf's trembling fall !  
 In the shiver of the tree,  
 I hear thee, O thou voice !  
 And I would thy warning were  
 but for me,  
 That my spirit might rejoice.

“ But thou art sent  
 For the sad earth's young and  
 fair,  
 For the graceful heads that have  
 not bent

To the wintry hand of care !  
 They hear the wind's low sigh,  
 And the river sweeping free,  
 And the green reeds murmuring  
 heavily,  
 And the woods—but they hear  
 not thee !

“ Long have I striven  
 With my deep-foreboding soul,  
 But the full tide now its bounds  
 hath riven,  
 And darkly on must roll.  
 There's a young brow smiling near,  
 With a bridal whiterose wreath—  
 Unto *me* it smiles from a flowery  
 bier,  
 Touched solemnly by death !

“ Fair art thou, Morna !  
 The sadness of thine eye  
 Is beautiful as silvery clouds  
 On the dark-blue summer sky !  
 And thy voice comes like the sound  
 Of a sweet and hidden rill,  
 That makes the dim woods tuneful  
 round—  
 But soon it must be still !

“ Silence and dust  
 On thy sunny lips must lie—  
 Make not the strength of love thy  
 trust,  
 A stronger yet is nigh !  
 No strain of festal flow  
 That my hand for thee hath tried,  
 But into dirge-notes wild and low  
 Its ringing tones have died.

“ Young art thou, Morna !  
 Yet on thy gentle head,  
 Like heavy dew on the lily's leaves,  
 A spirit hath been shed !  
 And the glance is thine which sees  
 Through nature's awful heart—  
 And bright things go with the  
 summer breeze,  
 And thou too must depart !

“ Yet, shall I weep ?  
 I know that in thy breast  
 There swells a fount of song too  
 deep,  
 Too powerful for thy rest !  
 And the bitterness I know,  
 And the chill of this world's  
 breath—

Go—all undimmed in thy glory, go!  
Young and crowned bride of  
death!

“Take hence to heaven  
Thy holy thoughts and bright!  
And soaring hopes, that were not  
given

For the touch of mortal blight!  
Might we follow in thy track,  
This parting should not be!  
But the spring shall give us violets  
back,

And every flower but thee!”

There was a burst of tears around the  
bard:

All wept but one—and she serenely  
stood,

With her clear brow and dark re-  
ligious eye

Raised to the first faint star above  
the hills,

And cloudless; though it might be  
that her cheek

Was paler than before. So Morna  
heard

The minstrel's prophecy.

And spring returned,  
Bringing the earth her lovely things  
again—

All, save the loveliest far! A voice,  
a smile,

A young sweet spirit gone.

### THE LADY OF THE CASTLE

FROM THE “PORTRAIT GALLERY,”  
AN UNFINISHED POEM

If there be but one spot on thy name,  
One eye thou fearest to meet, one human voice  
Whose tones thou shrinkest from—Woman!  
veil thy face,  
And bow thy head—and die!

Thou seest her pictured with her  
shining hair

(Famed were those tresses in  
Provençal song),

Half braided, half o'er cheek and  
bosom fair

Let loose, and pouring sunny waves  
along

Her gorgeous vest. A child's light  
hand is roving

'Midst the rich curls; and, oh!  
how meekly loving

Its earnest looks are lifted to the  
face

Which bends to meet its lip in laugh-  
ing grace!

Yet that bright lady's eye, methinks,  
hath loss

Of deep, and still, and pensive ten-  
derness.

Than might beseech a mother's; on  
her brow

Something too much there sits of  
native scorn,

And her smile kindles with a con-  
scious glow,

As from the thought of sovereign  
beauty born.

These may be dreams—but how shall  
woman tell

Of woman's shame, and not with  
tears? She fell!

That mother left that child!—went  
hurrying by

Its cradle—haply not without a  
sigh,

Haply one moment o'er its rest  
serene

She hung. But no! it could not thus  
have been,

For *she went on*!—forsook her home,  
her hearth,

All pure affection, all sweet household  
mirth,

To live a gaudy and dishonoured  
thing,

Sharing in guilt the splendours of a  
king.

Her lord, in very weariness of life,  
Girt on his sword for scenes of distant  
strife.

He recked no more of glory: grief  
and shame

Crushed out his fiery nature, and his  
name

Died silently. A shadow o'er his  
halls

Crept year by year: the minstrel  
passed their walls;

The warder's horn hung mute. Mean-  
time the child

On whose first flowering thoughts no  
parent smiled,

A gentle girl, and yet deep-hearted,  
grew

Into sad youth; for well, too well,  
she knew

Her mother's tale! Its memory  
 made the sky  
 Seem all too joyous for her shrinking  
 eye;  
 Checked on her lip the flow of song,  
 which fain  
 Would there have lingered; flushed  
 her cheek to pain,  
 If met by sudden glance; and gave a  
 tone  
 Of sorrow, as for something lovely  
 gone,  
 E'en to the spring's glad voice. Her  
 own was low  
 And plaintive. Oh! there lie such  
 depths of woe  
 In a young blighted spirit! Manhood  
 rears  
 A haughty brow, and age has done  
 with tears;  
 But youth bows down to misery, in  
 amaze  
 At the dark cloud o'er mantling its  
 fresh days;—  
 And thus it was with her. A mourn-  
 ful sight [fair;  
 In one so fair—for she indeed was  
 Not with her mother's dazzling eyes  
 of light—  
*Hers* were more shadowy, full of  
 thought and prayer,  
 And with long lashes o'er a white-rose  
 cheek  
 Drooping in gloom, yet tender still  
 and meek,  
 Still that fond child's—and oh! the  
 brow above  
 So pale and pure! so formed for holy  
 love  
 To gaze upon in silence!—But she  
 felt  
 That love was not for her, though  
 hearts would melt  
 Where'er she moved, and reverence  
 mutely given  
 Went with her; and low prayers, that  
 called on heaven  
 To bless the young Isaure.

One sunny morn  
 With alms before her castle gate  
 she stood,  
 Midst peasant groups: when, breath-  
 less and o'erworn,  
 And shrouded in long weeds of  
 widowhood,

A stranger through them broke.  
 The orphan maid,  
 With her sweet voice and proffered  
 hand of aid,  
 Turned to give welcome; but a wild  
 sad look  
 Met hers—a gaze that all her spirit  
 shook;  
 And that pale woman, suddenly  
 subdued  
 By some strong passion, in its gush-  
 ing mood,  
 Knelt at her feet, and bathed them  
 with such tears  
 As rain the hoarded agonies of years  
 From the heart's urn; and with her  
 white lips pressed  
 The ground they trod; then, burying  
 in her vest  
 Her brow's deep flush, sobbed out—  
 "Oh undefiled!  
 I am thy mother—spurn me not, my  
 child!"

Isaure had prayed for that lost  
 mother; wept  
 O'er her stained memory, while the  
 happy slept  
 In the hushed midnight; stood with  
 mournful gaze  
 Before yon picture's smile of other  
 days,  
 But never breathed in human ear  
 the name  
 Which weighed her being to the  
 earth with shame.  
 What marvel if the anguish, the  
 surprise,  
 The dark remembrances, the altered  
 guise,  
 Awhile o'erpowered her? From the  
 weeper's touch  
 She shrank—'twas but a moment—  
 yet too much  
 For that all-humbled one; its mortal  
 stroke  
 Came down like lightning, and her  
 full heart broke  
 At once in silence. Heavily and  
 prone  
 She sank, while o'er her castle's  
 threshold stone,  
 Those long fair tresses—*they* still  
 brightly wore  
 Their early pride, though bound with  
 pearls no more—

Bursting their fillet, in sad beauty rolled	[gold	Dead lay the wanderer at her own proud gate !
And swept the dust with coils of wavy		The joy of courts, the star of knight and bard—
Her child bent o'er her—called her :		How didst thou fall, O bright-haired Ermengarde !
'twas too late—		

## THE MOURNER FOR THE BARMECIDES

O good old man ! how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world !  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times.

*As you Like It.*

FALLEN was the house of Giafar ; and its name,  
The high romantic name of Barmecide,  
A sound forbidden on its own bright shores,  
By the swift Tigris' wave. Stern Haroun's wrath,  
Sweeping the mighty with their fame away,  
Had so passed sentence : but man's chainless heart  
Hides that within its depths which never yet  
The oppressor's thought could reach.

'Twas desolate  
Where Giafar's halls, beneath the burning sun,  
Spread out in ruin lay. The songs had ceased ;  
The lights, the perfumes, and the Genie tales  
Had ceased ; the guests were gone. Yet still one voice  
Was there—the fountain's ; through those eastern courts,  
Over the broken marble and the grass,  
Its low clear music shedding mournfully.

And still another voice ! An aged man,  
Yet with a dark and fervent eye beneath  
His silvery hair, came day by day, and sate  
On a white column's fragment ; and drew forth,  
From the forsaken walls and dim arcades,  
A tone that shook them with its answering thrill,  
To his deep accents. Many a glorious tale  
He told that sad yet stately solitude,  
Pouring his memory's fulness o'er its gloom,  
Like waters in the waste ; and calling up,  
By song or high recital of their deeds,  
Bright solemn shadows of its vanished race  
To people their own halls : with these alone,  
In all this rich and breathing world, his thoughts  
Held still unbroken converse. He had been  
Reared in this lordly dwelling, and was now  
The ivy of its ruins, unto which  
His fading life seemed bound. Day rolled on day,  
And from that scene the loneliness was fled ;  
For crowds around the grey-haired chronicler  
Met as men meet, within whose anxious hearts  
Fear with deep feeling strives ; till, as a breeze  
Wanders through forest branches, and is met  
By one quick sound and shiver of the leaves,  
The spirit of his passionate lament,  
As through their stricken souls it passed, awoke  
One echoing murmur. But this might not be

Under a despot's rule, and, summoned thence,  
 The dreamer stood before the Caliph's throne:  
 Sentenced to death he stood, and deeply pale,  
 And with his white lips rigidly compressed;  
 Till, in submissive tones, he asked to speak  
 Once more, ere thrust from earth's fair sunshine forth.  
 Was it to sue for grace? His burning heart  
 Sprang, with a sudden lightning, to his eye,  
 And he was changed!—and thus, in rapid words,  
 The o'ermastering thoughts, more strong than death, found way:—

"And shall I not rejoice to go, when the noble and the brave,  
 With the glory on their brows, are gone before me to the grave?  
 What is there left to look on now, what brightness in the land?  
 I hold in scorn the faded world, that wants their princely band!

"My chiefs! my chiefs! the old man comes that in your halls was nursed—  
 That followed you to many a fight, where flashed your sabres first—  
 That bore your children in his arms, your name upon his heart:—  
 Oh! must the music of that name with him from earth depart?

"It shall not be! A thousand tongues, though human voice were still,  
 With that high sound the living air triumphantly shall fill;  
 The wind's free flight shall bear it on as wandering seeds are sown,  
 And the starry midnight whisper it, with a deep and thrilling tone.

"For it is not as a flower whose scent with the drooping leaves expires,  
 And it is not as a household lamp, that a breath should quench its fires;  
 It is written on our battle-fields with the writing of the sword,  
 It hath left upon our desert sands a light in blessings poured.

"The founts, the many gushing founts which to the wild ye gave,  
 Of you, my chiefs! shall sing aloud, as they pour a joyous wave:  
 And the groves, with whose deep lovely gloom ye hung the pilgrim's way,  
 Shall send from all their sighing leaves your praises on the day.

"The very walls your bounty reared for the stranger's homeless head,  
 Shall find a murmur to record your tale, my glorious dead!  
 Though the grass be where ye feasted once, where lute and cittern rung,  
 And the serpent in your palaces lie coiled amidst its young.

"It is enough! Mine eye no more of joy or splendour sees—  
 I leave your name in lofty faith to the skies and to the breeze!  
 I go, since earth her flower hath lost, to join the bright and fair,  
 And call the grave a kindly house, for ye, my chiefs! are there."

But while the old man sang, a mist of tears  
 O'er Haroun's eyes had gathered, and a thought—  
 Oh! many a sudden and remorseful thought—  
 Of his youth's once-loved friends, the martyred race,  
 O'erflowed his softening heart. "Live! live!" he cried,  
 "Thou faithful unto death! Live on, and still  
 Speak of thy lords—they *were* a princely band!"

## THE SPANISH CHAPEL

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,  
In life's early morning, hath hid from our  
eyes,  
Ere sin threw a veil o'er the spirit's young  
bloom,  
Or earth had profaned what was born for the  
skies.

MOORE.

I MADE a mountain brook my guide  
Through a wild Spanish glen,  
And wandered on its grassy side,  
Far from the homes of men.

It lured me with a singing tone,  
And many a sunny glance,  
To a green spot of beauty lone  
A haunt for old romance.

A dim and deeply bosomed grove  
Of many an aged tree,  
Such as the shadowy violets love  
The fawn and forest bee.

The darkness of the chestnut bough  
There on the waters lay,  
The bright stream reverently below  
Checked its exulting play ;

And bore a music all subdued,  
And led a silvery sheen  
On through the breathing solitude  
Of that rich leafy scene.

For something viewlessly around  
Of solemn influence dwelt,  
In the soft gloom and whispery  
sound,  
Not to be told, but felt ;

While sending forth a quiet gleam  
Across the wood's repose,  
And o'er the twilight of the stream,  
A lowly chapel rose.

A pathway to that still retreat  
Through many a myrtle wound,  
And there a sight—how strangely  
sweet  
My steps in wonder bound.

For on a brilliant bed of flowers,  
E'en at the threshold made,  
As if to sleep through sultry hours,  
A young fair child was laid.

To sleep ?—oh ! ne'er on childhood's  
eye  
And silken lashes pressed,

Did the warm *living* slumber lie  
With such a weight of rest !

Yet still a tender crimson glow  
Its cheeks' pure marble died—  
'Twas but the light's faint streaming  
flow  
Through roses heaped beside.

I stooped—the smooth round arm  
was chill,  
The soft lips' breath was fled,  
And the bright ringlets hung so still—  
The lovely child was dead !

" Alas ! " I cried, " fair faded thing !  
Thou hast wrung bitter tears,  
And thou hast left a woe, to cling  
Round yearning hearts for years ! "

But then a voice came sweet and  
low—  
I turned, and near me sate  
A woman with a mourner's brow,  
Pale, yet not desolate.

And in her still, clear, matron face,  
All solemnly serene,  
A shadowed image I could trace  
Of that young slumberer's mien.

" Stranger ! thou pitiest me," she  
said,  
With lips that faintly smiled,  
" As here I watch beside my dead,  
My fair and precious child.

" But know, the time-worn heart  
may be  
By pangs in this world riven,  
Keener than theirs who yield, like me,  
An angel thus to heaven ! "

## THE KAISER'S FEAST

[Louis, Emperor of Germany, having put his brother, the Palsgrave Rodolphus, under the ban of the Empire in the twelfth century, that unfortunate prince fled to England, where he died in neglect and poverty. " After his decease, his mother Matilda privately invited his children to return to Germany ; and by her mediation, during a season of festivity, when Louis kept wassail in the castle of Heidelberg, the family of his brother presented themselves before him in the garb of suppliants, imploring pity and forgiveness. To this appeal the victor softened."—Miss Benger's *Memoirs of the Queen of Bohemia*]

THE Kaiser feasted in his hall—  
The red wine mantled high ;



Banners were trembling on the wall  
To the peals of minstrelsy ;  
And many a gleam and sparkle came  
From the armour hung around,  
As it caught the glance of the torch's  
flame,  
Or the hearth with pine boughs  
crowned.

Why fell there silence on the chord  
Beneath the harper's hand ?  
And suddenly from that rich board,  
Why rose the wassail band ?  
The strings were hushed—the knights  
made way  
For the queenly mother's tread,  
As up the hall, in dark array,  
Two fair-haired boys she led.

She led them e'en to the Kaiser's  
place,  
And still before him stood ;  
Till, with strange wonder, o'er his  
face  
Flushed the proud warrior-blood :  
And " Speak, my mother ! speak ! "  
he cried,  
" Wherefore this mourning vest :  
And the clinging children by thy  
side,  
In weeds of sadness drest ! "

" Well may a mourning vest be mine,  
And theirs, my son, my son !  
Look on the features of thy line  
In each fair little one !  
Though grief awhile within their eyes  
Hath tamed the dancing glee,  
Yet there thine own quick spirit lies—  
Thy brother's children see !

" And where is he, thy brother—  
where ?  
He in thy home that grew,  
And smiling with his sunny hair,  
Ever to greet thee flew ?  
How would his arms thy neckentwine,  
His fond lips press thy brow !  
My son ! oh, call these orphans  
thine !—  
Thou hast no brother now !

" What ! from their gentle eyes doth  
nought  
Speak of thy childhood's hours,  
And smite thee with a tender thought  
Of thy dead father's towers ?

Kind was thy boyish heart and true,  
When reared together there,  
Through the old woods like fawns ye  
flew—  
Where is thy brother—where ?

" Well didst thou love him then, and  
he  
Still at thy side was seen !  
How is it that such things can be  
As though they ne'er had been ?  
Evil was this world's breath, which  
came  
Between the good and brave !  
Now must the tears of grief and shame  
Be offered to the grave.

" And let them, let them there be  
poured !  
Though all unfelt below—  
Thine own wrung heart, to love re-  
stored,  
Shall soften as they flow.  
Oh ! death is mighty to make peace ;  
Now bid his work be done !  
So many an inward strife shall cease—  
Take, take these babes, my son ! "

His eye was dimmed—the strong man  
shook  
With feelings long suppressed ;  
Up in his arms the boys he took,  
And strained them to his breast.  
And a shout from all in the royal hall  
Burst forth to hail the sight ;  
And eyes were wet 'midst the brave  
that met  
At the Kaiser's feast that night.

### TASSO AND HIS SISTER

*Devant vous est Sorrente ; là demeuroit la  
sœur de Tasse, quand il vint en pèlerin demander  
à cette obscure amie un asyle contre l'injustice  
des princes.—Ses longues douleurs avaient  
presque égaré sa raison ; il ne lui restoit plus  
que son génie.—Corinne.*

SHE sat, where on each wind that  
sighed  
The citron's breath went by,  
While the red gold of eventide  
Burned in the Italian sky.  
Her bower was one where daylight's  
close  
Full oft sweet laughter found,  
As thence the voice of childhood rose  
To the high vineyards round.

But still and thoughtful at her knee  
 Her children stood that hour,  
 Their bursts of song and dancing glee  
 Hushed as by words of power.  
 With bright fixed wondering eyes,  
 that gazed

Up to their mother's face,  
 With brows through parted ringlets  
 raised,  
 They stood in silent grace.

While she—yet something o'er her  
 look

Of mournfulness was spread—  
 Forth from a poet's magic book  
 The glorious numbers read ;  
 The proud undying lay, which poured  
 Its light on evil years ;  
*His* of the gifted pen and sword,  
 The triumph, and the tears.

She read of fair Erminia's flight,  
 Which Venice once might hear  
 Sung on her glittering seas at night  
 By many a gondolier.

Of him she read, who broke the charm  
 That wrapt the myrtle grove ;  
 Of Godfrey's deeds, of Tancred's arm,  
 That slew his Paynim love.

Young cheeks around that bright page  
 glowed,

Young holy hearts were stirred ;  
 And the meek tears of woman flowed  
 Fast o'er each burning word.

And sounds of breeze, and fount, and  
 leaf,

Came sweet, each pause between,  
 When a strange voice of sudden grief  
 Burst on the gentle scene.

The mother turned—a wayworn man  
 In pilgrim garb, stood nigh,  
 Of stately mien, yet wild and wan,  
 Of proud yet mournful eye.  
 But drops which would not stay for  
 pride

From that dark eye gushed free,  
 As pressing his pale brow, he cried,  
 "Forgotten ! e'en by thee !

"Am I so changed ?—and yet we  
 two

Of hand in hand have played ;  
 This brow hath been all bathed in dew  
 From wreaths which thou hast  
 made ;

We have knelt down and said one  
 prayer,

And sunk one vesper strain ;  
 My soul is dim with clouds of care—  
 Tell me those words again !

"Life hath been heavy on my head—  
 I come a stricken deer,  
 Bearing the heart, 'midst crowds that  
 bled,

To bleed in stillness here."  
 She gazed, till thoughts that long had  
 slept

Shook all her thrilling frame—  
 She fell upon his neck and wept,  
 Murmuring her brother's name.

Her *brother's* name!—and who was he,  
 The weary one, the unknown,  
 That came the bitter world to flee,  
 A stranger to his own ?  
 He was the bard of gifts divine  
 To sway the souls of men ;  
 He of the song for Salem's shrine,  
 He of the sword and pen !

#### THE RELEASE OF TASSO

THERE came a bard to Rome ; he  
 brought a lyre

Of sounds to peal through Rome's  
 triumphant sky,

To mourn a hero on his funeral pyre,  
 Or greet a conqueror with its war-  
 notes high ;

For on each chord had fallen the gift  
 of fire,

The living breath of Power and  
 Victory,—

Yet he, its lord, the sovereign city's  
 guest,

Sighed but to flee away and be at rest.

He brought a spirit whose ethereal  
 birth

Was of the loftiest, and whose haunts  
 had been

Amidst the marvels and the pomps  
 of earth,

Wild fairy bowers, and groves of  
 deathless green,

And fields where mail-clad bosoms  
 prove their worth,

When flashing swords light up the  
 stormy scene :

He brought a weary heart, a wasted  
 frame,—

The Child of Visions from a dungeon  
came.

On the blue waters, as in joy they  
sweep,

With starlight floating o'er their  
swells and falls—

On the blue waters of the Adrian deep  
His numbers had been sung ; and in  
the halls,

Where, through rich foliage if a sun-  
beam peep,

It seems Heaven's wakening to the  
sculptured walls,

Had princes listened to those lofty  
strains,

While the high soul they burst from  
pined in chains.

And in the summer gardens, where  
the spray

Of founts, far glancing from their  
marble bed,

Rains on the flowering myrtles in its  
play,

And the sweet limes, and glassy  
leaves that spread

Round the deep golden citrons, o'er  
his lay

Dark eyes, dark soft Italian eyes, had  
shed

Warm tears, fast glittering in that sun  
whose light

Was a forbidden glory to his sight.

Oh ! if it be that wizard sign, and  
spell,

And talisman, had power of old to  
bind,

In the dark chambers of some cavern-  
cell,

Or knotted oak, the spirits of the  
wind,

Things of the lightning-pinion, wont  
to dwell

High o'er the reach of eagles, and to  
find

Joy in the rush of storms,—even such  
a doom

Was that high minstrel's in his dun-  
geon-gloom.

But he was free at last !—the glorious  
land

Of the white Alps and pine-crowned  
Apennines,

Along whose shore the sapphire seas  
expand,

And the wastes teem with myrtle, and  
the shrines

Of long-forgotten gods from Nature's  
hand

Receive bright offerings still—with  
all its vines,

And rocks, and ruins, clear before  
him lay ;—

The seal was taken from the founts of  
day.

The winds came o'er his cheek—the  
soft winds, blending

All summer sounds and odours in their  
sigh ;

The orange groves waved round : the  
hills were sending

Their bright streams down ; the free  
birds darting by,

And the blue festal heavens above  
him bending,

As if to fold a world where none could  
die.

And who was he that looked upon  
these things ?

—If but of earth, yet one whose  
thoughts were wings

To bear him o'er creation ; and  
whose mind

Was an air harp, awakening to the  
sway

Of sunny Nature's breathings uncon-  
fined,

With all the mystic harmonies that  
lay

Far in the slumber of its chords en-  
shrined

Till the light breeze went thrilling on  
its way.

—There was no sound that wandered  
through the sky

But told him secrets in its melody.

Was the deep forest lonely unto him,  
With all its whispering leaves ? Each

dell and glade

Teemed with such forms as on the  
moss-clad brim

Of fountains, in their sparry grottoes,  
played,

Seen by the Greek of yore through  
twilight dim,

Or misty noontide in the laurel shade.

—There is no solitude on earth so deep As that where man decrees that man should weep !	Until the boon for which we gasp in vain, If hardly won at length, too late made ours,
But oh ! the life in Nature's green domains, The breathing sense of joy ! where flowers are springing By starry thousands on the slopes and plains, And the grey rocks—and all the arched woods ringing, And the young branches trembling to the strains Of wild-born creatures, through the sunshine winging Their fearless flight,—and sylvan echoes round, Mingling all tones to one Æolian sound.	When the soul's wing is broken, comes like rain Withheld till evening, on the stately flowers Which withered in the noontide, ne'er again To lift their heads in glory. So doth Earth Breathe on her gifts, and melt away their worth.
And the glad voice, the laughing voice of streams, And the low cadence of the silvery sea, And reed-notes from the mountains, and the beams Of the warm sun—all these are for the free ! And they were his once more, the bard whose dreams Their spirit still had haunted. Could it be That he had borne the chain ? Oh ! who shall dare To say how much Man's heart un- crushed may bear ?	The sailor dies in sight of that green shore, Whose fields, in slumbering beauty, seemed to lie On the deep's foam, amidst its hollow roar Called up to sunlight by his fantasy. And when the shining desert-mists that wore The lake's bright semblance, have been all passed by, The pilgrim sinks beside the fountain wave, Which dashes from its rock, too late to save.
So deep a root hath hope ! but woe for this Our frail mortality, that aught so bright, [bliss, So almost burthened with excess of As the rich hour which back to summer's light Calls the worn captive, with the gentle kiss Of winds, and gush of waters, and the sight Of the green earth, must so be bought with years Of the heart's fever, parching up its tears, And feeding, a slow fire, on all its powers,	Or if we live, if that too dearly bought, And made too precious by long hope, and fears, Remain our own—love, darkened and o'erwrought By memory of privation—love, which wears And casts o'er life a troubled hue of thought, Becomes the shadow of our closing years, Making it almost misery to possess Aught watched with such unquiet tenderness.
	Such unto him, the Bard, the worn and wild, And sick with hope deferred, from whom the sky, With all its clouds in burning glory piled, Had been shut out by long captivity. Such freedom was to Tasso. As a child Is to the mother, whose foreboding eye

In its too radiant glance from day to day, Reads that which calls the brightest first away.	To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries <i>there</i> !
And he became a wanderer—in whose breast	For blindness wraps that world—our touch may turn
Wild fear which, e'en when every sense doth sleep,	Some balance fearfully and darkly hung ;
Clings to the burning heart, a wakeful guest,	Or put out some bright spark whose ray should burn
Sat brooding as a spirit, raised to keep Its gloomy vigil of intense unrest	To point the way a thousand rocks among ;
O'er treasures burthening life, and buried deep	Or break some subtle chain which none discern,
In cavern-tomb, and sought through shades and stealth,	Though binding down the terrible, the strong,
By some pale mortal, trembling at his wealth.	The o'ersweeping passions, which to loose on life
But woe for those who trample o'er a mind !	Is to set free the elements for strife.
A deathless thing ! They know not what they do,	Who then to power and glory shall restore
Nor what they deal with. Man perchance may bind	That which our evil rashness hath undone !
The flower his step hath bruised ; or light anew [wind	Who unto mystic harmony once more
The torch he quenches ; or to music	Attune those viewless chords ?—
Again the lyre-string from his touch that flew ;—	There is but One !
But for the soul !—oh ! tremble, and beware	He that through dust the stream of life can pour,
	The Mighty and the Merciful alone.
	—Yet oft His paths have midnight for their shade—
	He leaves to Man the ruin Man hath made.

## THE NECROMANCER

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please ?  
 Resolve me of all ambiguities ?  
 Perform what desperate enterprises I will ?  
 I'll have them fly to India for gold,  
 Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,  
 And search all corners of the New-found World  
 For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.

MARLOW'S *Faustus*.

An old man on his deathbed lay, an old yet stately man ;  
 His lip seemed moulded for command, though quivering now, and wan ;  
 By fits a wild and wandering fire shot from his troubled eye,  
 But his pale brow still austerely wore its native mastery.

There were gorgeous things from lands afar, strewn round the mystic room ;  
 From where the orient palm trees wave, bright gem and dazzling plume ;  
 And vases with rich odour filled, that o'er the couch of death  
 Shed forth, like groves from Indian isles, a spicy summer's breath.

And sculptured forms of olden time, in their strange beauty white,  
 Stood round the chamber solemnly, robed as in ghostly light ;  
 All passionless and still they stood, and shining through the gloom,  
 Like watchers of another world, stern angels of the tomb.

"Twas silent as a midnight church, that dim and mystic place,  
While shadows cast from many thoughts o'erswept the old man's face.  
He spoke at last, and low and deep, yet piercing was the tone,  
To one that o'er him long had watched, in reverence and alone.

"I leave," he said, "an empire dread, by mount, and shore, and sea,  
Wider than Roman eagle's wing e'er traversed proudly free ;  
Never did King or Kaiser yet such high dominion boast,  
Or Soldan of the sunbeam's clime, girt with a conquering host.

"They hear me—*they* that dwell far down where the sea-serpent lies,  
And they, the unseen, on Afric's hills that sport when tempests rise ;  
And they that rest in central caves, whence fiery streams make way,  
My lightest whisper shakes their sleep, they hear me, and obey.

"They come to me with ancient wealth—with crown and cup of gold,  
From cities roofed with ocean-waves, that buried them of old ;  
They come from Earth's most hidden veins, which man shall never find,  
With gems that have the hues of fire deep at their heart enshrined.

"But a mightier power is on me now—it rules my struggling breath ;  
I have swayed the rushing elements—but still and strong is Death !  
I quit my throne, yet leave I not my vassal-spirits free—  
Thou hast brave and high aspirants, youth !—my Sceptre is for thee !

"Now listen ! I will teach thee words whose mastery shall compel  
The viewless ones to do thy work, in wave, or blood, or hell !  
But never, never mayst thou breathe those words in human ear,  
Until thou'rt laid, as I am now, the grave's dark portals near."

His voice in faintness died away—and a sudden flush was seen,  
A mantling of the rapid blood o'er the youth's impassioned men—  
A mantling and a fading swift, a look with sadness fraught ;  
And that too passed—and boldly then rushed forth the ardent thought.

"Must those high words of sovereignty ne'er sound in human ear ?  
I have a friend—a noble friend—as life our freedom dear !  
Thou offerest me a glorious gift—a proud majestic throne,  
But I know the secrets of *his* heart—and shall I seal mine own ?

"And there is one that loves me well, with yet a gentle love—  
Oh ! is not *her* full, boundless faith, all power, all wealth above ?  
Must a deep gulf between the souls, now closely linked, be set ?  
Keep, keep the sceptre !—leave me free, and loved and trustful yet ! "

Then from the old man's haughty lips was heard the sad reply—  
"Well hast thou chosen !—I blame thee not—I that unwept must die,  
Live thou, beloved and trustful yet !—No more on human head  
Be the sorrows of unworthy gifts from bitter vials shed ! "

ULLA ; OR, THE ADJURATION

Yet speak to me ! I have outwatched the stars,  
And gazed o'er heaven in vain, in search of thee.  
Speak to me ! I have wandered o'er the earth,  
And never found thy likeness. Speak to me !  
This once—once more !

*Mourning.*

"THOU'RT gone !—thou'rt slum-  
bering low,  
With the sounding seas above  
thee :

It is but a restless woe,  
But a haunting dream to love  
thee !

Thrice the glad swan has sung  
To greet the springtime hours,  
Since thine oar at parting flung  
The white spray up in showers.

There's a shadow of the grave on thy  
hearth and round thy home ;

Come to me from the ocean's dead !  
—thou art surely of them—  
come ! ”

’Twas Ulla’s voice ! Alone she  
stood  
In the Iceland summer night,  
Far gazing o’er a glassy flood,  
From a dark rock’s beetling  
height.

“ I know thou hast thy bed  
Where the seaweed’s coil hath  
bound thee ;  
The storm sweeps o’er thy head,  
But the depths are hushed around  
thee.

What wind shall point the way  
To the chambers where thou’rt  
lying ?

Come to me thence, and say  
If thou thought’st on me in  
dying ?

I will not shrink to see thee with a  
bloodless lip and cheek.

Come to me from the ocean’s dead !—  
thou’rt surely of them—speak ! ”

She listened—’twas the wind’s low  
moan,

’Twas the ripple of the wave,  
’Twas the wakening osprey’s cry  
alone

As it startled from its cave.

“ I know each fearful spell  
Of the ancient Runic lay,  
Whose muttered words compel  
The tempest to obey.

But I adjure not *thee*  
By magic sign or song ;  
My voice shall stir the sea  
By love—the deep, the strong !

By the might of woman’s tears, by  
the passion of her sighs,  
Come to me from the ocean’s déad !  
—by the vows we pledged—  
arise ! ”

Again she gazed with an eager  
glance,

Wandering and wildly bright !—  
She saw but the sparkling waters  
dance

To the arrowy Northern Light.

“ By the slow and struggling death  
Of hope that loathed to part,  
By the fierce and withering breath  
Of despair on youth’s high heart—  
By the weight of gloom which clings  
To the mantle of the night,  
By the heavy dawn which brings  
Nought lovely to the sight—

By all that from my weary soul thou  
hast wrung of grief and fear  
Come to me from the ocean’s dead !  
Awake, arise, appear ! ”

Was it her yearning spirit’s dream ?  
Or did a pale form rise,  
And o’er the hushed wave glide  
and gleam,  
With bright, still, mournful  
eyes ?

“ Have the depths heard ? They  
have !  
My voice prevails—thou’rt there,  
Dim from thy watery grave—  
O thou that wert so fair !

Yet take me to thy rest !  
There dwells no fear with love ;  
Let me slumber on thy breast,  
While the billow rolls above !

Where the long-lost things lie hid,  
where the bright ones have  
their home,  
We will sleep among the ocean’s dead.  
Stay for me, stay !—I come ! ”

There was a sullen plunge below,  
A flashing on the main ;  
And the wave shut o’er that wild  
heart’s woe—  
Shut, and grew still again.

## TO WORDSWORTH

THINE is a strain to read among the  
hills, [source  
The old and full of voices,—by the  
Of some free stream, whose gladden-  
ing presence fills

The solitude with sound ; for in its  
course

Even such is thy deep song, that  
seems a part  
Of those high scenes, a fountain from  
their heart.

Or its calm spirit fitly may be taken  
 To the still breast in sunny garden  
 bowers,  
 Where vernal winds each tree's low  
 tones awaken,  
 And bud and bell with changes  
 mark the hours.  
 There let thy thoughts be with me,  
 while the day  
 Sinks with a golden and serene decay.  
 Or by some hearth where happy faces  
 meet,  
 When night hath hushed the woods,  
 with all their birds,  
 There, from some gentle voice, that  
 lay were sweet  
 As antique music, linked with  
 household words;  
 While in pleased murmurs woman's  
 lip might move,  
 And the raised eye of childhood shine  
 in love.  
 Or where the shadows of dark solemn  
 yews  
 Brood silently o'er some lone burial-  
 ground,  
 Thy verse hath power that brightly  
 might diffuse  
 A breath, a kindling, as of spring,  
 around;  
 From its own glow of hope and  
 courage high,  
 And steadfast faith's victorious con-  
 stancy.  
 True bard and holy!—thou art e'en  
 as one  
 Who, by some secret gift of soul or  
 eye, [sun,  
 In every spot beneath the smiling  
 Sees where the springs of living  
 waters lie;  
 Unseen awhile they sleep—till,  
 touched by thee,  
 Bright healthful waves flow forth, to  
 each glad wanderer free.

## A MONARCH'S DEATHBED

[The Emperor Albert of Hapsburg, who was  
 assassinated by his nephew, afterwards called  
 John the Parricide, was left to die by the  
 wayside, and only supported in his last mo-  
 ments by a female peasant, who happened to  
 be passing.]

A MONARCH on his deathbed lay—  
 Did censers waft perfume,

And soft lamps pour their silvery ray,  
 Through his proud chamber's  
 gloom?

He lay upon a greensward bed,  
 Beneath a darkening sky—  
 A lone tree waving o'er his head,  
 A swift stream rolling by.

Had he, then, fallen as warriors fall,  
 Where spear strikes fire with  
 spear?

Was there a banner for his pall,  
 A buckler for his bier?  
 Not so—nor cloven shields nor helms  
 Had strewn the bloody sod,  
 Where he, the helpless lord of realms,  
 Yielded his soul to God.

Were there not friends with words of  
 cheer,  
 And princely vassals nigh?  
 And priests, the crucifix to rear  
 Before the glazing eye?  
 A peasant girl that royal head  
 Upon her bosom laid,  
 And, shrinking not for woman's  
 dread,  
 The face of death surveyed.

Alone she sat: from hill and wood  
 Red sank the mournful sun;  
 Fast gushed the fount of noble  
 blood—  
 Treason its worst had done.  
 With her long hair she vainly pressed  
 The wounds, to stanch their tide—  
 Unknown, on that meek humble  
 breast,  
 Imperial Albert died!

## TO THE MEMORY OF HEBER

Umile in tanta gloria.

PETRARCH.

If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,  
 Of sainted genius called too soon  
 away,  
 Of light from this world taken, while  
 it shone  
 Yet kindling onward to the perfect  
 day—  
 How shall our grief, if mournful these  
 things be,  
 Flow forth, O thou of many gifts!  
 for thee?

Hath not thy voice been here amongst  
 us heard?



And that deep soul of gentleness  
and power,  
Have we not felt its breath in every  
word  
Wont from thy lips as Hermon's  
dew to shower ?  
Yes ! in our hearts thy fervent  
thoughts have burned—  
Of heaven they were, and thither  
have returned.

How shall we mourn thee ? With  
a lofty trust,  
Our life's immortal birthright from  
above !  
With a glad faith, whose eye, to track  
the just,  
Through shades and mysteries lifts  
a glance of love,  
And yet can weep !—for nature thus  
deplores  
The friend that leaves us, though for  
happier shores.

And one high tone of triumph o'er  
thy bier,  
One strain of solemn rapture, be  
allowed !  
Thou, that rejoicing on thy mid-  
career,  
Not to decay, but unto death hast  
bowed,  
In those bright regions of the rising  
sun,  
Where victory ne'er a crown like  
thine had won.

Praise ! for yet one more name with  
power endowed  
To cheer and guide us, onward as  
we press ;  
Yet one more image on the heart  
bestowed  
To dwell there, beautiful in holiness !  
Thine, Heber, thine ! whose memory  
from the dead  
Shines as the star, which to the  
Saviour led !

#### THE ADOPTED CHILD

" WHY wouldst thou leave me, O  
gentle child ?  
Thy home on the mountain is bleak  
and wild,  
A straw-roofed cabin, with lowly  
wall—

Mine is a fair and a pillared hall,  
Where many an image of marble  
gleams  
And the sunshine of picture for ever  
streams."

" Oh ! green is the turf where my  
brothers play,  
Through the long bright hours of the  
summer day ;  
They find the red cup-moss where  
they climb,  
And they chase the bee o'er the  
scented thyme,  
And the rocks where the heath-  
flower blooms they know—  
Lady, kind lady ! oh, let me go ! "

" Content thee, boy ! in my bower  
to dwell—  
Here are sweet sounds which thou  
lovest well ;  
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,  
Harps which the wandering breezes  
tune,  
And the silvery wood-note of many a  
bird  
Whose voice was ne'er in thy moun-  
tains heard."

" Oh ! my mother sings at the twi-  
light's fall,  
A song of the hills far more sweet than  
all ;  
She sings it under her own green tree,  
To the babe half slumbering on her  
knee,  
I dreamt last night of that music  
low—  
Lady, kind lady ! oh, let me go ! "

" Thy mother is gone, from her cares  
to rest—  
She hath taken the babe on her quiet  
breast ;  
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my  
boy ! no more,  
Nor hear the song at the cabin door.  
Come thou with me to the vineyards  
nigh,  
And we'll pluck the grapes of the  
richest die."

" Is my mother gone from her home  
away ?  
But I know that my brothers are there  
at play—

I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,  
 Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well;  
 Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow—  
 Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go!"

"Fair child! thy brothers are wanderers now,  
 They sport no more on the mountain's brow;  
 They have left the fern by the spring's green side,  
 And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.  
 Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,  
 For thy cabin home is a lonely spot."

"Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?—  
 But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still;  
 And the red deer bound in their gladness free,  
 And the heath is bent by the singing bee,  
 And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow—  
 Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go!"

## INVOCATION

I called on dreams and visions, to disclose  
 That which is veiled from waking thought; con-  
 jured  
 Eternity, as men constrain a ghost  
 To appear and answer.

WORDSWORTH.

ANSWER me, burning stars of night!  
 Where is the spirit gone,  
 That past the reach of human sight  
 As a swift breeze hath flown?  
 And the stars answered me—"We  
 roll  
 In light and power on high;  
 But, of the never-dying soul,  
 As that which cannot die."

O many-toned and chainless wind!  
 Thou art a wanderer free;  
 Tell me if thou its place canst find,  
 Far over mount and sea?  
 And the wind murmured in reply—  
 "The blue deep I have crossed,  
 And met its barks and billows high,  
 But not what thou hast lost."

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose  
 Around the setting sun,  
 Answer! have ye a home for those  
 Whose earthly race is run?  
 The bright clouds answered—"We  
 depart,  
 We vanish from the sky;  
 Ask what is deathless in thy heart,  
 For that which cannot die."

Speak, then, thou voice of God  
 within,  
 Thou of the deep low tone!  
 Answer me, through life's restless  
 din—  
 Where is the spirit flown?  
 And the voice answered—"Be thou  
 still!  
 Enough to know is given!  
 Clouds, winds, and stars *their* part  
 fulfil—  
*Thine* is, to trust in Heaven."

## KÖRNER AND HIS SISTER

[Charles Theodore Körner, the celebrated young German poet and soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops on the 20th of August, 1813, a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, *The Sword Song*. He was buried at the village of Wobbe-  
 lin in Mecklenburg, under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity. The monument erected to his memory is of cast-iron; and the upper part is wrought into a lyre and sword, a favourite emblem of Körner's, from which one of his works had been entitled. Near the grave of the poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having only survived him long enough to complete his portrait and a drawing of his burial-place. Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines:—

"Vergiss die treuen Tödten nicht."  
 (Forget not the faithful dead.)"

—See RICHARDSON'S *Translation of Körner's Life and Works*, and DOWNE'S *Letters from Mecklenburg*.]

GREEN wave the oak for ever o'er thy  
 rest,  
 Thou that beneath its crowning  
 foliage sleepest,  
 And, in the stillness of thy country's  
 breast,  
 Thy place of memory as an altar  
 keepest;  
 Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was  
 poured  
 Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest, bard ! rest, soldier ! By the  
father's hand  
Here shall the child of after years  
be led,

With his wreath-offering silently to  
stand

In the hushed presence of the glor-  
ious dead—

Soldier and bard ! for thou thy path  
hast trod

With freedom and with God.

The oak waved proudly o'er thy  
burial rite,

On thy crowned bier to slumber  
warriors bore thee,

And with true hearts thy brethren  
of the fight

Wept as they veiled their drooping  
banners o'er thee ;

And the deep guns with rolling peal  
gave token

That Lyre and Sword were  
broken.

Thou hast a hero's tomb : a lowlier  
bed

Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee  
lying—

The gentle girl that bowed her fair  
young head

When thou wert gone, in silent  
sorrow dying.

Brother, true friend ! the tender and  
the brave !—

She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others ;—but  
for *her*,

To whom the wide world held  
that only spot,

*She* loved thee !—lovely in your lives  
ye were,

And in your early deaths divided  
not.

Thou hast thine oak, thy trophy,—  
what hath she ?

Her own blessed place by thee !

It was thy spirit, brother ! which had  
made

The bright earth glorious to her  
youthful eye,

Since first in childhood 'midst the  
vines ye played,

And sent glad singing through the  
free blue sky,

Ye were but two—and when that  
spirit passed,

Woe to the one, the last !

Woe, yet not long ! She lingered but  
to trace

Thine image from the image in her  
breast—

Once, once again to see that buried  
face

But smile upon her, ere she went  
to rest.

Too sad a smile ! its living light was  
o'er—

It answered hers no more.

The earth grew silent when thy  
voice departed,

The home too lonely whence thy  
step had fled ;

What then was left for her the faith-  
ful-hearted ?

Death, death, to still the yearning  
for the dead !

Softly she perished : be the Flower  
deplored

Here with the Lyre and the  
Sword !

Have ye not met ere now !—so let  
those trust

That meet for moments but to part  
for years—

That weep, watch, pray, to hold back  
dust from dust—

That love, where love is but a fount  
of tears.

Brother ! sweet sister ! peace around  
ye dwell :

Lyre, Sword, and Flower, fare-  
well !

## THE DEATH-DAY OF KÖRNER

A SONG for the death-day of the  
brave—

A song of pride !

The youth went down to a hero's  
grave,

With the sword, his bride.

He went, with his noble heart unworn,  
And pure, and high—

An eagle stooping from clouds of  
morn,

Only to die.

He went with the lyre, whose lofty tone  
Beneath his hand  
Had thrilled to the name of his God  
alone  
And his fatherland.

And with all his glorious feelings yet  
In their first glow,  
Like a southern stream that no frost  
hath met  
To chain its flow.

A song for the death-day of the  
brave—  
A song of pride!  
For him that went to a hero's grave,  
With the sword, his bride.

He hath left a voice in his trumpet  
lays  
To turn the flight,  
And a guiding spirit for after days,  
Like a watchfire's light.

And a grief in his father's soul to rest,  
'Midst all high thought;  
And a memory unto his mother's  
breast,  
With healing fraught.

And a name and fame above the  
blight,  
Of earthly breath,  
Beautiful—beautiful and bright,  
In life and death!

A song for the death-day of the  
brave—  
A song of pride!  
For him that went to a hero's grave,  
With the sword, his bride!

## AN HOUR OF ROMANCE

I come  
To this sweet place for quiet. Every tree  
And bush, and fragrant flower, and hilly path,  
And thymy mound that flings unto the winds  
Its morning incense, is my friend.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THERE were thick leaves above me  
and around,  
And low sweet sighs like those of  
childhood's sleep,  
Amidst their dimness, and a fitful  
sound  
As of soft showers on water; dark  
and deep

H.P.

Lay the oak shadows o'er the turf, so  
still  
They seemed but pictured glooms; a  
hidden rill  
Made music, such as haunts us in a  
dream,  
Under the fern-tufts; and a tender  
gleam  
Of soft green light, as by the glow-  
worm shed,  
Came pouring through the woven  
beech boughs down  
And steeped the magic page wherein  
I read  
Of royal chivalry and old renown,  
A tale of Palestine. Meanwhile the  
bee  
Swept past me with a tone of  
summer hours—  
A drowsy bugle, wafting thoughts  
of flowers,  
Blue skies, and amber sunshine:  
brightly free,  
On filmy wings, the purple dragon-fly  
Shot glancing like a fairy javelin by;  
And a sweet voice of sorrow told the  
dell  
Where sat the lone wood-pigeon.

But ere long,  
All sense of these things faded, as the  
spell  
Breathing from that high gorgeous  
tale grew strong  
On my chained soul. 'Twas not the  
leaves I heard;—  
A Syrian wind the lion-banner stirred,  
Through its proud floating folds.  
'Twas not the brook  
Singing in secret through its grassy  
glen;—  
A wild shrill trumpet of the Saracen  
Pealed from the desert's lonely heart,  
and shook  
The burning air. Like clouds when  
winds are high,  
O'er glittering sands flew steeds of  
Araby,  
And tents rose up, and sudden lance  
and spear  
Flashed where a fountain's diamond  
wave lay clear,  
Shadowed by graceful palm trees.  
Then the shout  
Of merry England's joy swelled freely  
out,

X

Sent through an Eastern heaven,  
 whose glorious hue  
 Made shields dark mirrors to its  
 depths of blue ;  
 And harps were there—I heard their  
 sounding strings,  
 As the waste echoed to the mirth of  
 kings.  
 The bright mask faded. Unto life's  
 worn track,  
 What called me from its flood of  
 glory back ?  
 A voice of happy childhood !—and  
 they passed,  
 Banner, and harp, and Paynim's  
 trumpet's blast.  
 Yet might I scarce bewail the splen-  
 dours gone,  
 My heart so leaped to that sweet  
 laughter's tone.

### A VOYAGER'S DREAM OF LAND

His very heart athirst  
 To gaze at nature in her green array,  
 Upon the ship's tall side he stands possessed  
 With visions prompted by intense desire ;  
 Fair fields appear below, such as he left  
 Far distant, such as he would die to find :  
 He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.

COWPER.

THE hollow dash of waves !—the  
 ceaseless roar !—  
 Silence, ye billows !—vex my soul no  
 more.  
 There's a spring in the woods by my  
 sunny home,  
 Afar from the dark sea's tossing  
 foam ;  
 Oh ! the fall of that fountain is sweet  
 to hear,  
 As a song from the shore to the sailor's  
 ear !  
 And the sparkle which up to the sun  
 it throws  
 Through the feathery fern and the  
 olive boughs,  
 And the gleam on its path as it steals  
 away  
 Into deeper shades from the sultry  
 day,  
 And the large water-lilies that o'er its  
 bed  
 Their pearly leaves to the soft light  
 spread,  
 They haunt me ! I dream of that  
 bright spring's flow,  
 I thirst for its rills like a wounded roe !

Be still, thou sea-bird, with thy clang-  
 ing cry  
 My spirit sickens as thy wing sweeps  
 by.

Know ye my home, with the lulling  
 sound  
 Of leaves from the lime and the chest-  
 nut round ?  
 Know ye it, brethren ! where bow-  
 ered it lies  
 Under the purple of southern skies ?  
 With the streamy gold of the sun  
 that shines  
 In through the cloud of its clustering  
 vines,  
 And the summer breath of the myrtle  
 flowers,  
 Borne from the mountain in dewy  
 hours,  
 And the firefly's glance through the  
 darkening shades,  
 Like shooting stars in the forest  
 glades,  
 And the scent of the citron at eve's  
 dim fall—  
 Speak ! have ye known, have ye felt  
 them all ?

The heavy rolling surge ! the rocking  
 mast !—  
 Hush ! give my dream's deep music  
 way, thou blast !  
 Oh, the glad sounds of the joyous  
 earth !  
 The notes of the singing cicada's  
 mirth,  
 The murmurs that live in the moun-  
 tain pines,  
 The sighing of reeds as the day de-  
 clines,  
 The wings fitting home through the  
 crimson glow  
 That steeps the wood when the sun is  
 low,  
 The voice of the night-bird that  
 sends a thrill  
 To the heart of the leaves when the  
 winds are still—  
 I hear them !—around me they rise,  
 they swell,  
 They call back my spirit with Hope  
 to dwell—  
 They come with a breath from the  
 fresh springtime,  
 And waken my youth in its hour of  
 prime.

The white foam dashes high—away,  
away!  
Shroud my green land no more, thou  
blinding spray!

It is there!—down the mountains I  
see the sweep  
Of the chestnut forests, the rich and  
deep,  
With the burden and glory of flowers  
that they bear  
Floating upborne on the blue summer  
air,  
And the light pouring through them  
in tender gleams,  
And the flashing forth of a thousand  
streams!  
Hold me not, brethren! I go, I go  
To the hills of my youth, where the  
myrtles blow,  
To the depths of the woods, where the  
shadows rest,  
Massy and still, on the greensward's  
breast,  
To the rocks that resound with the  
water's play—  
I hear the sweet laugh of my fount—  
give way!  
Give way!—the blooming surge, the  
tempest's roar,  
The sea-bird's wail shall vex my soul  
no more.

## THE EFFIGIES

Der rasche Kampf verewigt einen Mann:  
Er falle gleich, so preiset ihn das Lied.  
Allein die Thränen, die unendlichen  
Der überbliebenen, der verlass'nen Frau,  
Zählt keine Nachwelt.

GOETHE.

WARRIOR! whose image on thy tomb,  
With shield and crested head,  
Sleeps proudly in the purple gloom  
By the stained window shed;  
The records of thy name and race  
Have faded from the stone,  
Yet, through a cloud of years, I trace  
What thou hast been and done.

A banner, from its flashing spear,  
Flung out o'er many a fight;  
A war-cry ringing far and clear,  
And strong to turn the flight;  
An arm that bravely bore the lance  
On for the holy shrine;

A haughty heart and a kingly glance—  
Chief! were not these things  
thine?

A lofty place where leaders sate  
Around the council board;  
In festal halls a chair of state  
When the blood-red wine was  
poured:  
A name that drew a prouder tone  
From herald, harp, and bard:  
Surely these things were all thine  
own—  
So hadst thou thy reward.

Woman! whose sculptured form at  
rest  
By the armed knight is laid,  
With meek hands folded o'er a breast  
In matron robes arrayed;  
What was *thy* tale?—O gentle mate  
Of him, the bold and free,  
Bound unto his victorious fate,  
What bard hath sung of *thee*?

He wooed a bright and burning star—  
*Thine* was the void, the gloom,  
The straining eye that followed far,  
The fast-receding plume;  
The heart-sick listening while his  
steed  
Sent echoes on the breeze;  
The pang—but when did *Fame* take  
heed  
Of griefs obscure as these?

Thy silent and secluded hours  
Through many a lonely day  
While bending o'er thy broidered  
flowers,  
With spirits far away;  
Thy weeping midnight prayers for  
him  
Who fought on Syrian plains,  
Thy watchings till the torch grew  
dim—  
*These* fill no minstrel strains.

A still, sad life was thine!—long  
years  
With tasks unguerdoned fraught—  
Deep, quiet love, submissive tears,  
Vigils of anxious thought;  
Prayer at the cross in fervour poured,  
Alms to the pilgrim given—  
Oh! happy, happier than thy lord,  
In that lone path to heaven!



And press vain tears in gushes from  
the heart ?

And the far wanderings of the soul  
in dreams,

Calling up shrouded faces from  
the dead,

And with them bringing soft or sol-  
emn gleams,

Familiar objects brightly to o'er-  
spread ;

And wakning buried love, or joy, or  
fear—

These are night's mysteries—who  
shall make them clear ?

And the strange inborn sense of com-  
ing ill,

That ofttimes whuspers to the  
haunted breast,

In a low tone which nought can  
drown or still,

'Midst feasts and melodies a secret  
guest ;

Whence doth that murmur wake,  
that shadow fall ?

Why shakes the spirit thus ? 'Tis  
mystery all !

Darkly we move—we press upon the  
brink

Haply of viewless worlds, and  
know it not ;

Yes ! it may be, that nearer than we  
think

Are those whom death has parted  
from our lot !

Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are  
made—

Let us walk humbly on, but undis-  
mayed !

Humbly—for knowledge strives in  
vain to feel

Her way amidst these marvels of  
the mind ;

Yet undismayed—for do they not  
reveal

The immortal being with our dust  
entwined ?

So let us deem ! and e'en the tears  
they wake

Shall then be blest, for that high  
nature's sake.

## THE DEPARTED

Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth—the wise—the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre.

BRYANT.

AND shrink ye from the way

To the spirit's distant shore ?—

Earth's mightiest men, in armed  
array,

Are thither gone before.

The warrior-kings, whose banner

Flew far as eagles fly,

They are gone where swords avail  
them not,

From the feast of victory.

And the seers who sat of yore

By Orient palm or wave,

They have passed with all their starry  
lore—

Can ye still fear the grave ?

We fear ! we fear ! the sunshine

Is joyous to behold,

And we reck not of the buried kings,  
Nor the awful seers of old.

Ye shrink ! the bards whose lays

Have made your deep hearts burn,

They have left the sun, and the voice  
of praise,

For the land whence none return.

And the beautiful, whose record

Is the verse that cannot die,

They, too, are gone, with their glorious  
bloom,

From the love of human eye.

Would ye not join that throng

Of the earth's departed flowers,

And the masters of the mighty song  
In their far and fadeless bowers ?

Those songs are high and holy,

But they vanquish not our fear .

Not from *our* path these flowers are  
gone—

We fain would linger here !

Linger then yet awhile,

As the last leaves upon the bough !—

Ye have loved the light of many a  
smile

That is taken from you now.



There have been sweet singing voices  
In your walks, that now are still;  
There are seats left void in your  
earthly homes,  
Which none again may fill.

Soft eyes are seen no more,  
That made spring-time in your  
heart,  
Kindred and friends are gone before—  
And *ye* still fear to part?

We fear not now, we fear not!  
Though the way through darkness  
bends;  
Our souls are strong to follow *them*,  
Our own familiar friends!

### THE PALM TREE

It waved not through an eastern sky,  
Beside a fount of Araby;  
It was not fanned by southern breeze  
In some green isle of Indian seas;  
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep  
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled palm tree grew  
'Midst foliage of no kindred hue,  
Through the laburnum's drooping  
gold  
Rose the light shaft of orient mould,  
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,  
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange looked it there! The willow  
streamed  
Where silvery waters near it gleamed;  
The lime bough lured the honey-bee  
To murmur by the desert's tree,  
And showers of snowy roses made  
A lustre in its fanlike shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—  
Rich music filled that garden's bowers;  
Lamps, that from flowering branches  
hung,  
On sparks of dew soft colour flung;  
And bright forms glanced—a fairy  
show—  
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, 'midst the throng,  
Seemed reckless all of dance or song;  
He was a youth of dusky mien,  
Whereon the Indian sun had been,  
Of crested brow and long black hair—  
A stranger, like the palm tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,  
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms.  
He passed the pale-green olives by,  
Nor won the chestnut flowers his  
eye;

But when to that sole palm he came,  
Then shot a rapture through his  
frame!

To him, to him its rustling spoke—  
The silence of his soul it broke!  
It whispered of his own bright isle,  
That lit the ocean with a smile;  
Ay, to his ear that native tone  
Had something of the sea-wave's  
moan!

His mother's cabin-home, that lay  
Where feathery cocoas fringed the  
bay;  
The dashing of his brethren's oar—  
The conch-note heard along the shore;  
All through his wakening bosom  
swept—  
He clasped his country's tree, and  
wept!

Oh! scorn him not! The strength  
whereby  
The patriot girds himself to die,  
The unconquerable power which fills  
The freeman battling on his hills,  
These have one fountain deep and  
clear—  
The same whence gushed that child-  
like tear!

### THE CHILD'S LAST SLEEP

SUGGESTED BY A MONUMENT OF  
CHANTREY'S

THOU sleepest—but when wilt thou  
wake, fair child?  
When the fawn awakes in the forest  
wild?  
When the lark's wing mounts with  
the breeze of morn?  
When the first rich breath of the rose  
is born?  
Lovely thou sleepest! yet something  
lies  
Too deep and still on thy soft-sealed  
eyes;  
Mournful, though sweet, is thy rest  
to see—  
When will the of hour thy rising be?

Not when the fawn wakes—not when  
the lark  
On the crimson cloud of the morn  
floats dark.  
Grief with vain passionate tears hath  
wet  
The hair, shedding gleams from thy  
pale brow yet ;  
Love, with sad kisses unfelt, hath  
pressed  
Thy meek-dropt eyelids and quiet  
breast ;  
And the glad Spring, calling out bird  
and bee  
Shall colour all blossoms, fair child !  
but thee.

Thou'rt gone from us, bright one !—  
that *thou* shouldst die,  
And life be left to the butterfly !  
Thou'rt gone as a dewdrop is swept  
from the bough :  
Oh ! for the world where thy home  
is now !  
How may we love but in doubt and  
fear,  
How may we anchor our fond hearts  
here ;  
How should e'en joy but a trembler  
be,  
Beautiful dust ! when we look on  
thee ?

## THE SUNBEAM

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's  
hall—

A joy thou art, and a wealth to all !  
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—  
Sunbeam ! what gift hath the world  
like thee !

Thou art walking the billows, and  
ocean smiles ;  
Thou hast touched with glory his  
thousand isles ;  
Thou hast lit up the ships and the  
feathery foam,  
And gladdened the sailor like words  
from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest  
shades,  
Thou art streaming on through their  
green arcades ;  
And the quivering leaves that have  
caught thy glow

Like fire-flies glance to the pools  
below.

I looked on the mountains—a vapour  
lay  
Folding their heights in its dark array ;  
Thou breakest forth, and the mist  
became  
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot—  
Something of sadness had wrapt the  
spot ;  
But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,  
And it laughed into beauty at that  
bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou  
art,  
Flushing the waste like the rose's  
heart ;  
And thou scornest not from thy pomp  
to shed  
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church-  
aisle thy way,  
And its pillars from twilight flash  
forth to day,  
And its high, pale tombs, with their  
trophies old,  
Are bathed in a flood as of molten  
gold.

And thou turnest not from the  
humblest grave,  
Where a flower to the sighing winds  
may wave ;  
Thou scatterest its gloom like the  
dreams of rest,  
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy  
breast.

Sunbeam of summer ! oh ! what is  
like thee ?

Hope of the wilderness, joy of the  
• sea !—

One thing is like thee to mortals given,  
The faith touching all things with  
hues of heaven !

## BREATHINGS OF SPRING

Thou givest me flowers, thou givest me songs ;  
—bring back  
The love that I have lost !

WHAT wakest thou, Spring ? Sweet  
voices in the woods,

And reed-like echoes, that have  
 long been mute :  
 Thou bringest back, to fill the soli-  
 tudes,  
 The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's  
 viewless flute,  
 Whose tone seems breathing mourn-  
 fulness or glee,  
 E'en as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring !—  
 the joyous leaves,  
 Whose tremblings many a copse  
 and glade,  
 Where each young spray a rosy flush  
 receives,  
 When thy south wind hath pierced  
 the whispery shade,  
 And happy murmurs, running through  
 the grass,  
 Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they, too, hear  
 thy call,  
 Spring, the awakener ! thou hast  
 burst their sleep !  
 Amidst the hollows of the rocks their  
 fall [deep,  
 Makes melody, and in the forests  
 Where sudden sparkles and blue  
 gleams betray  
 Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world  
 of flowers !  
 Thou from the dust hast set that  
 glory free,  
 Colouring the cowslip with the sunny  
 hours,  
 And pencilling the wood anemone :  
 Silent they seem—yet each to  
 thoughtful eye  
 Glows with mute poesy.

But what awakest thou in the *heart*,  
 O Spring !  
 The human heart, with all its  
 dreams and sighs ?  
 Thou that givest back so many a  
 buried thing,  
 Restorer of forgotten harmonies !  
 Fresh songs and scents break forth  
 where'er thou art—  
 What wakest thou in the heart ?  
 Too much, oh ! there too much !  
 We know not well

Wherefore it should be thus, yet  
 roused by thee,  
 What fond, strange yearnings, from  
 the soul's deep cell,  
 Gush for the faces we no more may  
 see !  
 How are we haunted, in the wind's  
 low tone,  
 By voices that are gone !

Looks of familiar love, that never  
 more,  
 Never on earth, our aching eyes  
 shall meet,  
 Past words of welcome to our house-  
 hold door,  
 And vanished smiles, and sounds  
 of parted feet—  
 Spring ! 'midst the murmurs of thy  
 flowering trees,  
 Why, why revivest thou these ?

Vain longings for the dead !—why  
 come they back  
 With thy young birds, and leaves,  
 and living blooms ?  
 Oh ! is it not, that from thine earthly  
 track  
 Hope to thy world may look beyond  
 the tombs ?  
 Yes, gentle Spring ! no sorrow dims  
 thine air,  
 Breathed by our loved ones *there* !

### THE ILLUMINATED CITY

THE hills all glowed with a festive  
 light,  
 For the royal city rejoiced by night :  
 There were lamps hung forth upon  
 tower and tree,  
 Banners were lifted and streaming  
 free ;  
 Every tall pillar was wreathed with  
 fire ;  
 Like a shooting meteor was every  
 spire ;  
 And the outline of many a dome on  
 high  
 Was traced, as in stars, on the clear  
 dark sky.  
 I passed through the streets. There  
 were throngs on throngs—  
 Like sounds of the deep were their  
 mingled songs ;

There was music forth from each  
palace borne—

A peal of the cymbal, the harp, and  
horn ;

The forests heard it, the mountains  
rang,

The hamlets woke to its haughty  
clang ;

Rich and victorious was every tone,  
Telling the land of her foes o'erthrown

Didst thou meet not a mourner for all  
the slain ?

Thousands lie dead on their battle-  
plain !

Gallant and true were the hearts that  
fell—

Grief in the homes they have left  
must dwell :

Grief o'er the aspect of childhood  
spread,

And bowing the beauty of woman's  
head !

Didst thou hear, 'midst the songs, not  
one tender moan

For the many brave to their slumbers  
gone ?

I saw not the face of a weeper there—  
Too strong, perchance, was the bright  
lamp's glare !

I heard not a wail 'midst the joyous  
crowd—

The music of victory was all too loud !  
Mighty it ruled on the winds afar,  
Shaking the streets like a conqueror's  
car—

Through torches and streamers its  
flood swept by :

How could I listen for moan or sigh ?

Turn, then, away from life's pageants—  
turn,

If its deep story thy heart would  
learn !

Ever too bright is that outward show,  
Dazzling the eyes till they see not  
woe.

But lift the proud mantle which hides  
from thy view

The things thou shouldst gaze on, the  
sad and true ;

Nor fear to survey what its folds con-  
ceal :—

So must thy spirit be taught to feel !

## THE SPELLS OF HOME

There blend the ties that strengthen  
Our hearts in hours of grief,  
The silver links that lengthen  
Joy's visits when most brief.

BERNARD BARTON.

By the soft green light in the woody  
glade,

On the banks of moss where thy  
childhood played,

By the household tree through which  
thine eye

First looked in love to the summer  
sky,

By the dewy gleam, by the very  
breath

Of the primrose-tufts in the grass  
beneath,

Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,  
Holy and precious—oh, guard it well !

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,  
Which hath lulled thee into many a  
dream,

By the shiver of the ivy leaves  
To the wind of morn at thy casement  
eaves,

By the bee's deep murmur in the  
limes,

By the music of the Sabbath chimes,  
By every sound of thy native shade,  
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter  
hearth,

When twilight called unto household  
mirth,

By the fairy tale or the legend old  
In that ring of happy faces told,

By the quiet hour when hearts unite  
In the parting prayer and the kind  
"Good-night !"

By the smiling eye, and the loving  
tone,

Over thy life has the spell been  
thrown.

And bless that gift !—it hath gentle  
might,

A guardian power and a guiding light.  
It hath led the freeman forth to stand

In the mountain-battles of his land ;  
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the

seas  
To die on the hills of his own fresh  
breeze ;

And back to the gates of his father's  
hall  
It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart, in its pride,  
would stray  
From the pure first-loves of its youth  
away—  
When the sullyng breath of the world  
would come  
O'er the flowers it brought from its  
childhood's home—  
Think thou again of the woody glade,  
And the sound by the rustling ivy  
made—  
Think of the tree at thy father's door,  
And the kindly spell shall have power  
once more!

### ROMAN GIRL'S SONG

"Roma, Roma, Roma!  
Non è più come era prima."

ROME, Rome! thou art no more  
As thou hast been!  
On thy seven hills of yore  
Thou sat'st a queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then  
Purpling the street,  
Leaders and sceptred men  
Bowed at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore,  
As gods were seen—  
Rome, Rome! thou art no more  
As thou hast been!

Rome! thine imperial brow  
Never shall rise:  
What hast thou left thee now?—  
Thou hast thy skies!

Blue, deeply blue, they are,  
Gloriously bright!  
Veiling thy wastes afar  
With coloured light.

Thou hast the sunset's glow,  
Rome! for thy dower,  
Flushing tall cypress bough,  
Temple and tower!

And all sweet sounds are thine,  
Lovely to hear,  
While night, o'er tomb and shrine,  
Rests darkly clear.

Many a solemn hymn,  
By starlight sung,  
Sweeps through the arches dim,  
Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell,  
On thy soft air  
Lingers and loves to dwell  
With summer there.

Thou hast the south's rich gift  
Of sudden song—  
A charmed fountain, swift,  
Joyous and strong.

Thou hast fair forms that move  
With queenly tread;  
Thou hast proud fanes above  
Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore  
A mournful mien:—  
Rome, Rome! thou art no more  
As thou hast been!

### THE DISTANT SHIP

THE sea-bird's wing o'er ocean's  
breast  
Shoots like a glancing star,  
While the red radiance of the west  
Spreads kindling fast and far;  
And yet that splendour wins thee  
not—  
Thy still and thoughtful eye  
Dwells but on one dark distant spot  
Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee! O'er the slumber-  
ing deep  
A solemn glory broods;  
A fire hath touched the beacon-steep,  
And all the golden woods;  
A thousand gorgeous clouds on high  
Burn with the amber light!—  
What spell from that rich pageantry  
Chains down thy gazing sight?

A softening thought of human cares,  
A feeling linked to earth!  
Is not yon speck a bark which bears  
The loved of many a hearth?  
Oh! do not Hope, and Grief, and  
Fear,  
Crowd her frail world even now,  
And manhood's prayer and woman's  
tear  
Follow her venturous prow?

Bright are the floating clouds above,  
 The glittering seas below ;  
 But we are bound by cords of love  
 To kindred weal and woe.  
 Therefore, amidst this wide array  
 Of glorious things and fair,  
 My soul is on that bark's lone way—  
 For human hearts are there.

## THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE

BIRDS, joyous birds of the wandering  
 wing !  
 Whence is it ye come with the  
 flowers of spring ?  
 " We come from the shores of the  
 green old Nile,  
 From the land where the roses of  
 Sharon smile,  
 From the palms that wave through  
 the Indian sky.  
 From the myrrh trees of glowing  
 Araby.

" We have swept o'er cities in song  
 renowned—  
 Silent they lie with the deserts  
 round !  
 We have crossed proud rivers whose  
 tide hath rolled  
 All dark with the warrior-blood of  
 old ;  
 And each worn wing hath regained  
 its home,  
 Under peasant's roof-tree or mon-  
 arch's dome."

And what have ye found in the  
 monarch's dome,  
 Since last ye traversed the blue sea's  
 foam ?—  
 " We have found a change, we have  
 found a pall,  
 And a gloom o'ershadowing the ban-  
 quet's hall,  
 And a mark on the floor as of life-  
 drops spilt—  
 Nought looks the same, save the nest  
 we built !"

O joyous birds ! it hath still been so ;  
 Through the halls of kings doth the  
 tempest go !  
 But the huts of the hamlet lie still and  
 deep,  
 And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil  
 keep :

Say what have ye found in the  
 peasant's cot,  
 Since last ye parted from that sweet  
 spot ?—

" A change we have found there—  
 and many a change !  
 Faces and footsteps, and all things  
 strange !  
 Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,  
 And the young that were have a brow  
 of care,  
 And the place is hushed where the  
 children played—  
 Nought looks the same, save the  
 nest we made !"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful  
 earth,  
 Birds that o'ersweep it in power and  
 mirth !  
 Yet through the wastes of the track-  
 less air  
 Ye have a guide, and shall we despair ?  
 Ye over desert and deep have passed—  
 So may we reach our bright home at  
 last !

## THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

THEY grew in beauty side by side,  
 They filled one home with glee ;—  
 Their graves are severed far and wide,  
 By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night  
 O'er each fair sleeping brow :  
 She had each folded flower in sight—  
 Where are those dreamers now ?

One, 'midst the forest of the West,  
 By a dark stream is laid—  
 The Indian knows his place of rest,  
 Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—  
 He lies where pearls lie deep ;  
 He was the loved of all, yet none  
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where Southern vines are  
 drest  
 Above the noble slain :  
 He wrapt his colours round his breast  
 On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers  
 Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;

She faded midst Italian flowers—  
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who  
played  
Beneath the same green tree ;  
Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheered with song the  
hearth !—

Alas, for love ! *if thou wert all,*  
And nought beyond, O Earth !

### MOZART'S REQUIEM

[A short time before the death of Mozart, a stranger of remarkable appearance, and dressed in deep mourning, called at his house, and requested him to prepare a requiem, in his best style, for the funeral of a distinguished person. The sensitive imagination of the composer immediately seized upon the circumstance as an omen of his own fate ; and the nervous anxiety with which he laboured to fulfil the task, had the effect of realizing his impression. He died within a few days after completing this magnificent piece of music, which was performed at his interment.]

These birds of Paradise but long to flee  
Back to their native mansion.

*Prophecy of Dante.*

A REQUIEM !—and for whom ?  
For beauty in its bloom ?  
For valour fallen—a broken rose or  
sword ?  
A dirge for king or chief,  
With pomp of stately grief,  
Banner, and torch, and waving  
plume deplored ?

Not so—it is not so !  
The warning voice I know,  
From other worlds a strange  
mysterious tone ;  
A solemn funeral air  
It called me to prepare,  
And my heart answered secretly—my  
own !

One more, then, one more strain,  
In links of joy and pain,  
Mighty the troubled spirit to enthrall !  
And let me breathe my power  
Of passion and of power  
Full into that deep lay—the last of  
all !

The last !—and I must go  
From this bright world below,

This realm of sunshine, ringing with  
sweet sound !

Must leave its festal skies,  
With all their melodies,  
That ever in my breast glad echoes  
found !

Yet have I known it long :  
Too restless and too strong  
Within this clay hath been the o'er-  
mastering flame ;  
Swift thoughts, that came and  
went,  
Like torrents o'er me sent,  
Have shaken, as a reed, my thrilling  
frame.

Like perfumes on the wind,  
Which none may stay or bind,  
The beautiful comes floating through  
my soul ;  
I strive with yearnings vain  
The spirit to detain  
Of the deep harmonies that past me  
roll !

Therefore disturbing dreams  
Trouble the secret streams  
And founts of music that o'erflow  
my breast ;  
Something far more divine  
Than may on earth be mine,  
Haunts my worn heart, and will not  
let me rest.

Shall I then *fear* the tone  
That breathes from worlds un-  
known ?—  
Surely these feverish aspirations *there*  
Shall grasp their full desire,  
And this unsettled fire  
Burn calmly, brightly, in immortal  
air.

One more, then, one more strain ;  
To earthly joy and pain  
A rich, and deep, and passionate  
farewell !  
I pour each fervent thought,  
With fear, hope, trembling,  
fraught  
Into the notes that o'er my dust shall  
swell.

### THE IMAGE IN LAVA

Thou thing of years departed !  
What ages have gone by

Since here the mournful seal was set  
By love and agony !

Temple and tower have mouldered,  
Empires from earth have passed,  
And woman's heart hath left a trace  
Those glories to outlast !

And childhood's fragile image,  
Thus fearfully enshrined,  
Survives the proud memorials reared  
By conquerors of mankind.

Babe ! wert thou brightly slumbering  
Upon thy mother's breast  
When suddenly the fiery tomb  
Shut round each gentle guest ?

A strange, dark fate o'ertook you,  
Fair babe and loving heart !  
One moment of a thousand pangs—  
Yet better than to part !

Haply of that fond bosom  
On ashes here impressed,  
Thou wert the only treasure, child !  
Whereon a hope might rest.

Perchance all vainly lavished  
Its other love had been,  
And where it trusted, nought remained  
But thorns on which to lean.

Far better, then, to perish,  
Thy form within its clasp,  
Than live and lose thee, precious one !  
From that impassioned grasp.

Oh ! I could pass all relics  
Left by the pomps of old,  
To gaze on this rude monument  
Cast in affection's mould.

Love ! human love ! what art thou ?  
Thy print upon the dust  
Outlives the cities of renown  
Wherein the mighty trust !

Immortal, oh ! immortal  
Thou art, whose earthly glow  
Hath given these ashes holiness—  
It must, it *must* be so !

### CHRISTMAS CAROL

O LOVELY voices of the sky,  
That hymned the Saviour's birth !

Are ye not singing still on high,  
Ye that sang " Peace on earth ? "  
To us yet speak the strains  
Wherewith, in days gone by,  
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,  
O voices of the sky !

O clear and shining light ! whose  
beams  
That hour heaven's glory shed  
Around the palms, and o'er the  
streams,  
And on the shepherds' head ;  
Be near, through life and death,  
As in that holiest night  
Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,  
O clear and shining light !

O star ! which led to Him Whose love  
Brought down man's ransom free ;  
Where art thou ?—'Midst the hosts  
above

May we still gaze on thee ?  
In heaven thou art not set,  
Thy rays earth might not dim :  
Send them to guide us yet,  
O star which led to Him !

### A FATHER READING THE BIBLE

'Twas early day, and sunlight  
streamed  
Soft through a quiet room,  
That hushed, but not forsaken  
seemed,  
Still, but with nought of gloom.  
For there, serene in happy age  
Whose hope is from above,  
A father communed with the page  
Of heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly  
bright,  
On his grey holy hair,  
And touched the page with tenderest  
light,  
As if its shrine were there !  
But oh ! that patriarch's aspect  
shone  
With something lovelier far—  
A radiance all the spirit's own,  
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met  
His calm, benignant eye ;



Some ancient promise, breathing yet  
Of immortality !  
Some martyr's prayer, wherein the  
glow  
Of quenchless faith survives :  
While every feature said—" *I know*  
*That my Redeemer lives !* "

And silent stood his children by,  
Hushing their very breath,  
Before the solemn sanctity  
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.  
Silent—yet did not each young  
breast  
With love and reverence melt ?  
O ! blest be those fair girls, and blest  
That home where God is felt !

### THE MEETING OF THE BROTHERS

—His early days  
Were with him in his heart.  
WORDSWORTH.

THE voices of two forest boys,  
In years when hearts entwine,  
Had filled with childhood's merry  
noise  
A valley of the Rhine :  
To rock and stream that sound was  
known,  
Gladsome as hunter's bugle-tone.

The sunny laughter of their eyes,  
There had each vineyard seen ;  
Up every cliff whence eagles rise,  
Their bounding step had been :  
Ay ! their bright youth a glory threw  
O'er the wild place wherein they grew.

But this, as dayspring's flush, was  
brief  
As early bloom or dew ;  
Alas ! 'tis but the withered leaf  
That wears the enduring hue !  
Those rocks along the Rhine's fair  
shore  
Might girdle in their world no more.

For now on manhood's verge they  
stood,  
And heard life's thrilling call,  
As if a silver clarion wooed  
To some high festival ;  
And parted as young brothers part,  
With love in each unsullied heart.

They parted. Soon the paths divide  
Wherein our steps were one,  
Like river-branches, far and wide,  
Dissevering as they run ;  
And making strangers in their course,  
Of waves that had the same bright  
source.

Met they no more ? Once more they  
met,  
Those kindred hearts and true !  
'Twas on a field of death, where yet  
The battle-thunders flew,  
Though the fierce day was wellnigh  
past,  
And the red sunset smiled its last.

But as the combat closed, they found  
For tender thoughts a space,  
And e'en upon that bloody ground  
Room for one bright embrace,  
And poured forth on each other's neck  
Such tears as warriors need not check.

The mists o'er boyhood's memory  
spread  
All melted with those tears,  
The faces of the holy dead  
Rose as in vanished years ;  
The Rhine, the Rhine, the ever-blest  
Lifted its voice in each full breast !

Oh ! was it *then* a time to die ?  
It was !—that not in vain  
The soul of childhood's purity  
And peace might turn again.  
A ball swept forth—'twas guided  
well—  
Heart unto heart those brothers fell !

Happy, yes, happy thus to go !  
Bearing from earth away  
Affections, gifted ne'er to know  
A shadow—a decay—  
A passing touch of change or chill,  
A breath of aught whose breath can  
kill.

And they, between whose severed  
souls,  
Onc in close union tied,  
A gulf is set, a current rolls  
For ever to divide ;  
Well may *they* envy such a lot,  
Whose hearts yearn on—but mingle  
not

## THE LAST WISH

Well may I weep to leave this world—thee—  
all these beautiful woods, and plains, and hills.  
—*Lights and Shadows.*

Go to the forest shade  
Seek thou the well-known glade,  
Where, heavy with sweet dew, the  
violets lie,  
Gleaming through moss-tufts  
deep,  
Like dark eyes, filled with sleep,  
And bathed in hues of summer's  
midnight sky.

Bring me their buds, to shed  
Around my dying bed  
A breath of May and of the wood's  
repose;  
For I, in sooth, depart  
With a reluctant heart,  
That fain would linger where the  
bright sun glows.

Fain would I stay with thee!—  
Alas! this may not be;  
Yet bring me still the gifts of happier  
hours!  
Go where the fountain's breast  
Catches, in glassy rest,  
The dim green light that pours  
through laurel bowers.

I know how softly bright,  
Steeped in that tender light,  
The water-lilies tremble there e'en  
now;  
Go to the pure stream's edge,  
And from its whispering sedge  
Bring me those flowers to cool my  
fevered brow!

Then, as in Hope's young days,  
Track thou the antique maze  
Of the rich garden to its grassy  
mound;  
There is a lone white rose,  
Shedding, in sudden snows,  
Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf  
around.

Well knowest thou that fair  
tree—  
A murmur of the bee  
Dwells ever in the honeyed lime  
above:  
Bring me one pearly flower

Of all its clustering shower—  
For on that spot we first revealed our  
love.

Gather one woodbine bough,  
Then, from the lattice low  
Of the bowered cottage which I bade  
thee mark,  
When by the hamlet last  
Through dim wood-lanes we  
passed,  
While dews were glancing to the  
glow-worm's spark.

Haste! to my pillow bear  
Those fragrant things and fair;  
My hand no more may bind them up  
at eve—  
Yet shall their odour soft  
One bright dream round me  
waft  
Of life, youth, summer—all that  
I must leave!

And oh! if thou wouldst ask  
Wherefore thy steps I task,  
The grove, the stream, the hamlet  
vale to trace—  
'Tis that some thought of me,  
When I am gone, may be  
The spirit bound to each familiar  
place.

I bid mine image dwell  
(Oh! break thou not the spell!)  
In the deep wood and by the foun-  
tain-side;  
Thou must not, my beloved!  
Rove where we two have roved,  
Forgetting her that in her springtime  
died!

## FAIRY FAVOURS

— Give me but  
Something whereunto I may bind my heart:  
Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp  
Affection's tendrils round.

WOULDST thou wear the gift of  
immortal bloom?  
Wouldst thou smile in scorn at the  
shadowy tomb?  
Drink of this cup! it is richly  
fraught  
With balm from the gardens of Genii  
brought;  
Drink! and the spoiler shall pass thee  
by

When the young all scattered like  
 rose-leaves lie.  
 And would not the youth of my soul  
 be gone,  
 If the loved had left me, one by  
 one ?  
 Take back the cup that may never  
 bless,  
 The gift that would make me brother-  
 less.  
 How should I live, with no kindred  
 eye  
 To reflect mine immortality !

Wouldst thou have empire, by sign or  
 spell,  
 Over the mighty in air that dwell ?  
 Wouldst thou call the spirits of  
 shore and steep  
 To fetch thee jewels from ocean's  
 deep ?  
 Wave but this rod, and a viewless  
 band,  
 Slaves to thy will, shall around thee  
 stand.

And would not fear, at my coming,  
 then  
 Hush every voice in the homes of  
 men ?  
 Would not bright eyes in my presence  
 quail ?  
 Young cheeks with a nameless thrill  
 turn pale ?  
 No gift be mine that aside would turn  
 The human love for whose founts I  
 yearn.

Wouldst thou then read through the  
 hearts of those  
 Upon whose faith thou hast sought  
 repose ?  
 Wear this rich gem ! it is charmed to  
 show  
 When a change comes over affec-  
 tion's glow :  
 Look on its flushing or fading hue,  
 And learn if the trusted be false or  
 true !

Keep, keep the gem, that I still may  
 trust,  
 Though my heart's wealth be but  
 poured on dust !  
 Let not a doubt in my soul have  
 place,  
 To dim the light of a loved one's face ;

Leave to the earth its warm sunny  
 smile—  
 That glory would pass could I look  
 on guile !

Say, then, what boon of my power  
 shall be,  
 Favoured of spirits ! poured forth on  
 thee ?  
 Thou scornest the treasures of wave  
 and mine,  
 Thou wilt not drink of the cup divine,  
 Thou art fain with a mortal's lot to  
 rest—  
 Answer me ! how may I grace it  
 best ?

Oh ! give me no sway o'er the powers  
 unseen,  
 But a human heart where my own  
 may lean !  
 A friend, one tender and faithful  
 friend,  
 Whose thoughts' free current with  
 mine may blend  
 And, leaving not either on earth  
 alone,  
 Bid the bright, calm close of our lives  
 be one !

### THE BRIDAL DAY

On a monument in a Venetian church is an  
 epitaph, recording that the remains beneath are  
 those of a noble lady, who expired suddenly while  
 standing as a bride at the altar.

We bear her home ! we bear her home !  
 Over the murmuring salt sea's foam ;  
 One who has fled from the war of life,  
 From sorrow, pain, and the fever-trife.

BARRY CORNWALL.

BRIDE ! upon thy marriage-day,  
 When thy gems in rich array  
 Made the glistening mirror seem  
 As a star-reflecting stream ;  
 When the clustering pearls lay fair  
 'Midst thy braids of sunny hair,  
 And the white veil o'er thee stream-  
 ing,  
 Like a silvery halo gleaming,  
 Mellow'd all that pomp and light  
 Into something meekly bright ;  
 Did the fluttering of thy breath  
 Speak of joy or woe beneath ?  
 And the hue that went and came  
 O'er thy cheek, like wavering flame,  
 Flow'd that crimson from th' unrest,

Or the gladness of thy breast ?  
 —Who shall tell us ? from thy bower,  
 Brightly didst thou pass that hour ;  
 With the many-glancing ear,  
 And the cheer along the shore,  
 And the wealth of summer flowers  
 On thy fair head cast in showers,  
 And the breath of song and flute,  
 And the clarion's glad salute,  
 Swiftly o'er the Adrian tide [bride !  
 Wert thou borne in pomp, young  
 Mirth and music, sun and sky,  
 Welcomed thee triumphantly !  
 Yet, perchance, a chastening thought,  
 In some deeper spirit wrought,  
 Whispering, as untold it blent  
 With the sounds of merriment,  
 " From the home of childhood's glee,  
 From the days of laughter free,  
 From the love of many years,  
 Thou art gone to cares and fears ;  
 To another path and guide,  
 To a bosom yet untried !  
 Bright one ! oh ! there well may be  
 Trembling 'midst our joy for thee."

Bride ! when through the stately fane  
 Circled with thy nuptial train,  
 'Midst the banners hung on high  
 By thy warrior-ancestry,  
 'Midst those mighty fathers dead,  
 In soft beauty thou wast led ;  
 When before the shrine thy form  
 Quiver'd to some bosom storm,  
 When, like harp-strings with a sigh  
 Breaking in mid-harmony,  
 On thy lip the murmurs low  
 Died with love's unfinished vow ;  
 When, like scatter'd rose-leaves, fled  
 From thy cheek each tint of red,  
 And the light forsook thine eye,  
 And thy head sank heavily ;  
 Was that drooping but the excess  
 Of thy spirit's blessedness ?  
 Or did some deep feeling's might,  
 Folded in thy heart from sight,  
 With a sudden tempest-shower,  
 Earthward bear thy life's young  
 flower ?

—Who shall tell us ?—on *thy* tongue  
 Silence, and for ever, hung !  
 Never to thy lip and cheek  
 Rush'd again the crimson streak,  
 Never to thine eye return'd  
 That which there had beam'd and  
 burn'd !

With the secret none might know,  
 With thy rapture or thy woe,  
 With thy marriage-robe and wreath,  
 Thou wert fled, young bride of death !  
 One, one lightning moment there  
 Struck down triumph to despair,  
 Beauty, splendour, hope, and trust,  
 Into darkness—terror—dust !

There were sounds of weeping o'er  
 thee,  
 Bride ! as forth thy kindred bore  
 thee,  
 Shrouded in thy gleaming veil,  
 Deaf to that wild funeral wail.  
 Yet perchance a chastening thought,  
 In some deeper spirit wrought,  
 Whispering while the stern, sad knell  
 On the air's bright stillness fell ;  
 —" From the power of chill and  
 change  
 Souls to sever and estrange ;  
 From love's wane—a death in life  
 But to watch—a mortal strife ;  
 From the secret fevers known  
 To the burning heart alone,  
 Thou art fled—afar, away—  
 Where these blights no more have  
 sway !  
 Bright one ! oh ! there well may be  
 Comfort 'midst our tears for thee !"

### THE ANCESTRAL SONG

A long war disturb'd your mind—  
 Here your perfect peace is sign'd :  
 'Tis now full tide 'twixt night and day,  
 End your moan, and come away !  
 WEBSTER—*Duchess of Malfy.*

THERE were faint sounds of weeping ;  
 —fear and gloom  
 And midnight vigil in a stately room  
 Of Lusignan's old halls :—rich odours  
 there  
 Fill'd the proud chamber as with  
 Indian air,  
 And soft light fell, from lamps of  
 silver, thrown  
 On jewels that with rainbow lustre  
 shone  
 Over a gorgeous couch :—there emer-  
 als gleam'd,  
 And deeper crimson from the ruby  
 stream'd  
 Than in the heart-leaf of the rose is  
 set,

Hiding from sunshine.—Many a carcanet  
 Starry with diamonds, many a burning chain  
 Of the red gold, sent forth a radiance vain,  
 And sad, and strange, the canopy beneath  
 Whose shadowy curtains, round a bed of death,  
 Hung drooping solemnly ;—for there one lay,  
 Passing from all Earth's glories fast away,  
 Amidst those queenly treasures They had been  
 Gifts of her lord, from far-off Paynim lands,  
 And for *his* sake, upon their orient sheen  
 She had gazed fondly, and with faint, cold hands  
 Had press'd them to her languid heart once more,  
 Melting in childlike tears. But this was o'er—  
 Love's last vain clinging unto life; and now—  
 A mist of dreams was hovering o'er her brow,  
 Her eye was fix'd, her spirit seem'd removed,  
 Though not from earth, from all it knew or loved.  
 Far, far away! her handmaids watched around,  
 In awe, that lent to each low midnight sound  
 A might, a mystery; and the quivering light  
 Of wind-sway'd lamps, made spectral in their sight.  
 The forms of buried beauty, sad, yet fair,  
 Gleaming along the walls with braided hair,  
 Long in the dust grown dim; and she, too, saw,  
 But with the spirit's eye of raptured awe,  
 Those pictured shapes!—a bright, yet solemn train,  
 Beckoning, they floated o'er her dreamy brain,  
 Clothed in diviner hues; while on her ear

Strange voices fell, which none besides might hear,  
 Sweet, yet profoundly mournful, as the sigh  
 Of winds o'er harp-strings through a midnight sky;  
 And thus it seem'd, in that low thrilling tone,  
 Th' ancestral shadows call'd away their own.

Come, come, come!

Long thy fainting soul hath yearn'd  
 For the step that ne'er return'd;  
 Long thine anxious ear hath listen'd,  
 And thy watchful eye hath glisten'd  
 With the hope, whose parting strife  
 Shook the flower-leaves from thy life—

Now the heavy day is done,  
 Home awaits thee, wearied one!  
 Come, come, come!

From the quenchless thoughts that burn  
 In the seal'd heart's lonely urn;  
 From the coil of memory's chain  
 Wound about the throbbing brain;  
 From the veins of sorrow deep,  
 Winding through the world of sleep;  
 From the haunted halls and bowers,  
 Throng'd with ghosts of happier hours!

Come, come, come!

On our dim and distant shore  
 Aching love is felt no more!  
*We* have loved with earth's excess—  
 Past is now that weariness!  
*We* have wept, that weep not now—  
 Calm is each once beating brow!  
 We have known the dreamer's woes—  
 All is now one bright repose!  
 Come, come, come!

Weary heart that long hast bled,  
 Languid spirit, drooping head,  
 Restless memory, vain regret,  
 Pining love whose light is set,  
 Come away!—'tis hush'd, 'tis well,  
 Where by shadowy founts we dwell,  
 All the fever-thirst is still'd,  
 All the air with peace is fill'd,—  
 Come, come, come!

And with her spirit rapt in that wild lay,

She pass'd, as twilight melts to night,  
away!

### THE MAGIC GLASS

How lived, how loved, how died they?  
BYRON.

"THE dead! the glorious dead!—  
And shall they rise?  
Shall they look on thee with their  
proud bright eyes?

Thou ask'st a fearful spell!  
Yet say, from shrine or dim sepulchral  
hall,  
What kingly vision shall obey my  
call?

The deep grave knows it well!

"Wouldst thou behold earth's con-  
querors? shall they pass  
Before thee, flushing all the Magic  
Glass

With triumph's long array?  
Speak! and those dwellers of the  
marble urn,  
Robed for the feast of victory, shall  
return,  
As on their proudest day.

"Or wouldst thou look upon the  
lords of song?—

O'er the dark mirror that immortal  
throng

Shall waft a solemn gleam!  
Passing, with lighted eyes and  
radiant brows,  
Under the foliage of green laurel-  
boughs,  
But silent as a dream."

"Not these, O mighty master!—  
Though their lays  
Be unto man's free heart, and tears,  
and praise,

Hallow'd for evermore!  
—And not the buried conquerors!  
Let them sleep,  
And let the flowery earth her Sabbaths  
keep

In joy, from shore to shore!

"But, if the narrow house may so be  
moved,  
Call the bright shadows of the most  
beloved,

Back from their couch of rest!

That I may learn if *their* meek eyes be  
fill'd

With peace, if human love hath ever  
still'd

The yearning human breast."

"Away, fond youth!—An idle quest  
is thine;

*These* have no trophy, no memorial  
shrine;

I know not of their place!

'Midst the dim valleys, with a secret  
flow,

Their lives, like shepherd reed-notes,  
faint and low,

Have pass'd, and left no trace.

"Haply, begirt with shadowy woods  
and hills,

And the wild sounds of melancholy  
rills,

Their covering turf may  
bloom;

But ne'er hath Fame made relics of  
its flowers,—

Never hath pilgrim sought their  
household bowers,

Or poet hail'd their tomb."

"Adieu, then, master of the mid-  
night spell!

Some voice, perchance, by those lone  
graves may tell

That which I pine to know!  
I haste to seek, from woods and  
valleys deep,

Where the beloved are laid in lowly  
sleep,

Records of joy and woe."

### CORINNE AT THE CAPITOL

Les femmes doivent penser qu'il est dans  
cette carrière bien peu de sorte qui puissent  
valoir la plus obscure vie d'une femme aimée  
et d'une mère heureuse.—MADAME DE STAËL.

DAUGHTER of th' Italian heaven!

Thou, to whom its fires are given,  
Joyously thy car hath roll'd

Where the conqueror's pass'd of old;  
And the festal sun that shone,

O'er three hundred triumphs gone!  
Makes thy day of glory bright,

With a shower of golden light.

Now thou tread'st the ascending road,  
Freedom's foot so proudly trode;

<sup>1</sup> "The trebly hundred triumphs."—BYRON.

While, from tombs of heroes borne,  
From the dust of empire shorn,  
Flowers upon thy graceful head,  
Chaplets of all hues, are shed,  
In a soft and rosy rain,  
Touch'd with many a gemlike stain.

Thou hast gain'd the summit now !  
Music hails thee from below ;  
Music, whose rich notes might stir  
Ashes of the sepulchre ;  
Shaking with victorious notes  
All the bright air as it floats.  
Well may woman's heart beat high  
Unto that proud harmony !

Now afar it rolls—it dies—  
And thy voice is heard to rise  
With a low and lovely tone  
In its thrilling power alone ;  
And thy lyre's deep silvery string,  
Touch'd as by a breeze's wing,  
Murmurs tremblingly at first,  
Ere the tide of rapture burst.

All the spirit of thy sky  
Now hath lit thy large dark eye,  
And thy cheek a flush hath caught  
From the joy of kindled thought ;  
And the burning words of song  
From thy lip flow fast and strong,  
With a rushing stream's delight  
In the freedom of its might.

Radiant daughter of the sun !  
Now thy living wreath is won.  
Crown'd of Rome !—Oh ! art thou not  
Happy in that glorious lot ?—  
Happier, happier far than thou,  
With the laurel on thy brow,  
She that makes the humblest hearth  
Lovely but to one on earth !

### THE RUIN

Oh ! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this life,  
Making a truth and beauty of its own.

WORDSWORTH.

Birth has gladden'd it : Death has sanctified  
it.

*Guesses at Truth.*

No dower of storied song is thine,  
O desolate abode !  
Forth from thy gates no glittering line  
Of lance and spear hath flow'd.  
Banners of knighthood have not flung  
Proud drapery o'er thy walls,

Nor bugle-notes to battle rung  
Through thy resounding halls.

Nor have rich bowers of *pleasance*  
here

By courtly hands been dress'd,  
For princes, from the chase of deer,  
Under green leaves to rest :  
Only some rose, yet lingering bright  
Beside thy casements lone,  
Tells where the spirit of delight  
Hath dwelt, and now is gone.

Yet minstrel tale of harp and sword,  
And sovereign beauty's lot,  
House of quench'd light and silent  
board !

For me thou needest not.  
It is enough to know that *here*,  
Where thoughtfully I stand,  
Sorrow and love, and hope and fear,  
Have link'd one kindred band.

Thou bindest me with mighty spells !  
—A solemnizing breath,  
A presence all around thee dwells,  
Of human life and death.  
I need but pluck yon garden flower  
From where the wild weeds rise,  
To wake, with strange and sudden  
power,  
A thousand sympathies.

Thou hast heard many sounds, thou  
hearth !

Deserted now by all !  
Voices at eve here met in mirth  
Which eve may ne'er recall.  
Youth's buoyant step, and woman's  
tone,  
And childhood's laughing glee,  
And song and prayer, have all been  
known,  
Hearth of the dead ! to thee.

Thou hast heard blessings fondly  
pour'd

Upon the infant head,  
As if in every fervent word  
The living soul were shed ;  
Thou hast seen partings, such as bear  
The bloom from life away—  
Alas ! 'for love in changeful air,  
Where nought beloved can stay !

Here, by the restless bed of pain,  
The vigil hath been kept,

Till sunrise, bright with hope in vain,  
Burst forth on eyes that wept:  
Here hath been felt the hush, the  
gloom,

The breathless influence, shed  
Through the dim dwelling, from the  
room  
Wherein reposed the dead.

The seat left void, the missing face,  
Have here been mark'd and  
mourn'd,

And time hath fill'd the vacant  
place,  
And gladness hath return'd ;  
Till from the narrowing household  
chain

The links dropp'd one by one !  
And homewards hither, o'er the main,  
Came the spring birds alone.

Is there not cause, then—cause for  
thought,

Fix'd eye and lingering tread,  
Where, with their thousand mysteries  
fraught,

Even lowliest hearts have bled ?  
Where, in its ever-haunting thirst  
For draughts of purer day,  
Man's soul, with fitful strength, hath  
burst

The clouds that wrapt its way ?

Holy to human nature seems

The long-forsaken spot ;  
To deep affections, tender dreams,  
Hopes of a brighter lot !

Therefore in silent reverence here,  
Hearth of the dead ! I stand,  
Where joy and sorrow, smile and  
tear,

Have link'd one household band.

### THE MINSTER

A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined  
Our hopes of immortality."

BYRON.

**SPEAK** low !—the place is holy to the  
breath

Of awful harmonies, of whisper'd  
prayer ;

Tread lightly !—for the sanctity of  
death

Broods with a voiceless influence  
on the air :

Stern, yet serene !—a reconciling  
spell,  
Each troubled billow of the soul to  
quell.

Leave me to linger silently awhile !  
—Not for the light that pours its  
fervid streams

Of rainbow glory down through arch  
and aisle,

Kindling old banners into haughty  
gleams,

Flushing proud shrines, or by some  
warrior's tomb

Dying away in clouds of gorgeous  
gloom ;

Not for rich music, though in triumph  
pealing,

Mighty as forest sounds when winds  
are high ;

Nor yet for torch, and cross, and stole,  
revealing

Through incense-mists their sainted  
pageantry :—

Though o'er the spirit each hath  
charm and power, [hour.

Yet not for *these* I ask one lingering

But by strong sympathies, whose  
silver cord

Links me to mortal weal, my soul  
is bound ;

Thoughts of the human hearts, that  
here have pour'd

Their anguish forth, are with me  
and around ;—

I look back on the pangs, the burning  
tears,

Known to these altars of a thousand  
years.

Send up a murmur from the dust,  
Remorse !

That here hast bow'd with ashes  
on thy head ;

And thou, still battling with the  
tempest's force—

Thou, whose bright spirit through  
all time has bled—

Speak, wounded Love ! if penance  
here, or prayer,

Hath laid one haunting shadow of  
despair ?

No voice, no breath !—of conflicts  
past, no trace !



—Doth not this hush give answer to  
my quest ?  
Surely the dread religion of the place  
By every grief hath made its  
might contest !  
—Oh ! that within my heart I could  
but keep  
Holy to Heaven, a spot thus pure,  
and still, and deep !

## THE SONG OF NIGHT

O night,  
And storm and darkness ! ye are wondrous  
strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength !

BYRON.

I COME to thee, O Earth !  
With all my gifts !—for every flower  
sweet dew  
In bell, and urn, and chalice, to  
renew  
The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies  
Far amidst folding hills, or forest  
leaves,  
But, through its veins of beauty, so  
receives  
A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star ;  
Making thy streams, that on their  
noonday track,  
Give but the moss, the reed, the lily  
back,  
Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace ;—I shed  
Sleep through thy wood-walks, o'er  
the honey-bee,  
The lark's triumphant voice, the  
fawn's young glee,  
The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay  
The weary babe ; and sealing with a  
breath  
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams,  
beneath  
The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things !  
Who calls me silent ? I have many  
tones—  
The dark skies thrill with low, mys-  
terious moans,  
Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone  
From the deep organ of the forest  
shades,  
Or buried streams, unheard amidst  
their glades,  
Till the bright day is done ;

But in the human breast  
A thousand still small voices I  
awake,  
Strong, in their sweetness, from the  
soul to shake  
The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past :  
From true hearts broken, gentle  
spirits torn,  
From crush'd affections, which,  
though long o'erborne,  
Make their tones heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb :  
O'er the sad couch of late repentant  
love  
They pass—though low as murmurs  
of a dove—  
Like trumpets through the  
gloom.

I come with all my train :  
Who calls me lonely ?—Hosts around  
me tread,  
The intensely bright, the beautiful,  
the dead,—  
Phantoms of heart and brain !

Looks from departed eyes—  
These are my lightnings !—fill'd with  
anguish vain,  
Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,  
They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control,  
Shut the dim violet, hush the wood-  
land song,  
I am the avenging one ! the arm'd,  
the strong—  
The searcher of the soul !

I, that shower dewy light  
Through slumbering leaves, bring  
storms !—the tempest-birth  
Of memory, thought, remorse :—Be  
holy, Earth !  
I am the solemn Night !

## THE STORM-PAINTER IN HIS DUNGEON

Where of ye, O tempests, is the goal?  
Are ye like those that shake the human breast?  
Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high  
nest?

*Child Harold.*

MIDNIGHT, and silence deep!  
—The air is fill'd with sleep,  
With the stream's whisper, and the  
citron's breath;  
The fix'd and solemn stars  
Gleam through my dungeon  
bars—  
Wake, rushing wind! this breezeless  
calm is death!

Ye watchfires of the skies!  
The stillness of your eyes  
Looks too intensely through my  
troubled soul:  
I feel this weight of rest  
An earth-load on my breast—  
Wake, rushing winds, awake! and,  
dark clouds, roll!

I am your own, *your* child,  
O ye, the fierce and wild,  
And kindly tempests!—will ye not  
arise?

Hear the bold spirit's voice,  
That knows not to rejoice  
But in the peal of your strong har-  
monies.

By sounding ocean waves,  
And dim Calabrian caves,  
And flashing torrents, I have been  
your mate;  
And with the rocking pines  
Of the olden Apennines,  
In your dark path stood fearless and  
elate:

Your lightnings were as rods,  
That smote the deep abodes  
Of thought and vision—and the  
stream gush'd free;  
Come, that my soul again  
May swell to burst its chain—  
Bring me the music of the sweeping  
sea!

Within me dwells a flame,  
An eagle caged and tame,  
Till call'd forth by the harping of the  
blast;

*Then* is its triumph's hour,  
It springs to sudden power,  
As mounts the billow o'er the quiver-  
ing mast.

Then, then, the canvas o'er,  
With hurried hand I pour  
The lava-waves and gusts of my own  
soul!

Kindling to fiery life  
Dreams, worlds, of pictured  
strife—

Wake, rushing winds, awake! and,  
dark clouds, roll!

Wake, rise! the reed may bend  
The shivering leaf descend,  
The forest branch give way before  
your might;  
But I, your strong compeer,  
Call, summon, wait you here—  
Answer, my spirit!—answer, storm  
and night!

## THE TWO VOICES

Two solemn Voices, in a funeral strain,  
Met as rich sunbeams and dar-  
bursts of rain

Meet in the sky;  
"Thou art gone hence!" one sang:  
"Our light is flown,  
Our beautiful, that seem'd too much  
our own,  
Ever to die!

"Thou art gone hence!—our joyous  
hills among  
Never again to pour thy soul in song,  
When spring flowers rise!  
Never the friend's familiar step to  
meet  
With loving laughter, and the  
welcome sweet  
Of thy glad eyes."

"Thou art gone home, gone *home*!"  
then, high and clear,  
Warbled that other Voice: "Thou  
hast no tear  
Again to shed.

Never to fold the robe o'er secret  
pain,  
Never, weigh'd down by Memory's  
clouds, again  
To bow thy head.

"Thou art gone home! oh! early  
crown'd and blest!  
Where could the love of that deep  
heart find rest

With aught below?  
Thou must have seen rich dream by  
dream decay,  
All the bright rose-leaves drop from  
life away—  
Thrice blest to go!"

Yet sigh'd again that breezeline  
Voice of grief—

"Thou art gone hence! alas! that  
aught so brief,

So loved should be;  
Thou tak'st our summer hence!—  
the flower, the tone;

The music of our being, all in one,  
Depart with thee!

"Fair form, young spirit, morning  
vision fled!

Canst *thou* be of the dead, the awful  
dead?

The dark unknown?  
Yes! to the dwelling where no foot-  
steps fall,  
Never again to light up hearth and  
hall,

Thy smile is gone!"

"Home, home!" once more the exult-  
ing Voice arose:

"Thou art gone home! from that  
divine repose

Never to roam!  
Never to say farewell, to weep in  
vain,

To read of change, in eyes beloved,  
again—

Thou art gone home!

"By the bright waters now thy lot is  
cast—

Joy for thee, happy friend! thy  
bark hath past

The rough sea's foam!  
Now the long yearnings of thy soul  
are still'd,—

Home! home!—thy peace is won,  
thy heart is fill'd.—

Thou art gone home!"

### THE PARTING SHIP

A glittering ship that hath the plain  
Of ocean for her own domain.

WORDSWORTH.

Go, in thy glory, o'er the ancient sea,  
Take with thee gentle winds thy  
sails to swell;  
Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers  
be,  
Fare thee well, bark! farewell!

Proudly the flashing billow thou hast  
cleft,

The breeze yet follows thee with  
cheer and song;

Who now of storms hath dream or  
memory left?

And yet the deep is strong!

But go thou triumphing, while still  
the smiles

Of summer tremble on the water's  
breast!

Thou shalt be greeted by a thou-  
sand isles,

In lone, wild beauty drest.

To thee a welcome, breathing o'er the  
tide,

The Genie groves of Araby shall  
pour;

Waves that enfold the pearl shall  
bathe thy side,

On the old Indian shore.

Oft shall the shadow of the palm  
tree lie

O'er glassy bays wherein thy sails  
are furl'd,

And its leaves whisper, as the wind  
sweeps by,

Tales of the elder world.

Oft shall the burning stars of South-  
ern skies,

On the mid-ocean see thee chain'd  
in sleep,

A lonely home for human thoughts  
and ties,

Between the heavens and deep.

Blue seas that roll on gorgeous coasts  
renown'd,

By night shall sparkle where thy  
prow makes way;

Strange creatures of the abyss that  
none may sound,  
In thy broad wake shall play.

From hills unknown, in mingled  
joy and fear,  
Free dusky tribes shall pour, thy  
flag to mark ;—  
Blessings go with thee on thy lone  
career !  
Hail, and farewell, thou bark !

A long farewell !—Thou wilt not  
bring us back,  
All whom thou bearest far from  
home and hearth ;  
Many are thine, whose steps no more  
shall track  
Their own sweet native earth !

Some wilt thou leave beneath the  
plantain's shade,  
Where through the foliage Indian  
suns look bright ;  
Some, in the snows of wintry regions  
laid,  
By the cold northern light.

And some, far down below the  
sounding wave,  
Still shall they lie, though tempests  
o'er them sweep ;  
Never may flower be strewn above  
their grave,  
Never may sister weep !

And thou—the billow's queen—even  
thy proud form  
On our glad sight no more perchance  
may swell ; [storm—  
Yet God alike is in the calm and  
Fare thee well, bark ! fare-  
well !

### THE LAST TREE OF THE FOREST

WHISPER, thou Tree, thou lonely  
Tree,  
One, where a thousand stood !  
Well might proud tales be told by  
thee,  
Last of the solemn wood !  
Dwells there no voice amidst thy  
boughs,  
With leaves yet darkly green ?

Stillness is round, and noontide  
glows—  
Tell us what thou hast seen.

" I have seen the forest shadows lie  
Where men now reap the corn ;  
I have seen the kingly chase rush by,  
Through the deep glades at morn.

" With the glance of many a gallant  
spear,  
And the wave of many a plume,  
And the bounding of a hundred deer,  
It hath lit the woodland's gloom.

" I have seen the knight and his train  
ride past,  
With his banner borne on high ;  
O'er all my leaves there was bright-  
ness cast  
From his gleaming panoply.

" The Pilgrim at my feet hath laid  
His palm branch 'midst the flowers,  
And told his beads, and meekly pray'd,  
Kneeling, at vesper hours.

" And the merry men of wild and glen,  
In the green array they wore,  
Have feasted here with the red  
wine's cheer,  
And the hunter's song of yore.

" And the minstrel, resting in my  
shade,  
Hath made the forest ring  
With the lordly tales of the high  
Crusade,  
Once loved by chief and king.

" But now the noble forms are gone  
That walk'd the earth of old ;  
The soft wind hath a mournful tone,  
The sunny light looks cold.

" There is no glory left us now,  
Like the glory with the dead :—  
I would that where they slumber low  
My latest leaves were shed ! "

Oh ! thou dark Tree, thou lonely  
Tree,  
That mournest for the past !  
A peasant's home in thy shades I see,  
Embower'd from every blast.

A lovely and a mirthful sound  
Of laughter meets mine ear ;

For the poor man's children sport  
around

On the turf, with naught to fear.

And roses lend that cabin's wall

A happy summer glow ;

And the open door stands free to all,  
For it recks not of a foe.

And the village bells are on the breeze  
That stirs thy leaf, dark Tree !

How can I mourn, 'midst things like  
these,

For the stormy past, with thee ?

### THE STREAMS

The power, the beauty, and the majesty,  
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,  
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
Or chasms and watery depths ; all those have  
vanish'd !

They live no longer in the faith of heaven,  
But still the heart doth need a language !"

COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

YE have been holy, O founts and  
floods !

Ye of the ancient and solemn woods,  
Ye that are born of the valleys deep,  
With the water-flowers on your breast  
asleep,

And ye that gush from the sounding  
caves—

Hallow'd have been your waves.

Hallow'd by man, in his dreams of  
old,

Unto beings not of this mortal mould  
Viewless, and deathless, and won-  
drous powers,

Whose voice he heard in his lonely  
hours,

And sought with its fancied sound to  
still

The heart earth could not fill.

Therefore the flowers of bright sum-  
mers gone,

O'er your sweet waters, ye streams !  
were thrown

Thousands of gifts, to the sunny sea  
Have ye swept along, in your wander-  
ings free,

And thrill'd to the murmur of many  
a vow—

Where all is silent now !

Nor seems it strange that the heart  
hath been

So link'd in love to your margins  
green ;

That still, though ruin'd, your early  
shrines

In beauty gleam through the Southern  
vines,

And the ivied chapels of colder skies,  
On your wild banks arise.

For the loveliest scenes of the glowing  
earth,

Are those, bright streams ! where  
your springs have birth ;

Whether their cavern'd murmur  
fills,

With a tone of plaint, the hollow hills,  
Or the glad sweet laugh of their  
healthful flow

Is heard 'midst the hamlets low.

Or whether ye gladden the desert  
sands,

With a joyous music to pilgrim bands,  
And a flash from under some ancient  
rock,

Where a shepherd-king might have  
watch'd his flock,

Where a few lone palm trees lift their  
heads,

And a green acacia spreads.

Or whether in bright old lands re-  
nown'd,

The laurels thrill to your first-born  
sound,

And the shadow, flung from the  
Grecian pine,

Sweeps with the breeze o'er your  
gleaming line,

And the tall reeds whisper to your  
waves,

Beside heroic graves.

Voices and lights of the lonely place !  
By the freshest fern your path we  
trace ;

By the brightest cups on the emerald  
moss,

Whose fairy goblets the turf emboss,  
By the rainbow glancing of insect  
wings,

In a thousand mazy rings.

There sucks the bee, for the richest  
flowers

Are all your own through the sum-  
mer hours ;

There the proud stag his fair image  
 knows,  
 Traced on your glass beneath alder  
 boughs,  
 And the halcyon's breast, like the  
 skies array'd,  
 Gleams through the willow  
 shade.

But the wild sweet tales, that with  
 elves and fays  
 Peopled your banks in the olden  
 days,  
 And the memory left by departed  
 love,  
 To your antique founts in glen and  
 grove,  
 And the glory born of the poet's  
 dreams—  
*These are your charms, bright  
 streams!*

Now is the time of your flowery rites,  
 Gone by with its dances and young  
 delights:

From your marble urns ye have burst  
 away,  
 From your chapel-cells to the laugh-  
 ing day;  
 Low lie your altars with moss o'er-  
 grown,  
 And the woods again are lone.

Yet holy still be your living springs,  
 Haunts of all gentle and gladsome  
 things!

Holy, to converse with nature's lore,  
 That gives the worn spirit its youth  
 once more,  
 And to silent thoughts of the love  
 divine,  
 Making the heart a shrine!

## THE VOICE OF THE WIND

There is nothing in the wide world so like the voice of a spirit.—GRAI'S *Letters*.

Oh! many a voice is thine, thou Wind! full many a voice is thine,  
 From every scene thy wing o'er-sweeps thou bear'st a sound and sign;  
 A minstrel wild and strong thou art, with a mastery all thine own,  
 And the spirit is thy harp, O Wind! that gives the answering tone.

Thou hast been across red fields of war, where shiver'd helmets lie,  
 And thou bringest thence the thrilling note of a clarion in the sky;  
 A rustling of proud banner-folds, a peal of stormy drums,—  
 All these are in thy music met, as when a leader comes.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas, and from their wastes brought back  
 Each noise of waters that awoke in the mystery of thy track—  
 The chime of low soft Southern waves on some green palmy shore,  
 The hollow roll of distant surge, the gather'd billows' roar.

Thou art come from forests dark and deep, thou mighty rushing Wind  
 And thou bearest all their unisons in one full swell combined;  
 The restless pines, the moaning stream, all hidden things and free,  
 Of the dim old sounding wilderness, have lent their soul to thee.

Thou art come from cities lighted up for the conqueror passing by,  
 Thou art wafting from their streets a sound of haughty revelry;  
 The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings in the hall,  
 The far-off shout of multitudes, are in thy rise and fall.

Thou art come from kingly tombs and shrines, from ancient minsters vast  
 Through the dark aisles of a thousand years thy lonely wing hath pass'd;  
 Thou hast caught the anthem's billowy swell, the stately dirge's tone,  
 For a chief, with sword, and shield, and helm, to his place of slumber gone

Thou art come from long-forsaken homes, wherein our young days flew,  
 Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there, the loved, the kind, the true;

Thou callest back those melodies, though now all changed and fled,—  
Be still, be still, and haunt us not with music from the dead !

Are all these notes in *thee*, wild Wind ? these many notes in *thee* ?  
Far in our own unfathom'd souls their fount must surely be ;  
Yes ! buried, but unsleeping, *there* Thought watches, Memory lies,  
From whose deep urn the tones are pour'd through all earth's harmonies.

### THE VIGIL OF ARMS

A SOUNDING step was heard by night  
In a church where the mighty  
slept,

As a mail-clad youth, till morning's  
light,

'Midst the tombs his vigil kept.

He walk'd in dreams of power and  
fame,

He lifted a proud, bright eye,  
For the hours were few that withheld  
his name

From the roll of chivalry.

Down the moon-lit aisles he paced  
alone,

With a free and stately tread ;  
And the floor gave back a muffled  
tone

From the couches of the dead :

The silent many that round him lay,  
The crown'd and helm'd that were,

The haughty chiefs of the war  
array—

Each in his sepulchre !

But no dim warning of time or fate  
That youth's flush'd hopes could  
chill,

He moved through the trophies of  
buried state

With each proud pulse throbbing  
still.

He heard, as the wind through the  
chancel sung,

A swell of the trumpet's breath ;

He look'd to the banners on high  
that hung,

And not to the dust beneath.

And a royal masque of splendour  
seem'd

Before him to unfold ;

Through the solemn arches on it  
stream'd,

With many a gleam of gold :

There were crested knight, and gor-  
geous dame,

Glittering athwart the gloom,

And he follow'd, till his bold step  
came

To his warrior-father's tomb.

But there the still and shadowy  
might

Of the monumental stone,

And the holy sleep of the soft lamp's  
light,

That over its quiet shone,

And the image of that sire, who  
died

In his noonday of renown—

*These* had a power unto which the  
pride

Of fiery life bow'd down.

And a spirit from his early years

Came back o'er his thoughts to  
move,

Till his eye was fill'd with memory's  
tears,

And his heart with childhood's  
love !

And he look'd, with a change in his  
softening glance,

To the armour o'er the grave—

For there they hung, the shield and  
lance,

And the gauntlet of the brave.

And the sword of many a field was  
there,

With its cross for the hour of need,

When the knight's bold war-cry hath  
sunk in prayer,

And the spear is a broken reed !

—Hush ! did a breeze through the  
armour sigh ?

Did the folds of the banner shake ?

Not so !—from the tomb's dark  
mystery

There seem'd a voice to break !

He had heard that voice bid clarions  
blow,

He had caught its last blessing's  
breath,—

'Twas the same—but its awful sweetness now  
 Had an under-tone of death !  
 And it said,—“ The sword hath conquer'd kings,  
 And the spear through realms hath pass'd ;  
 But the cross, alone, of all these things,  
 Might aid me at the last.”

### THE HEART OF BRUCE IN MELROSE ABBEY

HEART ! that didst press forward still,  
 Where the trumpet's note rang shrill,  
 Where the knightly swords were crossing,  
 And the plumes like sea foam tossing,  
 Leader of the charging spear,  
 Fiery heart !—and liest thou *here* ?  
 May this narrow spot inurn  
 Aught that so could beat and burn ?  
 Heart ! that lov'dst the clarion's blast,  
 Silent is thy place at last ;  
 Silent,—save when early bird  
 Sings where once the mass was heard ;  
 Silent—save when breeze's moan  
 Comes through flowers or fretted stone ;  
 And the wild rose waves around thee,  
 And the long dark grass hath bound thee,  
 —Sleep'st thou, as the swain might sleep,  
 In his nameless valley deep ?  
 No ! brave heart ! though cold and lone,  
 Kingly power is yet thine own !  
 Feel I not thy spirit brood  
 O'er the whispering solitude ?  
 Lo ! at one high thought of thee,  
 Fast they rise, the bold, the free,  
 Sweeping past thy lowly bed,  
 With a mute, yet stately tread.  
 Shedding their pale armour's light  
 Forth upon the breathless night,  
 Bending every warlike plume  
 In the prayer o'er saintly tombs.  
 Is the noble Douglas nigh,  
 Arm'd to follow thee, or die ?  
 Now, true heart, as thou wert wont,

Pass thou to the peril's front !  
 Where the banner-spear is gleaming,  
 And the battle's red wine streaming,  
 Till the Paynim quail before thee,  
 Till the Cross wave proudly o'er thee—  
 Dreams ! the falling of a leaf  
 Wins me from their splendours brief ;  
 Dreams, yet bright ones ! scorn them not,  
 Then that seek'st the holy spot ;  
 Nor, amidst its lone domain,  
 Call the faith in relics vain !

### NATURE'S FAREWELL

The beautiful is vanish'd and returns not.  
 COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

A YOUTH rode forth from his childhood's home,  
 Through the crowded paths of the world to roam ;  
 And the green leaves whisper'd, as he pass'd,  
 “ Wherefore, thou dreamer, away so fast ?  
 “ Knew'st thou with what thou art parting here,  
 Long wouldst thou linger in doubt and fear ;  
 Thy heart's light laughter, thy sunny hours,  
 Thou hast left in our shades with the spring's wild flowers.  
 “ Under the arch by our mingling made,  
 Thou and thy brother have gaily play'd ;  
 Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore,  
 But as ye *have* met there—oh ! never more ! ”  
 On rode the youth—and the boughs among,  
 Thus the free birds o'er his pathway sung :  
 “ Wherefore so fast unto life away ?  
 Thou art leaving for ever thy joy in our lay !  
 “ Thou mayst come to the summer woods again,  
 And thy heart have no echo to greet their strain ;



Afar from the foliage its love will dwell—

A change must pass o'er thee—farewell, farewell ! ”

On rode the youth—and the founts and streams

Thus mingled a voice with its joyous dreams :

“ We have been thy playmates through many a day,

Wherefore thus leave us ?—oh ! yet delay !

“ Listen but once to the sound of our mirth !

For thee 'tis a melody passing from earth.

Never again wilt thou find in its flow,  
The peace it could once on thy heart bestow.

“ Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's glee,

With the breath of the world on thy spirit free ;

Passion and sorrow its depths will have stirr'd,

And the singing of waters be vainly heard.

“ Thou wilt bear in our gladsome laugh no part—

What should it do for a burning heart ?

Thou wilt bring to the banks of our freshest rill,

Thirst which no fountain on earth may still.

“ Farewell !—when thou comest again to thine own,

Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest tone ;

Mournfully true is the tale we tell—

Yet on, fiery dreamer ! farewell ! farewell ! ”

And a something of gloom on his spirit weigh'd,

As he caught the last sounds of his native shade ;

But he knew not, till many a bright spell broke,

How deep were the oracles Nature spoke !

## THE BEINGS OF THE MIND

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;  
Essentially immortal, they create  
And multiply in us a brighter ray,  
And more beloved existence : that which Fate  
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state  
Of mortal bondage.

BYRON.

COME to me with your triumphs and your woes,

Ye forms, to life by glorious poets brought !

I sit alone with flowers, and vernal boughs,

In the deep shadow of a voiceless thought ;

'Midst the glad music of the spring alone,

And sorrowful for visions that are gone !

Come to me ! make your thrilling whispers heard,

Ye, by those masters of the soul endow'd

With life, and love, and many a burning word,

That bursts from grief, like lightning from a cloud,

And smites the heart, till all its chords reply,

As leaves make answer when the wind sweeps by.

Come to me ! visit my dim haunt !—the sound

Of hidden springs is in the grass beneath ;

The stockdove's note above ; and all around,

The poesy that with the violet's breath

Floats through the air, in rich and sudden streams,

Mingling, like music, with the soul's deep dreams.

Friends, friends !—for such to my lone heart ye are—

Unchanging ones ! from whose immortal eyes

The glory melts not as a waning star,  
And the sweet kindness never,

never dies ;

Bright children of the bard ! o'er this green dell

Pass once again, and light it with your spell !

Imogen ! fair Fidele ! meekly blending

In patient grief, " a smiling with a sigh " ;

And thou, Cordelia ! faithful daughter, tending

That sire, an outcast to the bitter sky ;

Thou of the soft low voice !—thou art not gone !

Still breathes for me its faint and flutelike tone.

And come to me !—sing me thy willow-strain,

Sweet Desdemona ! with the sad surprise

In thy beseeching glance, where still, though vain,

Undimm'd, unquenchable affection lies ;

Come, bowing thy young head to wrong and scorn,

As a frail hyacinth, by showers o'erborne,

And thou, too, fair Ophelia ! flowers are here,

That well might win thy footstep to the spot—

Pale cowslips, meet for maiden's early bier,

And pansies for sad thoughts, but neede'd not !

Come with thy wreaths, and all the love and light

In that wild eye still tremulously bright.

And Juliet, vision of the South ! enshrining

All gifts that unto its rich heaven belong ;

The glow, the sweetness, in its rose combining

The soul its nightingales pour forth in song,

Thou, making death deep joy !—but *couldst* thou die ?

No !—thy young love hath 'nmortality !

From earth's bright faces fades the light of morn,

From earth's glad voices drops the joyous tone ;

But ye, the children of the soul, were born

Deathless, and for undying love alone ;

And, oh ! ye beautiful ! 'tis well, how well,

In the soul's world, with you, where change is not, to dwell !

### THE LYRE'S LAMENT

A large lyre hung in an opening of the rock, and gave forth its melancholy music to the wind—but no human being was to be seen.—*Salathiel*.

A DEEP-TONED lyre hung murmuring  
To the wild wind of the sea :

" O melancholy wind," it sigh'd,

" What would thy breath with me ?

" Thou canst not wake the spirit

That in me slumbering lies,

Thou strikest not forth the electric fire

Of buried melodies.

" Wind of the dark sea-waters !

Thou dost but sweep my strings  
Into wild gusts of mournfulness,

With the rushing of thy wings.

" But the spell—the gift—the lighting—

Within my frame conceal'd,

Must I moulder on the rock away,  
With their triumphs unreveal'd ?

" I have power, high power, for freedom

To wake the burning soul !

I have sounds that through the ancient hills

Like a torrent's voice might roll.

" I have pealing notes of victory

That might welcome kings from war ;

I have rich deep tones to send the wail

For a hero's death afar.

" I have chords to lift the pæan

From the temple to the sky,

Full as the forest-unisons

When sweeping winds are high.

"And love—for love's lone sorrow  
I have accents that might swell  
Through the summer air with the  
rose's breath,  
Or the violet's faint farewell :

"Soft—spiritual—mournful—  
Sighs in each note enshrined—  
But who shall call that sweetness  
forth ?  
*Thou* canst not, ocean-wind !

"I pass without my glory,  
Forgotten I decay—  
Where is the touch to give me life ?  
—Wild, fitful wind, away !"

So sigh'd the broken music  
That in gladness had no part—  
How like art thou, neglected lyre,  
To many a human heart !

### TASSO'S CORONATION

A crown of victory ! a triumphal song !  
Oh ! call some friend, upon whose pitying heart  
The weary one may calmly sink to rest :  
Let some kind voice, beside his lowly couch,  
Pour the last prayer for mortal agony !

A TRUMPET'S note is in the sky, in  
the glorious Roman sky,  
Whose dome hath rung, so many  
an age, to the voice of victory ;  
There is crowding to the Capitol,  
the imperial streets along,  
For again a conqueror must be  
crown'd,—a kingly child of  
song :

Yet his chariot lingers,  
Yet around his home  
Broods a shadow silently,  
'Midst the joy of Rome.

A thousand thousand laurel boughs  
are waving wide and far,  
To shed out their triumphal gleams  
around his rolling car ;

A thousand haunts of olden gods  
have given their wealth of  
flowers,

To scatter o'er his path of fame  
bright hues in gemlike showers.

Peace ! within his chamber  
Low the mighty lies ;  
With a cloud of dreams on  
his noble brow,  
And a wandering in his eyes.

Sing, sing for him, the lord of song,  
for him, whose rushing strain  
In mastery o'er the spirit weeps, like  
a strong wind o'er the main !  
Whose voice lives deep in burning  
hearts, for ever there to dwell,  
As full-toned oracles are shrined  
in a temple's holiest cell.

Yes ! for him, the victor,  
Sing,—but low, sing low !  
A soft sad *miserere* chant  
For a soul about to go !

The sun, the sun of Italy is pouring  
o'er his way,  
Where the old three hundred tri-  
umphs moved, a flood of golden  
day ;

Streaming through every haughty  
arch of the Cæsars' past re-  
nown—

Bring forth, in that exulting light,  
the conqueror for his crown !

Shut the proud bright sun-  
shine  
From the fading sight !  
There needs no ray by the bed  
of death,  
Save the holy taper's light.

The wreath is twined—the way is  
strewn—the lordly train are  
met—

The streets are hung with coronals—  
why stays the minstrel yet ?  
Shout ! as an army shouts in joy  
around a royal chief—

Bring forth the bard of chivalry,  
the bard of love and grief !

Silence ! forth we bring him,  
In his last array ;  
From love and grief the freed,  
the flown—  
Way for the bier—make way !

### THE BETTER LAND

"I HEAR thee speak of the better  
land,  
Thou call'st its children a happy  
band ;  
Mother ! oh, where is that radiant  
shore ?  
Shall we not seek it, and weep no  
more ?

Is it where the flower of the orange  
blows,  
And the fireflies glance through the  
myrtle boughs ? "

—" Not there, not there, my  
child ! "

" Is it where the feathery palm trees  
rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny  
skies ? "

Or 'midst the green islands of glitter-  
ing seas,

Where fragrant forests perfume the  
breeze,

And strange, bright birds, on their  
starry wings,

Bear the rich hues of all glorious  
things ? "

—" Not there, not there, my  
child ! "

" Is it far away, in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands  
of gold ?—

Where the burning rays of the ruby  
shine,

And the diamond lights up the secret  
mine,

And the pearl gleams forth from the  
coral strand ?—

Is it there, sweet mother, that better  
land ? "

—" Not there, not there, my  
child ! "

" Eye hath not seen it, my gentle  
boy !

Ear hath not heard its deep songs of  
joy ;

Dreams cannot picture a world so  
fair—

Sorrow and death may not enter  
there ;

Time does not breathe on its fadeless  
bloom,

Far beyond the clouds, and beyond  
the tomb,

—" It is there, it is there, my  
child ! "

#### THE WOUNDED EAGLE

EAGLE ! this is not thy sphere !  
Warrior bird ! what seek'st thou  
here ?

Wherefore by the fountain's brink  
Doth thy royal pinion sink ?

H.P.

Wherefore on the violet's bed  
Lay'st thou thus thy drooping head ?  
Thou, that hold'st the blast in scorn,  
Thou, that wear'st the wings of morn !

Eagle ! wilt thou not arise ?  
Look upon thine own bright skies !  
Lift thy glance ! the fiery sun  
There his pride of place hath won !  
And the mountain lark is there,  
And sweet sound hath fill'd the air ;  
Hast thou left that realm on high ?  
—Oh ! it can be but to die !

Eagle, Eagle ! thou hast bow'd  
From thine empire o'er the cloud !  
Thou, that hadst ethereal birth,  
Thou hast stoop'd too near the earth,  
And the hunter's shaft hath found  
thee,  
And the toils of death hath bound  
thee !

—Wherefore didst thou leave thy  
place,

Creature of a kingly race ?

Wert thou weary of thy throne ?

Was thy sky's dominion lone ?

Chill and lone it well might be,

Yet that mighty wing was free !

Now the chain is o'er it cast,

From thy heart the blood flows fast,

—Woe for gifted souls and high !

Is not such *their* destiny ?

#### SADNESS AND MIRTH

Nay, these wild fits of uncurb'd laughter  
Athwart the gloomy tenor of your mind,  
As it has lower'd of late, so keenly cast,  
Unsuited seem, and strange.

Oh ! nothing strange !  
Didst thou ne'er see the swallow's veering breast,  
Winging the air beneath some murky cloud,  
In the sunn'd glimpses of a troubled day,  
Shiver in silvery brightness ?  
Or boatman's oar, as vivid lightning, flash  
In the faint gleam, that like a spirit's path,  
Tracks the still waters of some sullen lake ?

Oh, gentle friend !  
Chide not *her* mirth, who yesterday was sad,  
And may be so to-morrow !

JOANNA BAILLIE.

YE met at the stately feasts of old,  
Where the bright wine foam'd over  
sculptured gold,  
Sadness and Mirth !—ye were min-  
gled there

With the sound of the lyre in the  
scented air ;

Z

As the cloud and the lightning are  
 blent on high,  
 Ye mix'd in the gorgeous revelry.

For there hung o'er those banquets of  
 yore a gloom,  
 A thought and a shadow of the tomb ;  
 It gave to the flute-notes an under-  
 tone,

To the rose a colouring not its own,  
 To the breath of the myrtle a mourn-  
 ful power—

Sadness and Mirth ! ye had each your  
 dower !

Ye met when the triumph swept  
 proudly by,  
 With the Roman eagles through the  
 sky !

I know that e'en then, in his hour of  
 pride,

The soul of the mighty within him  
 died ;

That a void in his bosom lay darkly  
 still,

Which the music of victory might  
 never fill.

Thou wert there, O mirth ! swelling  
 on the shout,

Till the temples, like echo-caves,  
 rang out ;

Thine were the garlands, the songs,  
 the wine,

All the rich voices in air were thine,  
 The incense, the sunshine—but,

Sadness ! *thy* part,  
 Deepest of all, was the victor's heart !

Ye meet at the bridal with flower  
 and tear ;

Strangely and wildly ye meet by the  
 bier !

As the gleam from a sea-bird's white  
 wing shed,

Crosses the storm in its path of dread ;  
 As a dirge meets the breeze of a sum-  
 mer sky—

Sadness and Mirth ! so ye come  
 and fly !

Ye meet in the poet's haunted  
 breast,

Darkness and rainbow, alike its  
 guest !

When the breath of the violet is out  
 in spring,

When the woods with the wakening  
 of music ring,

O'er his dreamy spirit your currents  
 pass,

Like shadow and sunlight o'er moun-  
 tain grass.

When will your parting be, Sadness  
 and Mirth ?

Bright stream and dark one !—oh !  
 never on earth :

Never while triumphs and tombs are  
 so near,

While Death and Love walk the same  
 dim sphere,

While flowers unfold where the storm  
 may sweep,

While the heart of man is a sound-  
 less deep !

But there smiles a land, O ye  
 troubled pair !

Where ye have no part in the summer  
 air.

Far from the breathings of changeful  
 skies,

Over the seas and the graves it lies ;  
 Where the day of the lightning and  
 cloud is done,

And joy reigns alone, as the lonely  
 sun !

### THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEATH- SONG

Willst du nach den Nachtigallen fragen,  
 Die mit seelenvollen melodie  
 Dich entzuckten in des Lenzes Tagen ?—  
 Nur so lang sie liebten, waren sie.

SCHILLER.

MOURNFULLY, sing mournfully,  
 And die away, my heart !

The rose, the glorious rose is gone,  
 And I, too, will depart.

The skies have lost their splendour,  
 The waters changed their tone,  
 And wherefore, in the faded world,  
 Should music linger on ?

Where is the golden sunshine,  
 And where the flower-cup's glow ?

And where the joy of the dancing  
 leaves,

And the fountain's laughing flow ?

A voice in every whisper  
 Of the wave, the bough, the air

Comes asking for the beautiful,  
And moaning, "Where, oh!  
where?"

Tell of the brightness parted,  
Thou bee, thou lamb at play!  
Thou lark, in thy victorious mirth!—  
Are ye, too, pass'd away?

Mournfully, sing mournfully!  
The royal rose is gone.  
Melt from the woods, my spirit, melt  
In one deep farewell tone!

Not so, swell forth triumphantly,  
The full, rich, fervent strain!  
Hence with young love and life I go,  
In the summer's joyous train.

With sunshine, with sweet odour,  
With every precious thing,  
Upon the last warm Southern breeze  
My soul its flight shall wing.

Alone I shall not linger,  
When the days of hope are past,  
To watch the fall of leaf by leaf,  
To wait the rushing blast.

Triumphantly, triumphantly!  
Sing to the woods, I go!  
For me, perchance, in other lands,  
The glorious rose may blow.

The sky's transparent azure,  
And the greensward's violet breath,  
And the dance of light leaves in the  
wind,  
May there know nought of death.

No more, no more sing mournfully!  
Swell high, then break, my heart,  
With love, the spirit of the woods,  
With summer I depart!

#### THE DIVER

They learn in suffering what they teach in  
song.—SHELLEY.

Thou hast been where the rocks of  
coral grow,  
Thou hast fought with eddying  
waves;—  
Thy cheek is pale, and thy heart  
beats low,  
Thou searcher of ocean's caves!

Thou hast look'd on the gleaming  
wealth of old,

And wrecks where the brave have  
striven;  
Thy deep is a strong and a fearful hold,  
But thou its bar hast riven!

A wild and weary life is thine;  
A wasting task and lone,  
Though treasure-grots for thee may  
shine,  
To all besides unknown!

A weary life! but a swift decay  
Soon, soon shall set thee free;  
Thou'rt passing fast from thy toils  
away,  
Thou wrestler with the sea!

In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,  
Well are the death-signs read—  
Go! for the pearl in its cavern seek,  
Ere hope and power be fled!

And bright in beauty's coronal  
That glistening gem shall be;  
A star to all in the festive hall—  
But who will think on thee?

None!—as it gleams from the queen-  
like head,  
Not one 'midst throngs will say,  
"A life hath been like a raindrop  
shed,  
For that pale quivering ray."

Woe for the wealth thus dearly  
bought!  
—And are not those like thee,  
Who win for earth the gems of  
thought?  
O wrestler with the sea!

Down to the gulfs of the soul they go,  
Where the passion-fountains burn,  
Gathering the jewels far below  
From many a buried urn:

Wringing from lava-veins the fire,  
That o'er bright words is pour'd;  
Learning deep sounds, to make the  
lyre  
A spirit in each chord.

But, oh! the price of bitter tears,  
Paid for the lonely power  
That throws at last, o'er desert years,  
A darkly-glorious dower!

Like flower-seeds, by the wild wind  
spread,

So radiant thoughts are strew'd ;  
—The soul whence those high gifts  
are shed,  
May faint in solitude !

And who will think, when the strain  
is sung,  
Till a thousand hearts are stirr'd,  
What life-drops, from the minstrel  
wrung,  
Have gush'd with every word ?

None, none !—his treasures live like  
thine,  
*He* strives and dies like thee ;  
—Thou, that hast been to the pearl's  
dark shrine,  
O wrestler with the sea !

### THE REQUIEM OF GENIUS

Les poètes dont l'imagination tient à la  
puissance d'aimer et de souffrir, ne sont-ils  
pas les bannis d'une autre région ?—MADAME  
DE STAËL, *De L'Allemagne*.

No tears for thee !—though light be  
from us gone  
With thy soul's radiance, bright, yet  
restless one !

No tears for thee !  
They that have loved an exile, must  
not mourn  
To see him parting for his native  
bourne  
O'er the dark sea.

All the high music of thy spirit here,  
Breathed but the language of  
another sphere,  
Unechoed round ;  
And strange, though sweet, as 'midst  
our weeping skies  
Some half-remember'd strain of  
paradise  
Might sadly sound.

Hast thou been answer'd ? thou,  
that from the night  
And from the voices of the tempest's  
might,  
And from the past,  
Wert seeking still some oracle's reply,  
To pour the secrets of man's destiny  
Forth on the blast !

Hast thou been answer'd ?—thou,  
that through the gloom,

And shadow, and stern silence of the  
tomb,

A cry didst send,  
So passionate and deep ? to pierce,  
to move,  
To win back token of unburied love  
From buried friend !

And hast thou found where living  
waters burst ?  
Thou, that didst pine amidst us, in  
the thirst  
Of fever-dreams !

Are the true fountains thine for  
evermore ?

Oh ! lured so long by shining mists,  
that wore  
The light of streams !

Speak ! is it well with thee ?—We  
call, as *thou*,  
With thy lit eye, deep voice, and  
kindled brow,

Wert wont to call  
On the departed ! Art thou blest  
and free ?

—Alas ! the lips earth covers, even  
to *thee*,  
Were silent all !

Yet shall our hope rise fann'd by  
quenchless faith,  
As a flame, foster'd by some warm  
wind's breath,

In light upsprings :  
Freed song of soul ! yes, thou hast  
found the sought ;  
Borne to thy home of beauty and of  
thought,  
On morning's wings.

And we will dream it is *thy* joy we  
hear,  
When life's young music, ringing far  
and clear,

O'erflows the sky :—  
No tears for *thee* ! the lingering gloom  
is ours—

Thou art for converse with all  
glorious powers,  
Never to die !

### TRIUMPHANT MUSIC

Tacete, tacete, O suoni trionfanti !  
Risvegliate in vano 'l cor che non può liberarsi.

WHEREFORE and whither bear'st  
thou up my spirit,

On eagle wings, through every  
plume that thrill ?  
It hath no crown of victory to inherit—  
Be still, triumphant harmony ! be  
still !

Thine are no sounds for earth, thus  
proudly swelling  
Into rich floods of joy :—it is but  
pain  
To mount so high, yet find on high  
no dwelling,  
To sink so fast, so heavily again !

No sounds for earth ?—Yes, to  
young chieftain dying  
On his own battle-field, at set of  
sun,  
With his freed country's banner o'er  
him flying,  
Well mightst thou speak of fame's  
high guerdon won.

No sounds for earth ?—Yes, for the  
martyr leading  
Unto victorious death serenely on,  
For patriot by his rescued altars  
bleeding,  
Thou hast a voice in each majestic  
tone.

But speak not thus to one whose  
heart is beating  
Against life's narrow bound, in  
conflict vain !  
For power, for joy, high hope, and  
rapturous greeting,  
Thou wak'st lone thirst—be hush'd,  
exulting strain !

Be hush'd, or breathe of grief !—  
of exile yearnings  
Under the willows of the stranger-  
shore ;  
Breathe of the soul's untold and rest-  
less burnings,  
For looks, tones, footsteps, that  
return no more.

Breathe of deep love—a lonely vigil  
keeping  
Through the night-hours, o'er  
wasted wealth to pine ;  
Rich thoughts and sad, like faded  
rose-leaves heaping,  
In the shut heart, at once a tomb  
and shrine.

Or pass as if thy spirit-notes came  
sighing  
From worlds beneath some blue  
Elysian sky ;  
Breathe of repose, the pure, the bright,  
th' undying—  
Of joy no more—bewildering  
harmony !

## SECOND SIGHT

Ne'er err'd the prophet heart that grief inspired,  
Though joy's illusions mock their votarist."  
MATURIN.

A MOURNFUL gift is mine, O friends !  
A mournful gift is mine !  
A murmur of the soul which blends  
With the flow of song and wine.

An eye that through the triumph's  
hour,  
Beholds the coming woe,  
And dwells upon the faded flower  
'Midst the rich summer's glow.

Ye smile to view fair faces bloom  
Where the father's board is spread ;  
I see the stillness and the gloom  
Of a home whence all are fled.

I see the wither'd garlands lie  
Forsaken on the earth,  
While the lamps yet burn, and the  
dancers fly  
Through the ringing hall of mirth.

I see the blood-red future stain  
On the warrior's gorgeous crest ;  
And the bier amidst the bridal train  
When they come with roses drest.

I hear the still small moan of Time,  
Through the ivy branches made,  
Where the palace, in its glory's  
prime,  
With the sunshine stands array'd.

The thunder of the seas I hear,  
The shriek along the wave,  
When the bark sweeps forth, and  
song and cheer  
Salute the parting brave.

With every breeze a spirit sends  
To me some warning sign :—  
A mournful gift is mine, O friends !  
A mournful gift is mine !



Oh! prophet heart! thy grief, thy  
 power,  
 To all deep souls belong;  
 The shadow in the sunny hour,  
 The wail in the mirthful song.

Their sight is all too sadly clear—  
 For them a veil is riven: '—  
 Their piercing thoughts repose not  
 here,  
 Their home is but in Heaven.

### THE SEA-BIRD FLYING INLAND

Thy path is not as mine:—where thou art  
 blest,  
 My spirit would but wither: mine own grief  
 Is in mine eyes a richer, holier thing,  
 Than all thy happiness.

HATH the summer's breath, on the  
 south wind borne,  
 Met the dark seas in their sweeping  
 scorn?

Hath it lured thee, Bird! from their  
 sounding caves,  
 To the river shores, where the osier  
 waves?

Or art thou come on the hills to  
 dwell,  
 Where the sweet-voiced echoes have  
 many a cell?  
 Where the moss bears print of the  
 wild deer's tread,  
 And the heath like a royal robe is  
 spread?

Thou hast done well, O thou bright  
 sea-bird!  
 There is joy where the song of the  
 lark is heard,  
 With the dancing of waters through  
 copse and dell,  
 And the bee's low tune in the fox-  
 glove's bell.

Thou hast done well:—Oh! the  
 seas are lone,  
 And the voice they send up hath a  
 mournful tone;  
 A mingling of dirges and wild fare-  
 wells,  
 Fitfully breathed through its anthem-  
 swells.

—The proud bird rose as the words  
 were said,

The rush of his pinion swept o'er my  
 head,  
 And the glance of his eye, in its bright  
 disdain,  
 Spoke him a child of the haughty  
 main.

He hath flown from the woods to the  
 ocean's breast,  
 To his throne of pride on the billow's  
 crest!

—Oh! who shall say, to a spirit free,  
 "There lies the pathway of bliss for  
 thee?"

### THE SLEEPER

For sleep is awful.—BYRON.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!  
 A holy thing is sleep,  
 On the worn spirit shed,  
 And eyes that wake to weep.

A holy thing from Heaven,  
 A gracious dewy cloud,  
 A covering mantle given  
 The weary to enshroud.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!  
 Revere the pale still brow,  
 The meekly-drooping head,  
 The long hair's willowy flow.

Ye know not what ye do,  
 That call the slumberer back,  
 From the world unseen by you  
 Unto life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away,  
 In her childhood's land, per-  
 chance,  
 Where her young sisters play,  
 Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound  
 Her spirit haply weaves;  
 A harmony profound  
 Of woods with all their leaves;

A murmur of the sea,  
 A laughing tone of streams:—  
 Long may her sojourn be  
 In the music-land of dreams!

Each voice of love is there,  
 Each gleam of beauty fled,  
 Each lost one still more fair—  
 Oh! lightly, lightly tread!

THE MIRROR IN THE DESERTED  
HALL

O, DIM, forsaken mirror !  
 How many a stately throng  
 Hath o'er thee gleam'd, in vanish'd  
 hours  
 Of the wine-cup and the song !  
 The song hath left no echo ;  
 The bright wine hath been  
 quaff'd ;  
 And hush'd is every silvery voice  
 That lightly here hath laugh'd.

O mirror, lonely mirror,  
 Thou of the silent hall !  
 Thou hast been flush'd with beauty's  
 bloom—  
 Is this, too, vanish'd all ?

It is, with scattered garlands  
 Of triumphs long ago ;  
 With the melodies of buried lyres ;  
 With the faded rainbow's glow.

And for all the gorgeous pageants,  
 For the glance of gem and  
 plume,  
 For lamp, and harp, and rosy wreath,  
 And vase of rich perfume.

Now, dim, forsaken mirror,  
 Thou giv'st but faintly back  
 The quiet stars, and the sailing  
 moon,  
 On her solitary track.

And thus with man's proud  
 spirit  
 Thou tellest me 'twill be,  
 When the forms and hues of this  
 world fade  
 From his memory, as from thee :  
 And his heart's long-troubled  
 waters  
 At last in stillness lie,  
 Reflecting but the images  
 Of the solemn world on high.

TO THE DAUGHTER OF  
BERNARD BARTON

THE QUAKER POET

HAPPY thou art, the child of one  
 Who in each lowly flower,  
 Each leaf that glances to the sun,  
 Or trembles with the shower ;

In each soft shadow of the sky,  
 Or sparkle of the stream,  
 Will guide thy kindling spirit's eye  
 To trace the Love Supreme.

So shall deep quiet fill thy breast,  
 A joy in wood and wild ;—  
 And e'en for this I call thee blest,  
 The gentle poet's child !

## THE STAR OF THE MINE

FROM the deep chambers of a mine,  
 With heavy gloom o'erspread,  
 I saw a star at noontide shine,  
 Serenely o'er my head.

I had not seen it 'midst the glow  
 Of the rich upper day ;  
 But in that shadowy world below,  
 How my heart bless'd its ray !

And still, the farther from my sight  
 Torches and lamps were borne,  
 The purer, lovelier, seem'd the light  
 That wore its beams unshorn.

Oh ! what is like that heavenly  
 spark !  
 —A friend's kind, steadfast eye ;  
 Where, brightest when the world  
 grows dark,  
 Hope, cheer, and comfort lie !

## WASHINGTON'S STATUE

SENT FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA

YES ! rear thy guardian hero's form  
 On thy proud soil, thou Western  
 world !  
 A watcher through each sign of  
 storm,  
 O'er freedom's flag unfurl'd.

There, as before a shrine, to bow,  
 Bid thy true sons thy children lead :  
 The language of that noble brow  
 For all things good shall plead.

The spirit rear'd in patriot fight,  
 The virtue born of home and  
 hearth,  
 There calmly throned, a holy light  
 Shall pour o'er chainless earth.

And let that work of England's  
 hand,

Sent through the blast and surge's  
 roar,  
 So girt with tranquil glory stand,  
 For ages on thy shore !

Such, through all time, the greetings  
 be,  
 That with the Atlantic billow  
 sweep !  
 Telling the mighty and the free  
 Of brothers o'er the deep.

### A THOUGHT OF HOME AT SEA

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC

'Tis lone on the waters  
 When eve's mournful bell  
 Sends forth to the sunset  
 A note of farewell ;

When, borne with the shadows  
 And winds as they sweep,  
 There comes a fond memory  
 Of home o'er the deep ;

When the wing of the sea-bird  
 Is turn'd to her nest,  
 And the thought of the sailor  
 To all he loves best !

'Tis lone on the waters—  
 That hour hath a spell—  
 To bring back sweet voices,  
 With words of farewell !

### TO THE MEMORY OF A SISTER- IN-LAW

WE miss thy voice while early  
 flowers are blowing,  
 And the first flush of blossom  
 clothes each bough,  
 And the spring sunshine round our  
 home is glowing  
 Soft as thy smile. Thou shouldst  
 be with us now.

With *us* ? We wrong thee by the  
 earthly thought—  
 Could our fond gaze but follow  
 where thou art,  
 Well might the glories of this world  
 seem nought  
 To the one promise given the pure  
 in heart.

Yet wert thou blest e'en here—oh !  
 ever blest

In thine own sunny thoughts and  
 tranquil faith !

The silent joy that still o'erflow'd  
 thy breast,  
 Needed but guarding from all  
 change, by death.

So is it seal'd to peace!—on thy  
 clear brow

Never was care one fleeting shade  
 to cast ;

And thy calm days in brightness  
 were to flow,  
 A holy stream, untroubled to the  
 last.

Farewell ! thy life hath left surviving  
 love

A wealth of records, and sweet  
 " feelings given,"

From sorrow's heart the faintness to  
 remove,

By whispers breathing " less of  
 earth than heaven."

Thus rests thy spirit still on those  
 with whom

Thy step the path of joyous duty  
 trod.

Bidding them make an altar of thy  
 tomb,

Where chasten'd thought may  
 offer praise to God.

### TO AN ORPHAN

Thou hast been rear'd too tenderly,  
 Beloved too well and long,  
 Watch'd by too many a gentle eye—  
 Now look on life—be strong !

Too quiet seem'd thy joys for change,  
 Too holy and too deep ;

Bright clouds, through summer skies  
 that range,

Seem oft-times thus to sleep :—

To sleep in silvery stillness bound,  
 As things that ne'er may melt ;

Yet gaze again—no trace is found  
 To show thee where they dwelt.

This world hath no more love to  
 give

Like that which thou hast known ;

Yet the heart breaks not—we survive  
Our treasures—and bear on.

But oh ! too beautiful and blest  
Thy home of youth hath been !  
Where shall thy wing, poor bird, find  
rest,  
Shut out from that sweet scene ?

Kind voices from departed years  
Must haunt thee many a day ;  
Looks that will smite the source of  
tears,  
Across thy soul must play.

Friends—now the altered or the dead,  
And music that is gone—  
A gladness o'er thy dreams will shed,  
And thou shalt wake—alone.

Alone ! it is in that deep word  
That all thy sorrow lies ;  
How is the heart to courage stirr'd  
By smiles from kindred eyes !

And are these lost ?—and have I  
said  
To aught like *thee*—be strong ?  
—So bid the willow lift its head  
And brave the tempest's wrong !

Thou reed ! o'er which the storm  
hath pass'd—  
Thou shaken with the wind !  
On one, *one* friend thy weakness  
cast—  
There is but One to bind !

#### HYMN BY THE SICKBED OF A MOTHER

FATHER ! that in the olive shade  
When the dark hour came on,  
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,  
Strengthen Thy Son ;

Oh ! by the anguish of that night,  
Send us down bless'd relief ;  
Or to the chasten'd, let Thy might  
Hallow this grief !

And Thou, that when the starry sky  
Saw the dread strife begun,  
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,  
" Thy will be done ! "

By Thy meek spirit, Thou, of all  
That e'er have mourn'd, the chief—

Thou Saviour ! if the stroke *must*  
fall,  
Hallow this grief !

#### WHERE IS THE SEA ?

##### SONG OF THE GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE

[A Greek islander, being taken to the Vale of  
Tempe, and called upon to admire its beauty,  
only replied—" *The sea—where is it ?* "]

WHERE is the sea ?—I languish  
here—

Where is my own blue sea ?  
With all its barks in fleet career,  
And flags, and breezes free ?

I miss that voice of waves which  
first  
Awoke my childhood's glee ;  
The measured chime—the thunder-  
ing burst—  
Where is my own blue sea ?

Oh ! rich your myrtles' breath may  
rise,  
Soft, soft your winds may be ;  
Yet my sick heart within me dies—  
Where is my own blue sea !

I hear the shepherd's mountain  
flute—  
I hear the whispering tree ;—  
The echoes of my soul are mute :  
—Where is my own blue sea ?

#### TO MY OWN PORTRAIT

How is it that before mine eyes,  
While gazing on thy mien,  
All my past years of life arise,  
As in a mirror seen ?  
What spell within thee hath been  
shrined,  
To image back my own deep mind ?

Even as a song of other times  
Can trouble memory's springs ;  
Even as a sound of vesper-chimes  
Can wake departed things ;  
Even as a scent of vernal flowers  
Hath records fraught with vanish'd  
hours ;—

Such power is thine !—they come, the  
dead,  
From the grave's bondage free,

And smiling back the changed are led,  
To look in love on thee;  
And voices that are music flown  
Speak to me in the heart's full tone:

Till crowding thoughts my soul  
oppress—

The thoughts of happier years,  
And a vain gush of tenderness  
O'erflows in childlike tears;  
A passion which I may not stay,  
A sudden fount that must have way,

But thou, the while—oh! almost  
strange,

Mine imaged self! it seems  
That on *thy* brow of peace no change  
Reflects my own swift dreams;  
Almost I marvel not to trace  
Those lights and shadows in *thy*  
face.

To see *thee* calm, while powers thus  
deep—

Affection, Memory, Grief—  
Pass o'er my soul as winds that  
sweep

O'er a frail aspen leaf!  
Oh, that the quiet of thine eye  
Might sink there when the storm goes  
by!

Yet look thou still serenely on,  
And if sweet friends there be,  
That when my song and soul are  
gone

Shall seek my form in thee,—  
Tell them of one for whom 'twas  
best

To flee away and be at rest!

### NO MORE

No more! A harp-string's deep and  
breaking tone,

A last low summer breeze, a far-  
off swell,

A dying echo of rich music gone,  
Breathe through those words—  
those murmurs of farewell—

No more!

To dwell in peace, with home affec-  
tions bound,

To know the sweetness of a mother's  
voice,

To feel the spirit of her love around,

And in the blessing of her eye  
rejoice—

No more!

A dirge-like sound! To greet the  
early friend

Unto the hearth, his place of many  
days;

In the glad song with kindred lips to  
blend,

Or join the household laughter by  
the blaze—

No more!

Through woods that shadow'd our  
first years to rove,

With all our native music in the  
air;

To watch the sunset with the eyes  
we love,

And turn, and read our own  
heart's answer *there*—

No more!

Words of despair! yet earth's, all  
earth's—the woe

Their passion breathes—the deso-  
lately deep!

That sound in Heaven—oh! image  
then the flow

Of gladness in its tones—to part,  
to weep—

No more!

To watch, in dying hope, affection's  
wane,

To see the beautiful from life  
depart,

To wear impatiently a secret chain,  
To waste the untold riches of the  
heart—

No more!

Through long, long years to seek, to  
strive, to yearn

For human love—and never quench  
that thirst,<sup>1</sup>

To pour the soul out, winning no  
return,

O'er fragile idols, by delusion  
nursed—

No more!

On things that fail us, reed by reed,  
to lean,

<sup>1</sup> "Jamais, jamais, je ne serai aimé comme  
j'asme," was a mournful expression of Madame  
de Staël's.

To mourn the changed, the far  
away, the dead ;  
To send our troubled spirits through  
the unseen,  
Intensely questioning for treasures  
fled—

No more !

Words of triumphant music—bear we  
on

The weight of life, the chain, the  
ungenial air ;  
Their deathless meaning, when our  
tasks are done,  
To learn in joy ;—to struggle, to  
despair—

No more !

#### THOUGHT FROM AN ITALIAN POET

WHERE shall I find, in all this fleeting  
earth,  
This world of changes and fare-  
wells, a friend  
That will not fail me in his love and  
worth,  
Tender and firm, and faithful to  
the end ?

Far hath my spirit sought a place of  
rest—  
Long on vain idols its devotion  
shed ;  
Some have forsaken whom I loved  
the best,  
And some deceived, and some are  
with the dead.

But *Thou*, my Saviour ! *Thou*, my  
hope and trust,  
Faithful art *Thou* when friends and  
joys depart ;  
Teach me to lift these yearnings  
from the dust,  
And fix on Thee, th' unchanging  
One, my heart !

#### PASSING AWAY

"Passing away" is written on the world, and  
all the world contains.

It is written on the rose,  
In its glory's full array—  
Read what those buds disclose—  
"Passing away."

It is written on the skies  
Of the soft blue summer day ;  
It is traced in sunset's dyes—  
"Passing away."

It is written on the trees,  
As their young leaves glistening  
play,  
And on brighter things than these—  
"Passing away."

It is written on the brow  
Where the spirit's ardent ray  
Lives, burns, and triumphs now—  
"Passing away."

It is written on the *heart*—  
Alas ! that *there* Decay  
Should claim from Love a part—  
"Passing away."

Friends, friends !—oh ! shall we  
meet  
In a land of purer day,  
Where lovely things and sweet  
Pass not away ?

Shall we know each other's eyes,  
And the thoughts that in them lay,  
When we mingled sympathies—  
"Passing away ?"

Oh ! if this may be so,  
Speed, speed, thou closing day !  
How blest, from earth's vain show  
To pass away !

#### THE ANGLER<sup>1</sup>

I in these flowery meads would be ;  
These crystal streams should solace me ;  
To whose harmonious bubbling noise  
I with my angle would rejoice ;

And angle on, and beg to have  
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.  
*Isaiah Wallon.*

"Thou that hast loved so long and  
well,  
The vale's deep quiet streams,  
Where the pure water-lilies dwell,  
Shedding forth tender gleams ;  
And o'er the pool the Mayfly's wing  
Glances in golden eves of spring.

<sup>1</sup> This, and the following poem, were origi-  
nally written for a work entitled *Death's Doings*,  
edited by Mr. Alaric Watts.

Oh ! lone and lovely haunts are thine,  
Soft, soft the river flows,  
Wearing the shadow of thy line,  
The gloom of alder boughs ;  
And in the midst a richer hue,  
One gliding vein of heaven's own  
blue.

And there but low sweet sounds are  
heard—

The whisper of the reed,  
The plashing trout, the rustling bird,  
The scythe upon the mead :  
Yet, through the murmuring osiers  
near,  
There steals a step which mortals  
fear.

'Tis not the stag, that comes to  
lave,  
At noon, his panting breast ;  
'Tis not the bittern, by the wave  
Seeking her sedgy nest ;  
The air is fill'd with summer's breath,  
The young flowers laugh—yet look !  
'tis Death !

But if, where silvery currents rove,  
Thy heart, grown still and sage,  
Hath learn'd to read the words of  
love

That shine o'er nature's page ;  
If holy thoughts thy guests have  
been,

Under the shade of willows green ;

Then, lover of the silent hour,  
By deep lone waters past,  
Thence hast thou drawn a faith, a  
power,

To cheer thee through the last ;  
And, wont on brighter worlds to  
dwell,  
Mayst calmly bid thy streams fare-  
well.

#### DEATH AND THE WARRIOR

" Ay, warrior, arm ! and wear thy  
plume  
On a proud and fearless brow !  
I am the lord of the lonely tomb,  
And a mightier one than thou !

" Bid thy soul's love farewell, young  
chief—  
Bid her a long farewell !

Like the morning's dew shall pass  
that grief—

Thou comest with me to dwell !

" Thy bark may rush through the  
foaming deep

Thy steed o'er the breezy hill ;  
But they bear thee on to a place of  
sleep,  
Narrow, and cold, and chill ! "

" Was the voice I heard *thy* voice, O  
Death !

And is thy day so near ?  
Then on the field shall my life's last  
breath  
Mingle with victory's cheer !

" Banners shall float, with the trum-  
pet's note,  
Above me as I die !  
And the palm tree wave o'er my noble  
grave,  
Under the Syrian sky.

" High hearts shall burn in the royal  
hall,  
When the minstrel names that  
spot ;  
And the eyes I love shall weep my  
fall,—  
Death, Death, I fear thee not ! "

" Warrior ! thou bear'st a haughty  
heart,  
But I can bend its pride !  
How shouldst thou know that thy  
soul will part  
In the hour of victory's tide ?

" It may be far from thy steel-clad  
bands,  
That I shall make thee mine ;  
It may be lone on the desert sands,  
Where men for fountains pine !

" It may be deep amidst heavy  
chains,  
In some deep Paynim hold ;  
I have slow dull steps and lingering  
pains,  
Wherewith to tame the bold ! "

" Death, Death ! I go to a doom un-  
blest,  
If this indeed must be ;

But the Cross is bound upon my  
breast,  
And I may not shrink for thee !

" Sound, clarion, sound !—for my  
vows are given,  
To the cause of the Holy Shrine ;  
I bow my soul to the will of Heaven,  
O Death !—and not to thine ! "

#### SONG FOR AN AIR BY HUMMEL

Oh ! if thou wilt not give thine heart  
Give back my own to me ;  
For if in thine I have no part,  
Why should mine dwell with thee ?

Yet no ! this mournful love of mine,  
I will not from me cast ;  
Let me but dream 'twill win me thine,  
By its deep truth at last !

Can aught so fond, so faithful, live  
Through years without reply ?  
—Oh ! if thy heart thou wilt not give,  
Give me a thought, a sigh !

#### TO THE MEMORY OF LORD CHARLES MURRAY

SON OF THE DUKE OF ATHOLL, WHO  
DIED IN THE CAUSE AND LAMENTED  
BY THE PEOPLE OF GREECE

Time cannot teach forgetfulness,  
When grief's full heart is fed by fame.—BYRON.

Thou shouldst have slept beneath  
the stately pines,  
And with the ancestral trophies of  
thy race ;

Thou that hast found, where alien  
tombs and shrines  
Speak of the past, a lonely dwell-  
ing-place !

Far from thy brethren hath thy couch  
been spread,  
Thou bright young stranger 'midst  
the mighty dead !

Yet to thy name a noble rite was  
given,  
Banner and dirge met proudly o'er  
thy grave,  
Under that old and glorious Grecian  
heaven,  
Which unto death so oft hath lit  
the brave :

And thy dust blends with mould  
heroic there,  
With all that sanctifies the inspiring  
air.

Vain voice of fame ! sad sound for  
those that weep,  
For her, the mother, in whose  
bosom lone

Thy childhood dwells—whose  
thoughts a record keep  
Of smiles departed and sweet  
accents gone ;

Of all thine early grace and gentle  
worth—  
A vernal promise, faded now from  
earth !

But a bright memory claims a proud  
regret—  
A lofty sorrow finds its own deep  
springs

Of healing balm ; and she hath  
treasures yet,  
Whose soul can number with love's  
holy things,

A name like thine ! Now, past all  
cloud or spot,  
A gem is hers, laid up where change  
is not.

#### THE BROKEN CHAIN

I AM free !—I have burst through my  
galling chain,  
The life of young eagles is mine again ;  
I may cleave with my bark the glad  
sounding sea,  
I may rove where the wind roves—  
my path is free !

The streams dash in joy down the  
summer hill,  
The birds pierce the depths of the sky  
at will,  
The arrow goes forth with the singing  
breeze,—  
And is not my spirit as one of these ?

Oh ! the green earth with its wealth  
of flowers,  
And the voices that ring through its  
forest bowers,  
And the laughing glance of the founts  
that shine,  
Lighting the valleys—all, all are  
mine !



I may urge through the desert my  
foaming steed,  
The wings of the morning shall lend  
him speed ;  
I may meet the storm in its rushing  
glee—  
Its blasts and its lightnings are not  
more free !

Captive ! and hast thou, then, rent  
thy chain ?  
Art thou free in the wilderness, free  
on the main ?  
Yes ! there thy spirit may proudly  
soar,  
But must thou not mingle with  
thongs the more ?

The bird when he pineth, may hush  
his song,  
Till the hour when his heart shall  
again be strong ;  
But thou—canst thou turn in thy  
woe aside,  
And weep, 'midst thy brethren ?—  
No, not for pride.

May the fiery word from thy lip find  
way,  
When the thoughts burning in thee  
shall spring to day ?  
May the care that sits in thy weary  
breast  
Look forth from thine aspect, the  
revel's guest ?

No ! with the shaft in thy bosom  
borne,  
Thou must hide the wound in thy  
fear of scorn ;  
Thou must fold thy mantle that none  
may see,  
And mask thee with laughter, and say  
thou art free !

No ! thou art chain'd till thy race is  
run,  
By the power of all in the soul of one,  
On thy heart, on thy lip, must the  
fetter be—  
Dreamer, fond dreamer ! oh ! who  
is free ?

#### THE SHADOW OF A FLOWER

La vie si telle que la mort nous l'a faite.  
*Boswell.*

[Never was a philosophical imagination more  
beautiful than that exquisite one of Kircher,

Digby, and others, who discovered in the ashes  
of plants their primitive forms, which were again  
raised up by the power of heat. The ashes of  
roses, say they, will again revive in roses, unsub-  
stantial and unodoriferous ; they are not roses  
which grow on rose-trees, but their delicate  
apparitions, and, like apparitions, they are seen  
but for a moment.—*Curiosities of Literature*]

'Twas a dream of olden days  
That Art, by some strange power  
The visionary form could raise  
From the ashes of a flower ;

That a shadow of the rose,  
By its own meek beauty bow'd,  
Might slowly, leaf by leaf, uncloze,  
Like pictures in a cloud.

Or the hyacinth, to grace,  
As a second rainbow, Spring ;  
Of summer's path a dreary trace,  
A fair, yet mournful thing !

For the glory of the bloom  
That a flush around it shed,  
And the soul within, the rich perfume,  
Where were they ?—fled, all fled !

Naught but the dim faint line  
To speak of vanish'd hours—  
Memory ! what are joys of thine ?  
—Shadows of buried flowers !

#### LINES TO A BUTTERFLY REST- ING ON A SKULL

CREATURE of air and light !  
Emblem of that which will not fade  
or die !

Wilt thou not speed thy flight,  
To chase the South wind through the  
glowing sky ?  
What lures thee thus to stay  
With silence and decay,  
Fix'd on the wreck of cold mortality ?

The thoughts once chamber'd  
there,  
Have gather'd up their treasures and  
are gone ;—

Will the dust tell thee where  
That which hath burst the prison-  
house is flown ?

Rise, nursling of the day !  
If thou wouldst trace its way—  
Earth has no voice to make the secret  
known.

Who seeks the vanish'd bird  
Near the deserted nest and broken  
shell ?

Far thence, by us unheard,  
He sings, rejoicing in the woods to  
dwell :

Thou of the sunshine born,  
Take the bright wings of morn !  
*Thy* hope springs heavenward from  
yon ruin'd cell.

### THE BELL AT SEA

[The dangerous islet called the Bell Rock, off the coast of Forfarshire, used formerly to be marked only by a bell, which was so placed as to be swung by the motion of the waves, when the tide rose above the rock. A lighthouse has since been erected there.]

WHEN the tide's billowy swell  
Had reach'd its height,  
Then toll'd the rock's lone bell,  
Sternly by night,

Far over cliff and surge  
Swept the deep sound,  
Making each wild wind's dirge  
Still more profound.

Yet that funereal tone  
The sailor bless'd,  
Steering through darkness on  
With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float  
On life's wide sea,  
Welcome each warning note,  
Stern though it be !

### THE SUBTERRANEAN STREAM

Thou stream,  
Whose source is inaccessible profound,  
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend ?  
—Thou imagest my life.

DARKLY thou glidest onward,  
Thou deep and hidden wave !  
The laughing sunshine hath not  
look'd  
Into thy secret cave.

Thy current makes no music—  
A hollow sound we hear,  
A muffled voice of mystery,  
And know that thou art near.

No brighter line of verdure  
Follows thy lonely way ;

No fairy moss, or lily's cup,  
Is freshen'd by thy play.

The halcyon doth not seek thee,  
Her glorious wings to lave ;  
Thou know'st no tint of the summer  
sky,  
Thou dark and hidden wave !

Yet once will day behold thee,  
When to the mighty sea,  
Fresh bursting from their cavern'd  
veins,  
Leap thy lone waters free.

There wilt thou greet the sunshine  
For a moment, and be lost,  
With all thy melancholy sounds,  
In the ocean's billowy host.

Oh ! art thou not, dark river,  
Like the fearful thoughts untold,  
Which haply in the hush of night  
O'er many a soul have roll'd ?

Those earth-born strange misgiv-  
ings—  
Who hath not felt their power ?  
Yet who hath breathed them to his  
friend,  
E'en in his fondest hour ?

They held no heart communion,  
They find no voice in song,  
They dimly follow far from earth  
The grave's departed throng.

Wild is their course, and lonely,  
And fruitless in man's breast ;  
They come and go, and leave no trace  
Of their mysterious guest.

Yet surely must their wanderings  
At length be like thy way ;  
Their shadows, as thy waters, lost  
In one bright flood of day !

### THE SILENT MULTITUDE

For we are many in our solitudes.  
*Lament of Tasso.*

A MIGHTY and a mingled throng  
Were gather'd in one spot ;  
The dwellers of a thousand homes—  
Yet 'midst them voice was not.

The soldier and his chief were there—  
The mother and her child :

The friends, the sisters of one hearth—  
None spoke—none moved—none  
smiled.

There lovers met, between whose  
lives  
Years had swept darkly by :  
After that heart-sick hope deferr'd—  
They met—but silently.

You might have heard the rustling  
leaf,  
The breeze's faintest sound,  
The shiver of an insect's wing,  
On that thick-peopled ground.

Your voice to whispers would have  
died  
For the deep quiet's sake ;  
Your tread the softest moss have  
sought,  
Such stillness not to break.

What held the countless multitude  
Bound in that spell of peace ?  
How could the ever-sounding life  
Amid so many cease ?

Was it some pageant of the air—  
Some glory high above,  
That link'd and hush'd those human  
souls  
In reverential love ?

Or did some burdening passion's  
weight  
Hang on their indrawn breath ?  
Awe—the pale awe that freezes  
words ?  
Fear—the strong fear of death ?

A mightier thing—Death, Death  
himself  
Lay on each lonely heart !  
Kindred were there—yet hermits  
all—  
Thousands—but each apart.

### THE ANTIQUE SEPULCHRE

*Les sarcophages même chez les anciens, ne rappellent que des idées guerrières ou riantes : on voit des jeux, des danses, représentés en bas-relief sur les tombeaux.—Corinne.*

O EVER-joyous band  
Of revellers amidst the Southern  
vines !

On the pale marble, by some gifted  
hand,  
Fixed in undying lines !

Thou, with the sculptured bowl,  
And thou, that wearest the immortal  
wreath,  
And thou, from whose young lip and  
flute, the soul  
Of music seems to breathe ;

And ye, luxuriant flowers !  
Linking the dancers with your grace-  
ful ties,  
And cluster'd fruitage, born of sunny  
hours,  
Under Italian skies :

Ye, that a thousand springs,  
And leafy summers with their odorous  
breath,  
May yet outlast,—what do ye there,  
bright things !  
Mantling the place of death !

Of sunlight and soft air,  
And Dorian reeds, and myrtles ever  
green,  
Unto the heart a glowing thought ye  
bear ;—  
Why thus, where dust hath been ?

Is it to show how slight  
The bound that severs festivals and  
tombs,  
Music and silence, roses and the blight,  
Crowns and sepulchral glooms ?

Or when the father laid  
Haply his child's pale ashes here to  
sleep,  
When the friend visited the cypress  
shade,  
Flowers o'er the dead to heap ;

Say if the mourners sought,  
In these rich images of summer mirth,  
These wine-cups and gay wreaths, to  
lose the thought  
Of our last hour on earth ?

Ye have no voice, no sound,  
Ye flutes and lyres, to tell me what  
I seek ;  
Silent ye are, light forms with vine-  
leaves crown'd,  
Yet to my soul ye speak.

Alas ! for those that lay  
Down in the dust without their hope  
of old !

Backward they look'd on life's rich  
banquet-day,  
But all beyond was cold.

Every sweet wood-note then,  
And through the plane trees every  
sunbeam's glow,  
And each glad murmur from the  
homes of men,  
Made it more hard to go.

But we, when life grows dim,  
When its last melodies float o'er our  
way,  
Its changeful hues before us faintly  
swim,

Its flitting lights decay :—

E'en though we bid farewell  
Unto the spring's blue skies and  
budding trees,  
Yet may we lift our hearts, in hope  
to dwell  
'Midst brighter things than these.

And think of deathless flowers,  
And of bright streams to glorious  
valleys given,  
And know the while, how little dream  
of ours  
Can shadow forth of Heaven.

#### EVENING SONG OF THE TYROLESE PEASANTS

COME to the sunset tree !  
The day is past and gone ;  
The woodman's axe lies free,  
And the reaper's work is done.

The twilight star to heaven,  
And the summer dew to flowers,  
And rest to us, is given  
By the cool, soft evening hours.

Sweet is the hour of rest !  
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,  
And the gleaming of the west,  
And the turf whereon we lie ;

When the burden and the heat  
Of labour's task are o'er,  
And kindly voices greet  
The tired one at his door.

H.P.

COME to the sunset tree !  
The day is past and gone ;  
The woodman's axe lies free,  
And the reaper's work is done.

Yes ; tuneful is the sound  
That dwells in whispering boughs ;  
Welcome the freshness round,  
And the gale that fans our brows.

But rest more sweet and still  
Than ever nightfall gave,  
Our yearning hearts shall fill  
In the world beyond the grave.

There shall no tempest blow,  
No scorching noontide heat ;  
There shall be no more snow,  
No weary wandering feet.

So we lift our trusting eyes  
From the hills our fathers trod,  
To the quiet of the skies,  
To the Sabbath of our God.

COME to the sunset tree !  
The day is past and gone ;  
The woodman's axe lies free,  
And the reaper's work is done.

#### THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

FORGET them not :—though now  
their name  
Be but a mournful sound,  
Though by the hearth its utterance  
claim  
A stillness round.

Though for their sake this earth no  
more  
As it hath been may be,  
And shadows, never mark'd before,  
Brood o'er each tree ;

And though their image dim the sky ;  
Yet, yet forget them not !  
Nor, where their love and life went by,  
Forsake the spot !

They have a breathing influence  
there,  
A charm, not elsewhere found ;  
Sad—yet it sanctifies the air,  
The stream—the ground.

Then, though the wind an alter'd tone  
Through the young foliage bear,

AA

Though every flower, of something  
gone,  
A tinge may wear ;

Oh ! fly it not !—no *fruitless* grief  
Thus in their presence felt,  
A record links to every leaf  
There, where they dwelt.

Still trace the path which knew their  
tread,  
Still tend their garden bower,  
Still commune with the holy dead  
In each lone hour !

The *holy* dead !—oh ! bless'd we are,  
That we may call them so,  
And to their image look afar,  
Through all our woe !—

Bless'd, that the things they loved on  
earth,  
As relics we may hold,  
That wake sweet thoughts of parted  
worth,  
By springs untold !—

Bless'd, that a deep and chastening  
power  
Thus o'er our souls is given,  
If but to bird, or song, or flower,  
Yet all for Heaven !

### HE WALKED WITH GOD

GENESIS V. 24

He walk'd with God, in holy joy,  
While yet his days were few ;  
The deep glad spirit of the boy  
To love and reverence grew.  
Whether, each nightly star to count,  
The ancient hills he trod,  
Or sought the flowers by stream and  
fount—  
Alike he walk'd with God.

The graver noon of manhood came,  
The full of cares and fears ;  
One voice was in his heart—the same  
It heard through childhood's years.  
Amidst fair tents, and flocks, and  
swains,  
O'er his green pasture-sod,  
A shepherd king on Eastern plains—  
The patriarch walk'd with God.

And calmly, brightly, that pure life  
Melted from earth away ;  
No cloud it knew, no parting strife,  
No sorrowful decay ;  
He bow'd him not, like all beside,  
Unto the spoiler's rod,  
But join'd at once the glorified,  
Where angels walk with God !

So let *us* walk !—the night must come  
To us that comes to all ;  
We through the darkness must go  
home,  
Hearing the trumpet's call.  
Closed is the path for evermore  
Which without death he trod ;  
Not so that way, wherein of yore  
His footsteps walk'd with God !

### THE ROD OF AARON

NUMBERS XVII. 8

Was it the sigh of the southern gale  
That flush'd the almond bough ?  
Brightest and first the young Spring  
to hail,  
Still its red blossoms glow.

Was it the sunshine that woke its  
flowers  
With a kindling look of love ?  
Oh, far and deep, and through hidden  
bowers,  
That smile of heaven can rove !

No ! from the breeze and the living  
light

Shut was the sapless rod ;  
But it felt in the stillness a secret  
might,  
And thrill'd to the breath of God.

E'en so may that breath, like the  
vernal air,  
O'er our glad spirits move ;  
And all such things as are good and  
fair,  
Be the blossoms, its track that  
prove !

### THE VOICE OF GOD

heard thy voice in the garden, and I was  
afraid,—*Gen. iii. 10.*

AMIDST the thrilling leaves, Thy voice  
At evening's fall drew near ;

Father ! and did not man rejoice,  
That blessed sound to hear ?

Did not his heart within him burn,  
Touch'd by the solemn tone ?  
Not so !—for, never to return,  
Its purity was gone.

Therefore, 'midst holy stream and  
bower,  
His spirit shook with dread,  
And call'd the cedars, in that hour,  
To veil his conscious head.

Oh ! in each wind, each fountain  
flow,  
Each whisper of the shade,  
Grant me, my God ! Thy voice to  
know,  
And not to be afraid !

#### THE FOUNTAIN OF MARAH

And when they came to Marah, they could  
not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were  
bitter. . . .

And the people murmured against Moses,  
saying, What shall we drink ?

And he cried unto the Lord, and the Lord  
showed him a tree, which when he had cast into  
the waters, the waters were made sweet.  
—Exodus xv. 23-25.

WHERE is the tree the prophet threw  
Into the bitter wave ?  
Left it no scion where it grew,  
The thirsting soul to save ?

Hath nature lost the hidden power  
Its precious foliage shed ?  
Is there no distant Eastern bower  
With such sweet leaves o'erspread ?

Nay, wherefore ask ?—since gifts are  
ours  
Which yet may well imbue  
Earth's many troubled founts with  
showers  
Of heaven's own balmy dew.

Oh ! mingled with the cup of grief  
Let faith's deep spirit be !  
And every prayer shall win a leaf  
From that bless'd healing tree !

#### THE PENITENT'S OFFERING

ST. LUKE VII. 37-50

THOU that with pallid cheek,  
And eyes in sadness meek,

And faded locks that humbly swept  
the ground,  
From thy long wanderings won,  
Before the all-healing Son,  
Didst bow thee to the earth, O lost  
and found !

When thou wouldst bathe His feet  
With odours richly sweet,  
And many a shower of woman's  
burning tear,  
And dry them with that hair,  
Brought low the dust to wear,  
From the crown'd beauty of its festal  
year.

Did He reject thee then,  
While the sharp scorn of men,  
On thy once bright and stately head  
was cast ?  
No, from the Saviour's mien,  
A solemn light serene,  
Bore to thy soul the peace of God at  
last.

For thee, their smiles no more  
Familiar faces wore ;  
Voices, once kind, had learn'd the  
stranger's tone :  
Who raised thee up, and bound  
Thy silent spirit's wound ?—  
He, from all guilt the stainless, He  
alone !

But which, O erring child !  
From home so long beguiled,  
Which of thine offerings won those  
words of Heaven,  
That o'er the bruised reed,  
Condemn'd of earth to bleed,  
In music pass'd, " Thy sins are all  
forgiven ! "

Was it that perfume fraught  
With balm and incense brought  
From the sweet woods of Araby the  
Blest ?  
Or that fast flowing rain  
Of tears, which not in vain  
To Him who scorn'd not tears, thy  
woes confess'd ?

No, not by these restored  
Unto thy Father's board,  
Thy peace, that kindled joy in Heaven,  
was made ;  
But costlier in His eyes,

By that bless'd sacrifice,  
Thy heart, thy full, deep heart, before  
Him laid,

**THE SCULPTURED CHILDREN**  
ON THE MONUMENT BY CHANTREY IN  
LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL

FAIR images of sleep,  
Hallow'd and soft, and deep,  
On whose calm lids the dreamy quiet  
lies,  
Like moonlight on shut bells  
Of flowers, in mossy dells,  
Fill'd with the hush of night and  
summer skies !

How many hearts have felt  
Your silent beauty melt  
Their strength to gushing tenderness  
away !

How many sudden tears,  
From depths of buried years  
All freshly bursting, having confess'd  
your sway !

How many eyes will shed  
Still, o'er your marble bed,  
Such drops from memory's troubled  
fountains wrung—

While hope hath blights to bear,  
While love breathes mortal air,  
While roses perish ere to glory sprung.

Yet from a voiceless home,  
If some sad mother come,  
Fondly to linger o'er your lovely rest,  
As e'er the cheek's warm glow,  
And the sweet breathings low,  
Of babes that grew and faded on her  
breast ;

If then the dovelike tone  
Of those faint murmurs gone,  
O'er her sick sense too piercingly  
return :

If for the soft bright hair,  
And brow and bosom fair,  
And life, now dust, her soul too deeply  
yearn ;

O gentle forms, entwined  
Like tendrils, which the wind  
May wave, so clasp'd, but never can  
unlink !  
Send from your calm profound  
A still, small voice—a sound

Of hope, forbidding that lone heart  
to sink !

By all the pure, meek mind  
In your pale beauty shined,  
By childhood's love—too bright a  
bloom to die !  
O'er her worn spirit shed,  
O fairest, holiest dead !  
The faith, trust, joy, of immortality !

**WOMAN AND FAME**

Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame !  
A draught that mantles high,  
And seems to lift this earthly frame  
Above mortality.

Away ! to me—a woman—bring  
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Thou hast green laurel leaves, that  
twine

Into so proud a wreath ;  
For that resplendent gift of thine,  
Heroes have smiled in death :  
Give me from some kind hand a flower,  
The record of one happy hour !

Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling tone  
Can bid each life-pulse beat  
As when a trumpet's note hath blown,  
Calling the brave to meet :

But mine, let mine—a woman's  
breast,  
By words of home-born love be bless'd.

A hollow sound is in thy song,  
A mockery in thine eye,  
To the sick heart that doth but long  
For aid, for sympathy—  
For kindly looks to cheer it on,  
For tender accents that are gone.

Fame, Fame ! thou canst not be the  
stay

Unto the drooping reed,  
The cool fresh fountain in the day  
Of the soul's feverish need :  
Where must the lone one turn or  
flee ?—

Not unto thee—oh ! not to thee !

**A THOUGHT OF THE FUTURE**

DREAMER ! and wouldst thou know  
If love goes with us to the viewless  
bourne ?

Wouldst thou bear hence the unfathom'd source of woe  
In thy heart's lonely urn?

What hath it been to thee,  
That power, the dweller of thy secret breast?

A dove sent forth across a stormy sea,  
Finding no place of rest:

A precious odour cast  
On a wild stream, that recklessly swept by;

A voice of music utter'd to the blast,  
And winning no reply.

Even were such answer thine—  
Would'st thou be bless'd?—too sleepless, too profound,  
Are the soul's hidden springs; there is no line  
Their depth of love to sound.

Do not words faint and fail  
When thou wouldst fill them with that ocean's power?  
As thine own cheek, before high thoughts, grows pale  
In some o'erwhelming hour.

Doth not thy frail form sink  
Beneath the chain that binds thee to one spot,  
When thy heart strives, held down by many a link,  
Where thy beloved are not?

Is not thy very soul  
Oft in the gush of powerless blessing shed,  
Till a vain tenderness, beyond control,  
Bows down thy weary head?

And wouldst thou bear all *this*—  
The burden and the shadow of thy life—  
To trouble the blue skies of cloudless bliss  
With earthly feelings' strife?

Not thus, not thus—oh, no!  
Not veil'd and mantled with dim clouds of care,  
That spirit of my soul should with me go  
To breathe celestial air.

But as the skylark springs  
To its own sphere, where night afar is driven,  
As to its place the flower-seed findeth wings,  
So must love mount to heaven!

Vainly it shall not strive  
There on weak words to pour a stream of fire;  
Thought unto thought shall kindling impulse give,  
As light might wake a lyre.

And oh! its blessings *there*,  
Shower'd like rich balsam forth on some dear head,  
Powerless no more, a gift shall surely bear,  
A joy of sunlight shed.

Let me, then—let me dream  
That love goes with us to the shore unknown;  
So o'er its burning tears a heavenly gleam  
In mercy shall be thrown!

### THE VOICE OF MUSIC

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.—*Childe Harold*.

WHENCE is the might of thy master-spell?

Speak to me, voice of sweet sound, and tell:

How canst thou wake, by one gentle breath,

Passionate visions of love and death?

How call'st thou back, with a note, a sigh,

Words and low tones from the days gone by—

A sunny glance, or a fond farewell?—  
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound, and tell!

What is thy power, from the soul's deep spring

In sudden gushes the tears to bring?  
Even 'midst the swells of thy festal glee,

Fountains of sorrow are stirr'd by thee!

Vain are those tears!—vain and fruitless all—



Showers that refresh not, yet still  
must fall ;  
For a purer bliss while the full heart  
burns,  
For a brighter home while the spirit  
yearns !

Something of mystery there surely  
dwells,  
Waiting thy touch, in our bosom-cells ;  
Something that finds not its answer  
here—

A chain to be clasp'd in another  
sphere.

Therefore a current of sadness deep,  
Through the stream of thy triumphs  
is heard to sweep,  
Like a moan of the breeze through a  
summer sky—

Like a name of the dead when the  
wind foams high !

Yet speak to me still, though thy tones  
be fraught

With vain remembrance and troubled  
thought ;

Speak ! for thou tellest my soul that  
its birth

Links it with regions more bright than  
earth.

### THE ANGEL'S GREETING

Hark !—they whisper !—Angels say,  
Sister spirit ! come away. *Pope.*

COME to the land of peace !  
Come where the tempest hath no  
longer sway,  
The shadow passes from the soul  
away—

The sounds of weeping cease.

Fear hath no dwelling there !  
Come to the mingling of repose and  
love,  
Breathed by the silent spirit of the  
dove  
Through the celestial air.

Come to the bright and blest,  
And, crown'd for ever, 'midst that  
shining band,  
Gather'd to Heaven's own wreath  
from every land,  
Thy spirit shall find rest !

Thou hast been long alone :  
Come to thy mother !—on the Sab-  
bath shore,  
The heart that rock'd thy childhood,  
back once more  
Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left :  
Come to thy sisters !—joyously again  
All the home-voices, blent in one  
sweet strain,  
Shall greet their long bereft.

Over thine orphan head  
The storm hath swept, as o'er a  
willow's bough :  
Come to thy Father !—it is finish'd  
now ;  
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode,  
Change finds no pathway, memory  
no dark trace,  
And, oh ! bright victory—death by  
love no place :  
Come, spirit, to thy God !

### A FAREWELL TO WALES

FOR THE MELODY CALLED " THE ASH  
GROVE," ON LEAVING THAT  
COUNTRY WITH MY CHILDREN

The sound of thy streams in my spirit  
I bear—

Farewell ! and a blessing be with  
thee, green land !

On thy hearths, on thy halls, on thy  
pure mountain air,

On the chords of the harp, and the  
minstrel's free hand !

From the love of my soul with my  
tears it is shed,

As I leave thee, green land of my  
home and my dead !

I bless thee !—yet not for the beauty  
which dwells

In the heart of thy hills, on the rocks  
of thy shore ;

And not for the memory set deep in  
thy dells,

Of the bard and the hero, the mighty  
of yore ;

And not for thy songs of those proud  
ages fled,

—Green land, poet-land of my home  
and my dead !

I bless thee for all the true bosoms  
that beat,  
Where'er a low hamlet smiles up to  
thy skies ;  
For thy cottage hearths burning the  
stranger to greet,  
For the soul that shines forth from  
thy children's kind eyes !  
May the blessing, like sunshine, about  
thee be spread,  
Green land of my childhood, my  
home, and my dead !<sup>1</sup>

## IMPROMPTU LINES

ADDRESSED TO MISS F. A. L., ON  
RECEIVING FROM HER SOME  
FLOWERS WHEN CONFINED BY  
ILLNESS

YE tell me not of birds and bees,  
Not of the Summer's murmuring  
trees, [bowers :—  
Not of the streams and woodland  
A sweeter tale is yours, fair flowers !  
Glad tidings to my couch ye bring,  
Of one still bright, still flowing  
spring—  
A fount of kindness ever new,  
In a friend's heart, the good and true.

## A PARTING SONG

Oh ! mes amis, rappelez-vous quelquefois  
mes vers ; mon âme y est empreinte.—*Corinne*.

When will ye think of me, my  
friends ?

When will ye think of me ?—  
When the last red light, the farewell  
of day, [away—

From the rock and the river is passing  
When the air with a deep'ning hush  
is fraught,

And the heart grows burden'd with  
tender thought—  
Then let it be !

When will ye think of me, kind  
friends ?

When will ye think of me ?—  
When the rose of the rich midsummer  
time

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Hemans had a sincere affection for  
Wales, and loved the simple-minded peasants.  
On the morning on which she sailed from its  
shores, she writes, "I literally covered my face  
all the way from Bronwylla, until the boys told  
me we had passed the Cwyd range of hills.  
Then something of the bitterness was over."

Is fill'd with the hues of its glorious  
prime—

When ye gather its bloom, as in  
bright hours fled,

From the walks where my footsteps  
no more may tread—

Then let it be !

When will ye think of me, sweet  
friends ?

When will ye think of me ?—

When the sudden tears o'erflow your  
eye

At the sound of some olden melody—  
When ye hear the voice of a moun-  
tain stream,

When ye feel the charm of a poet's  
dream—

Then let it be !

Thus let my memory be with you,  
friends !

Thus ever think of me !

Kindly and gently, but as of one

For whom 'tis well to be fled and  
gone—

As of a bird from a chain unbound,  
As of a wanderer whose home is  
found—

So let it be.

WE RETURN NO MORE<sup>1</sup>

When I stood beneath the fresh green tree,  
And saw around me the wide field revive  
With fruits and fertile promise ; and the Spring  
Come forth, her work of gladness to contrive,  
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,  
I turn'd from all she brought to all she could  
not bring.

*Childe Harold.*

"WE return !—we return !—we  
return no more !"

So comes the song to the mountain-  
shore,

From those that are leaving their  
Highland home

For a world far over the blue sea's  
foam :

"We return no more !" and through  
cave and dell

Mournfully wanders that wild fare-  
well.

"We return !—we return !—we  
return no more !"

So breathe sad voices our spirits o'er :

<sup>1</sup> The burden of the Highland song of  
emigration.

Murmuring up from the depths of the heart,  
Where lovely things with their light depart :

And the inborn sound hath a prophet's tone,

And we feel that a joy is for ever gone.

" We return !—we return !—we return no more ! "

Is it heard when the days of flowers are o'er ?

When the passionate soul of the night-bird's lay

Hath died from the summer woods away ?

When the glory from sunset's robe hath pass'd,

Or the leaves are borne on the rushing blast !

No !—It is not the rose that returns no more ;

A breath of spring shall its bloom restore ;

And it is not the voice that o'erflows the bowers,

With a stream of love through the starry hours ;

Nor is it the crimson of sunset hues,  
Nor the frail flush'd leaves which the wild wind strews.

" We return ! — we return ! — we return no more ! "

Doth the bird sing thus from a brighter shore ?

Those wings that follow the Southern breeze,

Float they not homeward o'er vernal seas ?

Yes ! from the lands of the vine and palm

They come, with the sunshine, when waves grow calm.

" But we !—we return !—we return no more ! "

The heart's young dreams, when their spring is o'er ;

The love it hath pour'd so freely forth—

The boundless trust in ideal worth ;

The faith in affection—deep, fond, yet vain—

*These* are the lost that return not again !

## TO A WANDERING FEMALE SINGER

THOU hast loved and thou hast suffer'd !

Unto feeling deep and strong,  
Thou hast trembled like a harp's frail string—

I know it by thy song !

Thou hast loved—it may be vainly—  
But well—oh ! but too well—

Thou hast suffer'd all that woman's breast

May bear—but must not tell.

Thou hast wept, and thou hast parted,  
Thou hast been forsaken long,

Thou hast watch'd for steps that came not back—

I know it by thy song !

By the low clear silvery gushing  
Of its music from thy breast,

By the quivering of its flute-like swell—

A sound of the heart's unrest.

By its fond and plaintive lingering  
On each word of grief so long,

Oh ! thou hast loved and suffer'd much—

I know it by thy song !

## LIGHTS AND SHADES

THE gloomiest day hath gleams of light ;

The darkest wave hath light foam near it ;

And twinkles through the cloudiest night

Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom ;  
The saddest heart is not all sadness ;

And sweetly o'er the darkest doom  
There shines some lingering beam

of gladness.

Despair is never *quite* despair ;  
Nor life nor death the future closes ;

And round the shadowy brow of Care  
Will Hope and Fancy twine their

roses.

## THE PALMER

The faded palm-branch in his hand,  
Show'd pilgrim from the Holy Land.

*Scott.*

ART thou come from the far-off land  
at last ?

Thou that hast wander'd long !  
Thou art come to a home whence the  
smile hath pass'd  
With the merry voice of song.

For the sunny glance and the bound-  
ing heart

Thou wilt seek—but all are gone ;  
They are parted e'en as waters part,  
To meet in the deep alone !

And thou—from thy lip is fled the  
glow,

From thine eye the light of morn ;  
And the shades of thought o'erhang  
thy brow,  
And thy cheek with life is worn.

Say what hast thou brought from the  
distant shore

For thy wasted youth to pay ?  
Hast thou treasure to win thee joys  
once more ?  
Hast thou vassals to smooth thy  
way ?

" I have brought but the palm-  
branch in my hand,  
Yet I call not my bright youth lost !  
I have won but high thought in the  
Holy Land,  
Yet I count not too dear the cost !

" I look on the leaves of the deathless  
tree—

These records of my track ;  
And better than youth in its flush of  
glee,  
Are the memories they give me  
back !

" They speak of toil, and of high  
emprise,  
As in words of solemn cheer,  
They speak of lonely victories  
O'er pain, and doubt, and fear.

" They speak of scenes which have  
now become

Bright pictures in my breast ;  
Where my spirit finds a glorious home,  
And the love of my heart can rest.

" The colours pass not from *these*  
away,  
Like tints of shower or sun ;  
Oh ! beyond all treasures that know  
decay,  
Is the wealth my soul hath won !

" A rich light thence o'er my life's  
decline,  
An inborn light is cast ;  
For the sake of the palm from the  
holy shrine,  
I bewail not my bright days past !

## THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF

" OH ! call my brother back to me !  
I cannot play alone ;  
The Summer comes with flower and  
bee—

Where is my brother gone ?

" The butterfly is glancing bright  
Across the sunbeam's track ;  
I care not now to chase its flight—  
Oh ! call my brother back !

" The flowers run wild—the flowers  
we sow'd  
Around our garden tree ;  
Our vine is drooping with its load—  
Oh ! call him back to me ! "

" He would not hear thy voice, fair  
child,  
He may not come to thee ;  
The face that once like Springtime  
smiled,  
On earth no more thou'lt see.

" A rose's brief bright life of joy,  
Such unto him was given ;  
Go—thou must play alone, my boy !  
Thy brother is in heaven."

" And has he left his birds and flowers ;  
And must I call in vain ?  
And through the long, long summer  
hours,  
Will he not come again ?

" And by the brook and in the glade  
Are all our wanderings o'er ?

Oh! while my brother with me  
play'd,  
*Would I had loved him more ! "*

### TO THE NEW-BORN

A BLESSING on thy head, thou child  
of many hopes and fears !  
A rainbow-welcome thine hath been,  
of mingled smiles and tears,  
Thy father greets thee unto life, with  
a full and chasten'd heart,  
For a solemn gift from God thou  
com'st, all precious as thou art !

I see thee not asleep, fair boy, upon  
thy mother's breast,  
Yet well I know how guarded there  
shall be thy rosy rest ;  
And how her soul with love, and  
prayer, and gladness, will o'er-  
flow,  
While bending o'er thy soft-seal'd  
eyes, thou dear one, well I know !

A blessing on thy gentle head ! and  
bless'd thou *art* in truth,  
For a home where God is felt awaits  
thy childhood and thy youth :  
Around thee pure and holy thoughts  
shall dwell as light and air,  
And steal unto thine heart, and wake  
the germs now folded there.

Smile on thy mother ! while she feels  
that unto her is given,  
In that young dayspring glance the  
pledge of a soul to rear for  
heaven !

Smile ! and sweet peace be o'er thy  
sleep, joy o'er thy wakening  
shed !

Blessings and blessings evermore,  
fair boy ! upon thy head !

### THE DEATH-SONG OF ALCESTIS

SHE came forth in her bridal robes  
array'd,  
And 'midst the graceful statues,  
round the hall  
Shedding the calm of their celestial  
mien,  
Stood pale yet proudly beautiful, as  
they ;  
Flowers in her bosom, and the star-  
like gleam

Of jewels trembling from her braided  
hair,  
And *death* upon her brow !—but  
glorious death !  
Her own heart's choice, the token  
and the seal  
Of love, o'ermastering love ; which,  
till that hour,  
Almost an anguish in the brooding  
weight  
Of its unutterable tenderness,  
Had burden'd her full soul. But  
now, oh ! now,  
Its time was come—and from the  
spirit's depths,  
The passion and the mighty melody  
Of its immortal voice in triumph  
broke,  
Like a strong rushing wind !

The soft pure air  
Came floating through that hall—  
the Grecian air,  
Laden with music—flute-notes from  
the vales,  
Echoes of song—the last sweet sounds  
of life  
And the glad sunshine of the golden  
clime  
Stream'd, as a royal mantle, round her  
form—  
The glorified of love ! But she—she  
look'd [die,  
Only on *him* for whom 'twas joy to  
Deep—deepest, holiest joy !—or if a  
thought  
Of the warm sunlight, and the scented  
breeze,  
And the sweet Dorian songs, o'er-  
swept the tide  
Of her unswerving soul—'twas but a  
thought  
That own'd the summer loveliness of  
life.  
For *him* a worthy offering !—So she  
stood,  
Wrapt in bright silence, as entranced  
awhile,  
Till her eye kindled, and her quivering  
frame  
With 'he swift breeze of inspiration  
shook,  
As the pale priestess trembles to the  
breath  
Of inborn oracles !—then flush'd her  
cheek,

And all the triumph, all the agony,  
Borne on the battling waves of love  
and death,  
All from her woman's heart, in sudden  
song,  
Burst like a fount of fire.

"I go, I go !  
Thou sun, thou golden sun, I go  
Far from thy light to dwell :  
Thou shalt not find my place below,  
Dim is that world—bright sun of  
Greece, farewell !

"The laurel and the glorious rose  
Thy glad beam yet may see,  
But where no purple summer glows,  
O'er the dark wave I haste from  
them and thee.

"Yet doth my spirit faint to part ?  
—I mourn thee not, O sun !  
Joy, solemn joy, o'erflows my  
heart,  
Sing me triumphal songs !—my  
crown is won !

"Let not a voice of weeping rise—  
My heart is girt with power !  
Let the green earth and festal skies  
Laugh, as to grace a conqueror's  
closing hour !

"For thee, for thee, my bosom's  
lord !  
Thee, my soul's loved ! I die ;  
Thine is the torch of life restored,  
Mine, mine the rapture, mine the  
victory !

"Now may the boundless love,  
that lay  
Unfathom'd still before,  
In one consuming burst find way,  
In one bright flood all, all its riches  
pour !

"Thou know'st, thou know'st  
what love is *now* !  
Its glory and its might—  
Are they not written on my brow ?  
And will that image ever quit thy  
sight ?

"No ! deathless in thy faithful  
breast,  
There shall my memory keep  
Its own bright altar-place of rest,

While o'er my grave the cypress  
branches weep.

"Oh, the glad light !—the light is  
fair,  
The soft breeze warm and free ;  
And rich notes fill the scented air,  
And all are gifts—my love's last gifts  
to thee !

"Take me to thy warm heart once  
more !  
Night falls—my pulse beats low :  
Seek not to quicken, to restore—  
Joy is in every pang. I go, I go !

"I feel thy tears, I feel thy breath,  
I meet thy fond look still ;  
Keen is the strife of love and death ;  
Faint and yet fainter grows my  
bosom's thrill.

"Yet swells the tide of rapture  
strong,  
Though mists o'er shade mine  
eye !  
—Sing, Pæan ! sing a conqueror's  
song !  
For thee, for thee, my spirit's lord, I  
die !"

## THE HOME OF LOVE

THOU mov'st in visions, Love !—  
Around thy way,  
E'en through this world's rough path  
and changeful day,  
For ever floats a gleam,  
Not from the realms of moonlight or  
the morn,  
But thine own soul's illumined  
chambers born—  
The colouring of a dream !

Love ! shall I read thy dream?—Oh !  
is it not

All of some sheltering, wood-em-  
bosom'd spot—

A bower for thee and thine !  
Yes ! lone and lowly is that home ;  
yet there

Something of heaven in the trans-  
parent air  
Makes every flower divine.

Something that mellows and that  
glorifies,

Breathes o'er it ever from the tender  
skies,

As o'er some blessed isle ;  
E'en like the soft and spiritual glow,  
Kindling rich woods, whereon th'  
ethereal bow  
Sleeps lovingly awhile.

The very whispers of the wind have  
there

A flutelike harmony, that seems to  
bear

Greeting from some bright shore,  
Where none has said *farewell* !—  
where no decay

Lends the faint crimson to the dying  
day ;

Where the storm's might is o'er.

And there thou dreamest of Elysian  
rest,

In the deep sanctuary of one true  
breast

Hidden from earthly ill :  
There wouldst thou watch the home-  
ward step, whose sound

Wakening all nature to sweet echoes  
round,

Thine inmost soul can thrill.

There by the hearth should many a  
glorious page,

From mind to mind the immortal  
heritage,

For thee its treasures pour ;  
Or music's voice at vesper hours be  
heard,

Or dearer interchange of playful  
word,

Affection's household lore.

And the rich unison of mingled prayer,  
The melody of hearts in heavenly air,

Thence duly should arise ;  
Lifting th' eternal hope, th' adoring  
breath,

Of spirits, not to be disjoin'd by  
death,

Up to the starry skies.

There, dost thou well believe, no  
storm should come

To mar the stillness of that angel-  
home ;

There should thy slumbers be  
Weigh'd down with honey-dew,  
serenely bless'd,

Like theirs who first in Eden's grove  
took rest  
Under some balmy tree.

Love, Love ! thou passionate in joy  
and woe !

And canst *thou* hope for cloudless  
peace below—

*Here*, where bright things must  
die ?

O thou ! that, wildly worshipping,  
dost shed

On the frail altar of a mortal head  
Gifts of infinity !

Thou must be still a trembler, fearful  
Love !

Danger seems gathering from beneath,  
above,

Still round thy precious things ;  
Thy stately pine tree, or thy gracious  
rose,

In their sweet shade can yield thee no  
repose,

Here, where the blight hath  
wings.

And as a flower, with some fine sense  
imbued,

To shrink before the wind's vicissitude,  
So in thy prescient breast

Are lyre-strings quivering with pro-  
phetic thrill

To the low footstep of each coming  
ill ;

—Oh ! canst *thou* dream of rest ?

Bear up thy dream ! thou mighty  
and thou weak !

Heart, strong as death, yet as a reed  
to break—

As a flame, tempest-sway'd !

He that sits calm on high is yet the  
source

Whence thy soul's current hath its  
troubled course,

He that great deep hath made !

Will He not pity ?—He Whose  
searching eye

Reads all the secrets of thine agony?—  
Oh ! pray to be forgiven

Thy fond idolatry, thy blind excess,  
And seek with *Him* that bower of  
blessedness—

Love ! *thy* sole home is heaven !

## BOOKS AND FLOWERS

La vue d'une fleur caresse mon imagination,  
et flatte mes sens à un point inexprimable.  
Sous le tranquille abri du toit paternel j'étais  
nourrie des l'enfance avec des fleurs et des livres;  
dans l'étroite enceinte d'une prison, au milieu  
des fers imposés par la tyrannie, j'oublie l'in-  
justice des hommes, leurs sottises et mes maux,  
avec des livres et des fleurs.

—MADAME ROLAND.

COME, let me make a sunny realm  
around thee,

Of thought and beauty! Here  
are books and flowers,

With spells to loose the fetter which  
hath bound thee—

The ravell'd coil of this world's  
feverish hours.

The soul of song is in these deathless  
pages,

Even as the odour in the flower  
enshrined;

Here the crown'd spirits of departed  
ages

Have left the silent melodies of  
mind.

Their thoughts that strove with time,  
and change, and anguish,

For some high place where faith  
her wing might rest,

Are burning here—a flame that may  
not languish—

Still pointing upward to that bright  
hill's crest!

Their grief, the veil'd infinity ex-  
ploring

For treasures lost, is here;—their  
boundless love

Its mighty streams of gentleness  
outpouring

On all things round, and clasping  
all above.

And the bright beings, their own  
heart's creations,

Bright, yet all human, here are  
breathing still;

Conflicts, and agonies, and exultations  
Are here, and victories of prevailing  
will!

Listen, oh, listen! let their high  
words cheer thee!

Their swanlike music ringing  
through all woes!

Let my voice bring their holy influ-  
ence near thee—

The Elysian air of their divine re-  
pose!

Or wouldst thou turn to earth!  
Not earth all furrow'd

By the old traces of man's toil and  
care,

But the green peaceful world that  
never sorrow'd,

The world of leaves, and dews, and  
summer air!

Look on these flowers! As o'er an  
altar shedding,

O'er Milton's page, soft light from  
colour'd urns!

They are the links, man's heart to  
nature wedding,

When to her breast the prodigal  
returns.

They are from lone wild places, forest  
dingles,

Fresh banks of many a low-voiced  
hidden stream,

Where the sweet star of eve looks  
down and mingles

Faint lustre with the water-lily's  
gleam.

They are from where the soft winds  
play in gladness,

Covering the turf with flowery  
blossom-showers;

—Too richly dower'd, O friend! are  
we for sadness—

Look on an empire—mind and  
nature—ours!

FOR A PICTURE OF ST. CECILIA  
ATTENDED BY ANGELS

How rich that forehead's calm expanse!

How bright that heaven-directed glance!

—Waft her to glory, winged powers!

Ere sorrow be renew'd,

And intercourse with mortal hours

Bring back a humbler mood!

WORDSWORTH.

How can that eye, with inspiration  
beaming,

Wear yet so deep a calm?—O  
child of song!

Is not the music-land a world of  
dreaming,

Where forms of sad, bewildering  
beauty throng?



Hath it not sounds from voices long  
departed ?

Echoes of tones that rung in child-  
hood's ear ?

Low haunting whispers, which the  
weary-hearted,  
Stealing 'midst crowds away, have  
wept to hear ?

No, not to thee ! *Thy* spirit, meek, yet  
queenly,

On its own starry height, beyond  
all this,

Floating triumphantly and yet  
serenely,

Breathes no faint undertone  
through songs of bliss.

Say by what strain, through cloudless  
ether swelling,

Thou hast drawn down those  
wanderers from the skies ?

Bright guests ! even such as left of  
yore their dwelling,

For the deep cedar shades of  
Paradise !

What strain ?—Oh ! not the nightin-  
gale's, when, showering

Her own heart's life drops on the  
burning lay,

She stirs the young woods in the days  
of flowering

And pours her strength, but not her  
grief away :

And not the exile's—when, 'midst  
lonely billows,

He wakes the Alpine notes his  
mother sung,

Or blends them with the sigh of alien  
willows,

Where, murmuring to the wind, his  
harp is hung :

And not the pilgrim's—though his  
thoughts be holy,

And sweet his *Ave* song when day  
grows dim ;

Yet, as he journeys, pensively and  
slowly,

Something of sadness floats through  
that low hymn.

But thou !—the spirit which at eve  
is filling

All the hush'd air and reverential  
sky,

Founts, leaves, and flowers, with  
solemn rapture thrilling,

This is the soul of *thy* rich harmony.

This bears up high those breathings  
of devotion

Wherein the currents of thy heart  
gush free ;

Therefore no world of sad and vain  
emotion

Is the dream-haunted music-land  
for *thee*.

## THE BRIGAND LEADER AND HIS WIFE

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF EAST-  
LAKE'S

DARK chieftain of the heath and  
height !

Wild feaster on the hills by night !  
See'st thou the stormy sunset's glow

Flung back by glancing spears below ?  
Now for one strife of stern despair !

The foe hath track'd thee to thy lair.

Thou, against whom the voice of  
blood

Hath risen from rock and lonely  
wood ;

And in whose dreams a moan should  
be,

Not of the water, nor the tree ;  
Haply thine own last hour is nigh,—

Yet shalt thou not forsaken die.

There's one that pale beside thee  
stands,

More true than all thy mountain-  
bands !

She will not shrink in doubt and  
dread,

When the balls whistle round thy  
head :

Nor leave thee, though thy closing eye  
No longer may to hers reply.

Oh ! many a soft and quiet grace

Hath faded from her form and face ;  
And many a thought, the fitting guest

Of woman's meek, religious breast,  
Hath perish'd in her wanderings wide,

Through the deep forests by thy side.

Yet, mournfully surviving all,  
A flower upon a ruin's wall,  
A friendless thing, whose lot is cast  
Of lovely ones to be the last ;  
Sad, but unchanged through good and  
ill,  
Thine is her lone devotion still.

And oh ! not wholly lost the heart  
Where that undying love hath part ;  
Not worthless all, though far and  
long  
From home estranged, and guided  
wrong ;  
Yet may its depths by Heaven be  
stirr'd,  
Its prayer for thee be pour'd and  
heard !

# THE CHILD'S RETURN FROM THE WOODLANDS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF SIR  
THOMAS LAWRENCE'S

All good and guiltless as thou art,  
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart—  
Griefs that along thy alter'd face  
Will breathe a more subduing grace,  
Than even those looks of joy that lie  
On the soft cheek of infancy.—WILSON.

HAST thou been in the woods with  
the honey-bee ?  
Hast thou been with the lamb in the  
pastures free ?  
With the hare through the copses and  
dingles wild ?  
With the butterfly over the heath,  
fair child ?  
Yes : the light fall of thy bounding  
feet  
Hath not startled the wren from her  
mossy seat :  
Yet hast thou ranged the green forest-  
dells  
And brought back a treasure of buds  
and bells.

Thou know'st not the sweetness, by  
antique song  
Breathed o'er the names of that  
flowery throng :  
The woodbine, the primrose, the violet  
dim,  
The lily that gleams by the fountain's  
brim ;  
These are old words, that have made  
each grove

A dreaming haunt for romance and  
love—  
Each sunny bank, where faint odours  
lie,  
A place for the gushings of poesy.

Thou know'st not the light where-  
with fairy lore  
Sprinkles the turf and the daisies  
o'er ;  
Enough for thee are the dews that  
sleep,  
Like hidden gems, in the flower-urns  
deep ;  
Enough the rich crimson spots that  
dwell  
'Midst the gold of the cowslip's per-  
fumed cell ;  
And the scent by the blossoming  
sweetbriers shed,  
And the beauty that bows the wood-  
hyacinth's head.

Oh ! happy child, in thy fawnlike  
glee,  
What is remembrance or thought to  
thee ?  
Fill thy bright locks with those gifts  
of spring,  
O'er thy green pathway their colours  
fling ;  
Bind them in chaplet and wild  
festoon—  
What if to droop and to perish soon ?  
Nature hath mines of such wealth—  
and thou  
Never wilt prize its delights as now !  
For a day is coming to quell the tone  
That rings in thy laughter, thou  
joyous one !  
And to dim thy brow with a touch of  
care,  
Under the gloss of its clustering hair ;  
And to tame the flash of thy cloudless  
eyes  
Into the stillness of autumn skies ;  
And to teach thee that grief hath her  
needful part,  
'Midst the hidden things of each  
human heart.

Yet shall we mourn, gentle child ! for  
this ?  
Life hath enough of yet holier bliss !  
Such be thy portion !—the bliss to  
look,

With a reverent spirit, through nature's book ;  
 By fount, by forest, by river's line,  
 To track the paths of a love divine ;  
 To read its deep meanings—to see and hear  
 God in earth's garden—and not to fear !

### THE FAITH OF LOVE

Thou hast watch'd beside the bed of death,  
 Oh, fearless human Love !  
 Thy lip received the last, faint breath,  
 Ere the spirit fled above.

Thy prayer was heard by the parting bier,  
 In a low and farewell tone,  
 Thou hast given the grave both flower and tear—  
 —O Love ! thy task is done.

Then turn thee from each pleasant spot  
 Where thou wert wont to rove,  
 For there the friend of thy soul is not,  
 Nor the joy of thy youth, O Love !

Thou wilt meet but mournful Memory there,  
 Her dreams in the grove she weaves,  
 With echoes filling the summer air,  
 With sighs the trembling leaves.

Then turn thee to the world again,  
 From those dim haunted bowers,  
 And shut thine ear to the wild sweet strain  
 That tells of vanish'd hours.

And wear not on thine aching heart  
 The image of the dead,  
 For the tie is rent that gave thee part  
 In the gladness its beauty shed.

And gaze on the pictured smile no more  
 That thus can life outlast :  
 All between parted souls is o'er :  
 —Love ! Love ! forget the past !

“ Voice of vain boding ! away, be still !  
 Strive not against the faith

That yet my bosom with light can fill,  
 Unquench'd, and undim'd by death :

“ From the pictured smile I will not turn,  
 Though sadly now it shine ;  
 Nor quit the shades that in whispers mourn  
 For the step once link'd with mine :

“ Nor shut mine ear to the song of old,  
 Though its notes the pang renew,  
 —Such memories deep in my heart I hold,  
 To keep it pure and true.

“ By the holy instinct of my heart,  
 By the hope that bears me on,  
 I have still my own undying part  
 In the deep affection gone.

“ By the presence that about me seems  
 Through night and day to dwell,  
 Voice of vain bodings and fearful dreams !  
 —I have breathed no *last* farewell ! ”

### THE SISTER'S DREAM

[Suggested by a picture in which a young girl is represented as sleeping, and visited during her slumbers by the spirits of her departed sisters.]

SHE sleeps !—but not the free and sunny sleep  
 That lightly on the brow of childhood lies :  
 Though happy be her rest, and soft, and deep,  
 Yet, ere it sunk upon her shadow'd eyes,  
 Thoughts of past scenes and kindred graves o'erswept  
 Her soul's meek stillness—she had pray'd and wept.

And now in visions to her couch they come,  
 The early lost—the beautiful—the dead—  
 That unto her bequeath'd a mournful home,  
 Whence with their voices all sweet laughter fled ;  
 They rise—the sisters of her youth arise,

As from the world where no frail  
blossom dies.

And well the sleeper knows them not  
of earth—

Not as they were when binding up  
the flowers,

Telling wild legends round the winter-  
hearth,

Braiding their long fair hair for  
festal hours ;

These things are past—a spiritual  
gleam,

A solemn glory, robes them in that  
dream.

Yet, if the glee of life's fresh budding  
years

In those pure aspects may no more  
be read,

Thence, too, hath sorrow melted—  
and the tears

Which o'er their mother's holy dust  
they shed,

Are all effaced ; there earth hath left  
no sign

Save its deep love, still touching every  
line.

But, oh ! more soft, more tender,  
breathing more

A thought of pity, than in vanish'd  
days :

While, hovering silently and brightly  
o'er

The lone one's head, they meet her  
spirit's gaze

With their immortal eyes, that seem  
to say,

" Yet, sister, yet we love thee—come  
away ! "

'Twill fade, the radiant dream ! And  
will she not

Wake with more painful yearning  
at her heart ?

Will not her home seem yet a lonelier  
spot,

Her task more sad, when those  
bright shadows part ?

And the green summer after them  
look dim,

And sorrow's tone be in the bird's  
wild hymn ?

But let her hope be strong, and let the  
dead

H P.

Visit her soul in heaven's calm  
beauty still,

Be their names utter'd, be their  
memory spread

Yet round the place they never  
more may fill !

All is not over with earth's broken  
tie—

Where, where should sisters love, if  
not on high ?

### A FAREWELL TO ABBOTSFORD

HOME of the gifted ! fare thee well,  
And a blessing on thee rest ;

While the heather waves its purple  
bell

O'er moor and mountain-crest ;

While stream to stream around thee  
calls

And braes with broom are drest,

Glad be the harping in thy halls—  
A blessing on thee rest !

While the high voice from thee sent  
forth

Bids rock and cairn reply,

Wakening the spirits of the North,  
Like a chieftain's gathering cry ;

While its deep master-tones hold  
sway

As a king's o'er every breast,

Home of the Legend and the Lay !  
A blessing on thee rest !

Joy to thy hearth, and board, and  
bower !

Long honours to thy line !

And hearts of proof, and hands of  
power,

And bright names worthy thine !

By the merry step of childhood, still  
May thy free sward be press'd !

—While one proud pulse in the land  
can thrill,

A blessing on thee rest !

### O'CONNOR'S CHILD

[This piece was suggested by a picture in the possession of Mrs. Lawrence, of Wavertree Hall. It represents the "Hero's Child" of Campbell's Poem, seated beside a solitary tomb of rock, marked with a cross, in a wild and desert place. A tempest seems gathering in the angry skies above her, but the attitude of the drooping figure expresses the utter carelessness of desolation, and the countenance speaks of entire abstraction from all external objects. A bow

B B

and quiver lie beside her, amongst the weeds and wild flowers of the desert.]

I fled the home of grief  
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall,  
I found the helmet of my chief,  
His bow still hanging on our wall;  
And took it down, and vow'd to rove  
This desert place a huntress bold;  
Nor would I change my buried love  
For any heart of living mould.

CAMPBELL.

THE sleep of storms is dark upon the  
skies,  
The weight of omens heavy in the  
cloud :—  
Bid the lorn huntress of the desert  
rise,  
And gird the form whose beauty  
grief hath bow'd,  
And leave the tomb, as tombs are  
left—alone,  
To the star's vigil, and the wind's  
wild moan.

Tell her of revelries in bower and hall,  
Where gems are glittering, and  
bright wine is pour'd;  
Where to glad measures chiming  
footsteps fall,  
And soul seems gushing from the  
harp's full chord;  
And richer flowers amid fair tresses  
wave,  
Than the sad "*Love-lies-bleeding*"  
of the grave.

Oh! little know'st thou of the o'er-  
mastering spell,  
Wherewith love binds the spirit  
strong in pain,  
To the spot hallow'd by a wild fare-  
well,  
A parting agony,—intense, yet  
vain,  
A look—and darkness when its gleam  
hath flown,  
A voice—and silence when its words  
are gone!

She hears thee not; her full, deep,  
fervent heart  
Is set in her dark eyes;—and *they*  
are bound  
Unto that cross, that shrine, that  
world apart,  
Where faithful blood hath sanctified  
the ground;

And love with death striven long by  
tear and prayer,  
And anguish frozen into still despair,  
Yet on her spirit hath arisen at last  
A light, a joy, of its own wanderings  
born;  
Around her path a vision's glow is  
cast,  
Back, back her lost one comes in  
hues of morn!<sup>1</sup>  
For her the gulf is fill'd—the dark  
night fled,  
Whose mystery parts the living and  
the dead.

And she can pour forth in such con-  
verse high,  
All her soul's tide of love, the deep,  
the strong,  
Oh! lonelier far, perchance, *thy*  
destiny,  
And more forlorn, amidst the  
world's gay throng,  
Than hers—the queen of that majestic  
gloom,  
The tempest, and the desert, and the  
tomb!

### THE PRAYER FOR LIFE

O SUNSHINE and fair earth!  
Sweet is your kindly mirth,  
Angel of death! yet, yet awhile delay!  
Too sad it is to part,  
Thus in my spring of heart,  
With all the light and laughter of the  
day.

For me the falling leaf  
Touches no chord of grief,  
No dark void in the rose's bosom  
lies:  
Not one triumphal tone,  
One hue of hope, is gone  
From song or bloom beneath the  
summer skies.

Death, Death! ere yet decay,  
Call me not hence away,  
Over the golden hours no shade is  
thrown;  
The rosy that dwells  
Deep in green woods and dells,  
Still to my spirit speaks of joy alone.

<sup>1</sup> "A son of light, a lovely form,  
He comes, and makes her glad."

CAMPBELL.

Yet not for this, O Death !  
 Not for the vernal breath  
 Of winds that shake forth music from  
 the trees ;  
 Not for the splendour given  
 To night's dark regal heaven,  
 Spoiler ! I ask thee not reprieve for  
 these.

But for the happy love  
 Whose light, where'er I rove,  
 Kindles all nature to a sudden smile,  
 Shedding on branch and flower  
 A rainbow-tinted shower  
 Of richer life—spare, spare me yet  
 awhile,

Too soon, too fast thou'rt come !  
 Too beautiful is home,  
 A home of gentle voices and kind  
 eyes !  
 And I the loved of all,  
 On whom fond blessings fall  
 From every lip—oh ! wilt thou rend  
 such ties ?

Sweet sisters ! weave a chain  
 My spirit to detain ;  
 Hold me to earth with strong affec-  
 tion back ;  
 Bind me with mighty love  
 Unto the stream, the grove,  
 Our daily paths—our life's familiar  
 track.

Stay with me ! gird me round !  
 Your voices bear a sound  
 Of hope—a light comes with you and  
 departs ;  
 Hush, my soul's boding swell  
 That murmurs of farewell ;  
 How can I leave this ring of kindest  
 hearts ?

Death ! grave !—and are there  
 those  
 That woo your dark repose  
 'Midst the rich beauty of the glowing  
 earth ?  
 Surely about them lies  
 No world of loving eyes—  
 Leave me, oh ! leave me unto home  
 and hearth !

#### THE WELCOME TO DEATH

Thou art welcome, O thou warning  
 voice !

My soul hath pined for thee ;  
 Thou art welcome as sweet sounds  
 from shore  
 To wanderer on the sea.  
 I hear thee in the rustling woods,  
 In the sighing vernal airs ;  
 Thou call'st me from the lonely earth,  
 With a deeper tone than theirs.

The lonely earth ! Since kindred steps  
 From its green paths are fled,  
 A dimness and a hush have lain  
 O'er all its beauty spread.  
 The silence of the unanswering soul  
 Is on me and around ;  
 My heart hath echoes but for *thee*,  
 Thou still, small, warning sound !

Voice after voice hath died away,  
 Once in my dwelling heard :  
 Sweet household - name by name  
 hath changed  
 To grief's forbidden word !  
 From dreams of night on each I call,  
 Each of the far removed ;  
 And waken to my own wild cry—  
 " Where are ye, my beloved ? "

Ye left me ! and earth's flowers were  
 dim  
 With records of the past :  
 And stars pour'd down another light  
 Than o'er my youth they cast :  
 Birds will not sing as once they sung,  
 When ye were at my side,  
 And mournful tones are in the wind,  
 Which I heard not till ye died !

Thou art welcome, O thou summoner !  
 Why should the last remain ?  
 What eye can reach my heart of  
 hearts,  
 Bearing in light again ?  
 E'en could this be, too much of fear  
 O'er love would now be thrown—  
 Away, away ! from time, from change,  
 Once more to meet my own !

#### THE VICTOR

De tout ce qui t'aimoit n'est-il plus rien qui  
 t'aime ?—LAMARTINE.

MIGHTY ones, Love and Death !  
 Ye are the strong in this world of  
 ours,  
 Ye meet at the banquets, ye dwell  
 'midst the flowers,

—Which hath the conqueror's  
wreath ?

*Thou* art the victor, Love !  
*Thou* art the fearless, the crown'd,  
the free,  
The strength of the battle is given to  
thee,  
The spirit from above !

Thou hast look'd on Death, and  
smiled !  
Thou hast borne up the reedlike and  
fragile form,  
Thro' the waves of the fight, thro'  
the rush of the storm,  
On, field, and flood, and wild !

No !—*Thou* art the victor, Death !  
Thou comest, and where is that which  
spoke,  
From the depths of the eye, when the  
spirit woke ?  
—Gone with the fleeting breath !

Thou comest—and what is left  
Of all that loved us, to say if aught  
*Yet loves*—yet answers the burning  
thought  
Of the spirit lone and left ?

Silence is where thou art !  
Silently there must kindred meet,  
No smile to cheer, and no voice to  
greet,  
No bounding of heart to heart !

Boast not thy victory, Death !  
It is but as the cloud's o'er the sun-  
beam's power,  
It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and  
flower,  
That slumber, the snow beneath.

It is but as a tyrant's reign  
O'er the voice and the lip which he  
bids be still  
But the fiery thought and the lofty  
will,  
Are not for him to chain !

They shall soar his might above !  
And thus with the root whence  
affection springs,  
Though buried, it is not of mortal  
things—  
*Thou* art the victor, Love !

## LINES WRITTEN FOR THE ALBUM AT ROSANNA<sup>1</sup>

Oh ! lightly tread through these deep  
chestnut-bowers  
Where a sweet spirit once in beauty  
moved !  
And touch with reverent hand these  
leaves and flowers,  
Fair things, which well a gentle  
heart hath loved !  
A gentle heart, of love and grief the  
abode,  
Whence the bright stream of song  
in teardrops flow'd.  
And bid its memory sanctify the  
scene !  
And let the ideal presence of the  
dead  
float round, and touch the woods  
with softer green,  
And o'er the streams a charm, like  
moonlight, shed ;  
Through the soul's depths in holy  
silence felt—  
A spell to raise, to chasten, and to  
melt !

## THE VOICE OF THE WAVES

WRITTEN NEAR THE SCENE OF A  
RECENT SHIPWRECK

How perfect was the calm ! It seem'd no sleep,  
No mood which season takes away or brings,  
I could have fancied that the mighty deep  
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

\* \* \* \* \*  
But welcome fortitude and patient cheer,  
And frequent sights of what is to be borne.  
WORDSWORTH.

ANSWER, ye chiming waves !  
That now in sunshine sweep ;  
Speak to me from thy hidden caves,  
Voice of the solemn deep !

Hath man's lone spirit here  
With storms in battle striven ?  
Where all is now so calmly clear,  
Hath anguish cried to heaven ?

—Then the sea's voice arose,  
Like an earthquake's undertone :  
“ Mortal, the strife of human woes  
Where hath not nature known ?

<sup>1</sup> A beautiful place in the county of Wicklow,  
formerly the abode of the authoress of *Psyche*.

" Here to the quivering mast  
Despair hath wildly clung,  
The shriek upon the wind hath pass'd,  
The midnight sky hath rung.

" And the youthful and the brave,  
With their beauty and renown,  
To the hollow chambers of the woe  
In darkness have gone down.

" They are vanish'd from their  
place—  
Let their homes and hearths make  
moan !  
But the rolling waters keep no  
trace  
Of pang or conflict gone."

—Alas ! thou haughty deep !  
The strong, the sounding far !  
My heart before thee dies,—I weep  
To think on what we are !

To think that so we pass,  
High hope, and thought, and  
mind,  
Even as the breath-stain from the  
glass,  
Leaving no sign behind !

Saw'st thou nought else, thou main ?  
Thou and the midnight sky ?  
Nought save the struggle, brief and  
vain,  
The parting agony !

—And the sea's voice replied,  
" Here nobler things have been !  
Power with the valiant when they  
died,  
To sanctify the scene :

" Courage, in fragile form,  
Faith, trusting to the last,  
Prayer, breathing heavenwards thro'  
the storm,  
But all alike have pass'd."

Sound on, thou haughty sea !  
These have not pass'd in vain ;  
My soul awakes, my hope springs  
free  
On victor wings again.

Thou, from thine empire driven,  
Mayst vanish with thy powers ;  
But, by the hearts that here have  
striven,  
A loftier doom is ours !

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE

I seem like one who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,  
And all but me departed. MOORE.

SEE'ST thou yon grey gleaming hall,  
Where the deep elm-shadows fall ?  
Voices that have left the earth

Long ago,  
Still are murmuring round its hearth,  
Soft and low :

Ever there ;—yet one alone  
Hath the gift to hear their tone.  
Guests come thither, and depart,  
Free of step, and light of heart ;  
Children, with sweet visions bless'd,  
In the haunted chambers rest ;  
One alone unslumbering lies  
When the night hath seal'd all eyes,  
One quick heart and watchful ear,  
Listening for those whispers clear.

See'st thou where the woodbine  
flowers

O'er yon low porch hang in showers ?  
Startling faces of the dead,

Pale, yet sweet,  
One lone woman's entering tread  
There still meet !

Some with young, smooth foreheads  
fair,

Faintly shining through bright hair ;  
Some with reverend locks of snow—  
All, all buried long ago !

All, from under deep sea-waves,  
Or the flowers of foreign graves,  
Or the old and banner'd aisle,  
Where their high tombs gleam the  
while ;

Rising, wandering, floating by,  
Suddenly and silently,  
Through their earthly home and  
place,  
But amidst another race.

Wherefore, unto one alone,  
Are those sounds and visions known ?  
Wherefore hath that spell of power  
Dark and dread,

On *her* soul, a baleful dower,  
Thus been shed ?

Oh ! in those deep-seeing eyes,  
No strange gift of mystery lies !  
She is lone where once she moved,  
Fair, and happy, and beloved !  
Sunny smiles were glancing round her,



Tendrils of kind hearts had bound  
her.

Now those silver chords are broken,  
Those bright looks have left no token ;  
Not one trace on all the earth,  
Save her memory of their mirth.

She is lone and lingering now,  
Dreams have gather'd o'er her  
brow,

'Midst gay songs and children's play,  
She is dwelling far away,  
Seeing what none else may see—  
Haunted still her place must be !

### THE SHEPHERD-POET OF THE ALPS

God gave him reverence of laws,  
Yet stirring blood in freedom's cause—  
A spirit to his rocks akin,  
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein !  
COLLRIDGE.

SINGING of the free blue sky,  
And the wild-flower glens that lie  
Far amidst the ancient hills,  
Which the fountain-music fills ;  
Singing of the snow peaks bright,  
And the royal eagle's flight,  
And the courage and the grace  
Foster'd by the chamois-chase ;  
In his fetters, day by day,  
So the Shepherd-poet lay,  
Wherefore, from a dungeon-cell  
Did those notes of freedom swell,  
Breathing sadness not their own,  
Forth with every Alpine tone ?  
Wherefore !—can a tyrant's ear  
Brook the mountain winds to hear,  
When each blast goes pealing by  
With a song of liberty ?

Darkly hung th' oppressor's hand  
O'er the Shepherd-poet's land ;  
Sounding there the waters gush'd,  
While the lip of man was hush'd ;  
There the falcon pierced the cloud,  
While the fiery heart was bow'd.  
But this might not long endure,  
Where the mountain homes were  
pure ;

And a valiant voice arose,  
Thrilling all the silent snows ;  
His—now singing far and lone,  
Where the young breeze ne'er was  
known ;

Singing of the glad blue sky,  
Wildly—and how mournfully !

Are none but the wind and the  
lammergeier

To be free where the hills unto  
heaven aspire ?

Is the soul of song from the deep  
glens past,

Now that their poet is chain'd at  
last ?—

Think of the mountains, and deem  
not so !

Soon shall each blast like a clarion  
blow !

Yes ! though forbidden be every  
word

Wherewith that spirit the Alps hath  
stirr'd,

Yet even as a buried stream through  
earth

Rolls on to another and brighter  
birth,

So shall the voice that hath seem'd  
to die,

Burst forth with the anthem of  
liberty !

And another power is moving  
In a bosom fondly loving.—

Oh ! a sister's heart is deep,  
And her spirit strong to keep  
Each light link of early hours,  
All sweet scents of childhood's  
flowers !

Thus each lay of Erni sung,  
Rocks and crystal caves among,  
Or beneath the linden leaves,  
Or the cabin's vine-hung eaves,  
Rapid though as bird-notes gush-  
ing,

Transient as a wan cheek's flushing,  
Each in young Teresa's breast

Left its fiery words impress'd ;  
Treasured there lay every line,

As a rich book on a hidden shrine.  
Fair was that lone girl, and meek,

With a pale, transparent cheek,  
And a deep-fringed violet eye

Seeking in sweet shade to lie,  
Or, if raised to glance above,

Dim with its own dew of love ;  
And a pure Madonna brow,

And a s'very voice, and low,  
Like the echo of a flute,

Even the last, ere all be mute.  
But a loftier soul was seen

In the orphan sister's mien.  
From that hour when chains defiled

Him, the high Alps' noble child.  
 Tones in her quivering voice awoke,  
 As if a harp of battle spoke ;  
 Light, that seem'd born of an eagle's  
     nest,  
 Flash'd from her soft eyes un-  
     press'd ;  
 And her form, like a spreading  
     water-flower,  
 When its frail cup swells with a  
     sudden shower,  
 Seem'd all dilated with love and  
     pride,  
 And grief for that brother, her  
     young heart's guide.  
 Well might they love !—those two  
     had grown  
 Orphans together and alone :  
 The silence of the Alpine sky  
 Had hush'd their hearts to piety ;  
 The turf, o'er their dead mother  
     laid,  
 Had been their altar when they  
     pray'd ;  
 There, more in tenderness than woe,  
 The stars had seen their young  
     tears flow ;  
 The clouds, in spiritlike descent,  
 Their deep thoughts by one touch  
     had blent,  
 And the wild storms link'd them to  
     each other—  
 How dear can peril make a brother !

Now is their hearth a forsaken spot,  
 The vine waves unpruned o'er their  
     mountain cot  
 Away, in that holy affection's might,  
 The maiden is gone, like a breeze of  
     the night ;—  
 She is gone forth alone, but her  
     lighted face,  
 Filling with soul every secret place,  
 Hath a dower from Heaven, and a  
     gift of sway,  
 To arouse brave hearts in its hidden  
     way,  
 Like the sudden flinging forth on  
     high  
 Of a banner, that startleth silently !  
 She hath wander'd through many a  
     hamlet-vale,  
 Telling its children her brother's  
     tale ;  
 And the strains, by his spirit pour'd  
     away,

Freely as fountains might shower  
     their spray,  
 From her fervent lip a new life have  
     caught,  
 And a power to kindle yet bolder  
     thought ;  
 While sometimes a melody, all her  
     own,  
 Like a gush of tears in its plaintive  
     tone,  
 May be heard 'midst the lonely  
     rocks to flow,  
 Clear through the water-chimes—  
     clear, yet low.

" Thou'rt not where wild flowers  
     wave  
 O'er crag and sparry cave ;  
 Thou'rt not where pines are sound-  
     ing,  
 Or joyous torrents bounding—  
     Alas, my brother !

" Thou'rt not where green, on high,  
 The brighter pastures lie ;  
 Ev'n those, thine own wild places,  
 Bear of our chain dark traces :  
     Alas, my brother !

" Far hath the sunbeam spread,  
 Nor found thy lonely bed ;  
 Long hath the fresh wind sought  
     thee,  
 Nor one sweet whisper brought  
     thee—  
     Alas, my brother !

" Thou, that for joy wert born,  
 Free as the wings of morn !  
 Will aught thy young life cherish,  
 Where the Alpine rose would  
     perish ?—  
     Alas, my brother !

" Canst thou be singing still,  
 As once on every hill ?  
 Is not thy soul forsaken,  
 And the bright gift from thee  
     taken ?—  
     Alas, alas, my brother ! "

And *was* the bright gift from the  
     captive fled ?  
 Like the fire on his hearth, was his  
     spirit dead ?  
 Not so !—but as rooted in stillness  
     deep,

The pure stream-lily its place will keep,  
 Though its tearful urns to the blast may quiver,  
 While the red waves rush down the foaming river  
 So freedom's faith in his bosom lay,  
 Trembling, yet not to be borne away!  
 He thought of the Alps and their breezy air,  
 And felt that his country no chains might bear;  
 He thought of the hunter's haughty life,  
 And knew there must yet be noble strife;  
 But, oh! when he thought of that orphan maid,  
 His high heart melted—he wept and pray'd!  
 For he saw her not as she moved e'en then,  
 A waker of heroes in every glen,  
 With a glance inspired which no grief could tame,  
 Bearing on Hope like a torch's flame,  
 While the strengthening voice of mighty wrongs  
 Gave echoes back to her thrilling songs;  
 But his dreams were fill'd by a haunting tone,  
 Sad as a sleeping infant's moan;  
 And his soul was pierced by a mournful eye,  
 Which look'd on it—oh! how beseechingly! [form,  
 And there floated past him a fragile  
 With a willowy droop, as beneath the storm;  
 Till wakening in anguish, his faint heart strove  
 In vain with its burden of helpless love!  
 —Thus woke the dreamer one weary night—  
 There flash'd thro' his dungeon a swift strong light;  
 He sprang up—he climbed to the grating-bars.  
 —It was not the rising of moon or stars,  
 But a signal flame from a peak of snow,  
 Rock'd through the dark skies to and fro!  
 There shot forth another—another still—  
 A hundred answers of hill to hill!  
 Tossing like pines in the tempest's way,  
 Joyously, wildly, the bright spires play,  
 And each is hail'd with a pealing shout,  
 For the high Alps waving their banners out!  
 Erni, young Erni! the land hath risen!  
 —Alas! to be lone in thy narrow prison!  
 Those free streamers glancing, and thou not there!  
 —Is the moment of rapture, or fierce despair?  
 —Hark! there's a tumult that shakes his cell,  
 At the gates of the mountain citadel!  
 Hark! a clear voice through the rude sounds ringing!  
 Doth he know the strain, and the wild, sweet singing?  
 “There may not long be fetters,  
 Where the cloud is earth's array,  
 And the bright floods leap from cave and steep,  
 Like a hunter on the prey!”  
 “There may not long be fetters,  
 Where the white Alps have their towers:  
 Unto eagle-homes, if the arrow comes,  
 The chain is not for ours!”  
 It is she!—She is come like a day-spring beam,  
 She that so mournfully shadow'd his dream!  
 With her shining eyes and her buoyant form,  
 She is come! her tears on his cheek are warm;  
 And oh! the thrill in that weeping voice!  
 “My brother, my brother! come forth, rejoice!”  
 —Poet! the land of thy love is free,  
 —Sister! thy brother is won by thee!

## TO THE MOUNTAIN WINDS

—How divine  
The liberty, for frail, for mortal man,  
To roam at large among unpeopled glens,  
And mountainous retirements, only trod  
By devious footsteps!—Regions consecrate  
To oldest time! And reckless of the storm  
That keeps the raven quiet in his nest,  
Be as a presence or a motion—one  
Among the many there.—WORDSWORTH.

MOUNTAIN winds! oh! whither do  
ye call me?

Vainly, vainly would my steps  
pursue!

Chains of care to lower earth enthrall  
me,

Wherefore thus my weary spirit  
woo?

Oh! the strife of this divided being!  
Is there peace where ye are born on  
high?

Could we soar to your proud eyries  
fleeing,

In our hearts would haunting  
memories die?

Those wild places are not as a dwell-  
ing

Whence the footsteps of the loved  
are gone!

Never from those rocky hills came  
swelling

Voice of kindness in familiar tone!

Surely music of oblivion sweepeth  
In the pathway of your wanderings  
free;

And the torrent, wildly as it leapeth,  
Sings of no lost home amidst its  
glee.

There the rushing of the falcon's  
pinion

Is not from some hidden pang to  
fly;

All things breathe of power and stern  
dominion—

Not of hearts that in vain yearn-  
ings die.

Mountain winds! oh! is it, is it only  
Where man's trace hath been  
that so we pine!

Bear me up, to grow in thought less  
lonely,

Even at nature's deepest, loneliest  
shrine!

Wild, and mighty, and mysterious  
singers!

At whose tone my heart within me  
burns;

Bear me where the last red sunbeam  
lingers,

Where the waters have their secret  
urns!

There to commune with a loftier  
spirit

Than the troubling shadows of  
regret;

There the wings of freedom to in-  
herit,

Where the enduring and the wing'd  
are met.

Hush, proud voices! gentle be your  
falling!

Woman's lot thus chainless may  
not be;

Hush! the heart your trumpet  
sounds are calling,

Darkly still may grow—but never  
free!

## THE PROCESSION

"The peace which passeth all understanding,"  
disclosed itself in her looks and movements. It  
lay on her countenance like a steady unshadowed  
moonlight.—COLERIDGE.

THERE were trampling sounds of  
many feet,

And music rush'd through the  
crowded street;

Proud music, such as tells the sky  
Of a chief return'd from victory.

There were banners to the winds  
unroll'd,

With haughty words on each blazon'd  
fold;

High battle-names, which had rung  
of yore,

When lances clash'd on the Syrian  
shore.

Borne from their dwellings, green  
and lone,

There were flowers of the woods on  
the pathway strown;

And wheels that crush'd as they  
swept along,

Oh! what doth the violet amidst the  
throng?

I saw where a bright procession  
 pass'd  
 The gates of a minster old and vast ;  
 And a king to his crowning-place  
 was led,  
 Through a sculptured line of the  
 warrior dead.

I saw, far gleaming, the long array  
 Of trophies, on those high tombs  
 that lay,  
 And the colour'd light, that wrapp'd  
 them all,  
 Rich, deep, and sad, as a royal pall.

But a lowlier grave soon won mine  
 eye  
 Away from the ancestral pageantry :  
 A grave by the lordly minster's gate,  
 Unhonour'd, and yet not desolate.

It was a dewy greensward bed,  
 Meet for the rest of a peasant head ;  
 But Love—oh ! lovelier than all  
 beside !—  
 That lone place guarded and glorified.

For a gentle form stood watching  
 there,  
 Young—but how sorrowfully fair !  
 Keeping the flowers of the holy spot,  
 That reckless feet might profane  
 them not.

Clear, pale and clear, was the tender  
 cheek,  
 And her eye, though tearful, serenely  
 meek ;  
 And I deem'd, by its lifted gaze of  
 love,  
 That her sad heart's treasure was all  
 above.

For alone she seem'd 'midst the  
 throng to be,  
 Like a bird of the waves far away  
 at sea ;  
 Alone, in a mourner's vest array'd,  
 And with folded hands, e'en as if  
 she pray'd.

It faded before me, that mask of  
 pride,  
 The haughty swell of the music died ;  
 Banner, and armour, and tossing  
 plume,  
 All melted away in the twilight's  
 gloom.

But that orphan form, with its  
 willowy grace,  
 And the speaking prayer in that  
 pale, calm face,  
 Still, still o'er my thoughts in the  
 night-hour glide—  
 —Oh ! Love is lovelier than all be-  
 side.

### THE BROKEN LUTE

When the lamp is shatter'd,  
 The light in the dust lies dead ;  
 When the cloud is scatter'd,  
 The rainbow's glory is shed.  
 When the lute is broken,  
 Sweet sounds are remember'd not ;  
 When the words are spoken,  
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour  
 Survive not the lamp and lute,  
 The heart's echoes render  
 No song when the spirit is mute.

SHELLEY.

SHE dwelt in proud Venetian halls,  
 'Midst forms that breathed from  
 the pictured walls ;  
 But a glow of beauty like her own,  
 There had no dream of the painter  
 thrown.  
 Lit from within was her noble brow,  
 As an urn, whence rays from a  
 lamp may flow ;  
 Her young, clear cheek, had a change-  
 ful hue,  
 As if ye might see how the soul  
 wrought through ;  
 And every flash of her fervent eye  
 Seem'd the bright wakening of  
 Poesy.

Even thus it was ! From her child-  
 hood's years—  
 A being of sudden smiles and tears—  
 Passionate visions, quick light and  
 shade,  
 Such was that high-born Italian  
 maid !  
 And the spirit of song in her bosom-  
 cell,  
 Dwelt, as the odours in violets dwell,  
 Or as the sounds in Æolian strings—  
 Or in aspen leaves the quiverings ;  
 There, ever there, with the life en-  
 shrined,  
 Waiting the call of the faintest  
 wind.

Oft, on the wave of the Adrian  
 sea,  
 In the city's hour of moonlight  
 glee,  
 Oft would that gift of the Southern  
 sky  
 O'erflow from her lips in melody ;  
 Oft amid festal halls it came,  
 Like the springing forth of a sudden  
 flame—  
 Till the dance was hush'd, and the  
 silvery tone  
 Of her inspiration was heard alone.  
 And fame went with her, the bright,  
 the crown'd,  
 And music floated her steps around ;  
 And every lay of her soul was borne  
 Through the sunny land, as on wings  
 of morn.

And was the daughter of Venice  
 blest  
 With a power so deep in her youthful  
 breast ?  
 Could she be happy, o'er whose  
 dark eye  
 So many changes and dreams went  
 by ?  
 And in whose cheek the swift crimson  
 wrought  
 As if but born from the rush of  
 thought ?  
 Yes ! in the brightness of joy awhile  
 She moved as a bark in the sun-  
 beam's smile ;  
 For her spirit, as over her lyre's  
 full chord,  
 All, all on a happy love was pour'd !  
 How loves a heart, whence the stream  
 of song  
 Flows, like the life-blood, quick,  
 bright, and strong !  
 How loves a heart, which hath never  
 proved  
 One breath of the world ?—Even so  
 she loved !  
 Bless'd, though the lord of her soul  
 afar,  
 Was charging the foremost in Mos-  
 lem war—  
 Bearing the flag of St. Mark's on high,  
 As a ruling star in the Grecian sky  
 Proud music breathed in her song,  
 when fame  
 Gave a tone more thrilling to his  
 name ;

And her trust in his love was a  
 woman's faith—  
 Perfect, and fearing no change but  
 death.

But the fields are won from the  
 Othman host,  
 In the land that quell'd the Persian's  
 boast,  
 And a thousand hearts in Venice  
 burn,  
 For the day of triumph and return !  
 The day is come ! the flashing deep  
 Foams where the galleys of victory  
 sweep ;  
 And the sceptred city of the wave,  
 With her festal splendour greets  
 the brave ;  
 Cymbal and clarion, and voice, around,  
 Make the air one stream of exulting  
 sound,  
 While the beautiful, with their sunny  
 smiles,  
 Look from each hall of the hundred  
 isles.

But happiest and brightest that  
 day of all,  
 Robed for her warrior's festival,  
 Moving a queen 'midst the radiant  
 throng,  
 Was she, the inspired one, the maid  
 of song !  
 The lute he loved on her arm she  
 bore,  
 As she rush'd in her joy to the  
 crowded shore ;  
 With a hue on her cheek like the  
 damask glow  
 By the sunset given unto mountain  
 snow,  
 And her eye all fill'd with the spirit's  
 play,  
 Like the flash of a gem to the change-  
 ful day,  
 And her long hair waving in ringlets  
 bright—  
 So came that being of hope and  
 light !  
 —One moment, Erminia ! one mo-  
 ment more,  
 And life, all the beauty of life, is o'er !  
 The bark of her lover hath touch'd  
 the strand—  
 Whom leads he forth with a gentle  
 hand ?

—A young fair form, whose nymph-like grace  
 Accorded well with the Grecian face,  
 And the eye, in its clear, soft darkness meek,  
 And the lashes that droop'd o'er a pale rose cheek ;  
 And he look'd on that beauty with tender pride—  
 The warrior hath brought back an Eastern bride !

But how stood she, the forsaken, there,  
 Struck by the lightning of swift despair ?  
 Still, as amazed with grief, she stood,  
 And her cheek to her heart sent back the blood,  
 And there came from her quivering lip no word,  
 Only the fall of her lute was heard,  
 As it dropp'd from her hand at her rival's feet,  
 Into fragments, whose dying thrill was sweet !

What more remaineth ? her day was done ;  
 Her fate and the Broken Lute's were one !  
 The light, the vision, the gift of power,  
 Pass'd from her soul in that mortal hour,  
 Like the rich sound from the shatter'd string,  
 Whence the gush of sweetness no more might spring !  
 As an eagle struck in his upward flight,  
 So was her hope from its radiant height,  
 And her song went with it for evermore,  
 A gladness taken from sea and shore !  
 She had moved to the echoing sound of fame—  
 Silently, silently, died her name !  
 Silently melted her life away,  
 As ye have seen a young flower decay,  
 Or a lamp that hath swiftly burn'd expire,

Or a bright stream shrink from the summer's fire,  
 Leaving its channel all dry and mute—  
 Woe for the Broken Heart and Lute !

## THE BURIAL IN THE DESERT

How weeps yon gallant band  
 O'er him their valour could not save !  
 For the bayonet is red with gore,  
 And he, the beautiful and brave,  
 Now sleeps in Egypt's sand.—WILSON

IN the shadow of the Pyramid  
 Our brother's grave we made,  
 When the battle-day was done,  
 And the desert's parting sun  
 A field of death survey'd.

The blood-red sky above us  
 Was darkening into night,  
 And the Arab watching silently  
 Our sad and hurried rite.

The voice of Egypt's river  
 Came hollow and profound,  
 And one lone palm tree, where we stood,  
 Rock'd with a shivery sound :

While the shadow of the Pyramid  
 Hung o'er the grave we made  
 When the battle-day was done,  
 And the desert's parting sun  
 A field of death survey'd.

The fathers of our brother  
 Were borne to knightly tombs,  
 With torchlight and with anthem-note,  
 And many waving plumes :

But he, the last and noblest  
 Of that high Norman race,  
 With a few brief words of soldier-love  
 Was gather'd to his place ;

In the shadow of the Pyramid,  
 Where his youthful form we laid,  
 When the battle-day was done,  
 And the desert's parting sun  
 A field of death survey'd.

But let him, let him slumber  
 By the old Egyptian wave !

It is well with those who bear their  
fame

Unsullied to the grave!

When brightest names are breathed  
on,

When loftiest fall so fast,  
We would not call our brother back  
On dark days to be cast,—

From the shadow of the Pyramid,

Where his noble heart we laid,

When the battle-day was done,

And the desert's parting sun

A field of death survey'd.

### TO A PICTURE OF THE MADONNA

Ave Maria! May our spirits dare  
Look up to thine, and to thy Son's above?  
BYRON.

FAIR vision! thou'rt from sunny  
skies,

Born where the rose hath richest  
dyes;

To thee a Southern heart hath given  
That glow of love, that calm of  
heaven,

And round thee cast the ideal gleam,  
The light that is but of a dream.

Far hence, where wandering music  
fills

The haunted air of Roman hills,  
Or where Venetian waves of yore  
Heard melodies, they hear no more,  
Some proud old minster's gorgeous  
aisle

Hath known the sweetness of thy  
smile.

Or haply, from a lone, dim shrine,  
'Mid forests of the Apennine,  
Whose breezy sounds of cave and  
dell

Pass like a floating anthem-swell,  
Thy soft eyes o'er the pilgrims' way  
Shed blessings with their gentle ray.

Or gleaming through a chestnut  
wood,

Perchance thine island-chapel stood,

Where from the blue Sicilian sea,

The sailor's hymn hath risen to thee,

And bless'd thy power to guide, to  
save,

Madonna! watcher of the wave!

Oh! might a voice, a whisper low,  
Forth from those lips of beauty  
flow!

Couldst thou but speak of all the  
tears,

The conflicts, and the pangs of  
years,

Which, at thy secret shrine reveal'd,  
Have gush'd from human hearts  
unseal'd!

Surely to thee hath woman come,

As a tired wanderer back to home!

Unveiling many a timid guest,

And treasured sorrow of her breast,

A buried love—a wasting care—

Oh! did those griefs win peace from  
prayer!

And did the poet's fervid soul

To thee lay bare its inmost scroll?

Those thoughts, which pour'd their  
quenchless fire

And passion o'er th' Italian lyre,

Did they to still submission die

Beneath thy calm, religious eye?

And hath the crested helmet bow'd

Before thee, 'midst the incense-  
cloud?

Hath the crown'd leader's bosom lone,  
To thee its haughty griefs made  
known?

Did thy glance break their frozen  
sleep,

And win the unconquer'd one to  
weep?

Hush'd is the anthem—closed the  
vow—

The votive garland wither'd now;

Yet holy still to me thou art,

Thou that hath sooth'd so many a  
heart!

And still must blessed influence flow

From the meek glory of thy brow.

Still speak to suffering woman's love,

Of rest for gentle hearts above;

Of hope, that hath its treasure  
there,

Of home, that knows no changeful air!

Bright form, lit up with thoughts  
divine,

Ave! such power be ever thine!



## A THOUGHT OF THE ROSE

How much of memory dwells amidst  
thy bloom,  
Rose ! ever wearing beauty for thy  
dower !

The bridal-day—the festival—the  
tomb—  
Thou hast thy part in each, thou  
statehest flower !

Therefore with thy soft breath come  
floating by  
A thousand images of love and  
grief,  
Dreams, fill'd with tokens of mortality,  
Deep thoughts of all things beautiful  
and brief.

Not such thy spells o'er those that  
hail'd thee first,  
In the clear light of Eden's golden  
day !

There thy rich leaves to crimson  
glory burst,  
Link'd with no dim remembrance  
of decay.

Rose ! for the banquet gather'd,  
and the bier ;  
Rose ! colour'd now by human  
hope and pain ;  
Surely where death is not—nor  
change, nor fear,  
Yet may we meet thee, joy's  
own flower again !

## DREAMS OF HEAVEN

We colour Heaven with our own human  
thoughts,  
Our vain aspirings, fond remembrances,  
Our passionate love, that seems unto itself  
An Immortality.

DREAM'ST *thou* of Heaven ? What  
dreams are thine ?  
Fair child, fair gladsome child ?  
With eyes that like the dewdrop  
shine,  
And bounding footsteps wild !

Tell me what hues the immortal  
shore  
Can wear, my bird ! to thee ?  
Ere yet one shadow hath pass'd o'er  
Thy glance and spirit free ?

" Oh ! beautiful is Heaven, and  
bright  
With long, long summer days ;  
I see its lilies gleam in light,  
Where many a fountain plays.

" And there, uncheck'd, methinks, I  
rove,  
And seek where young flowers lie,  
In vale and golden-fruited grove—  
Flowers that are not to die ! "

Thou poet of the lonely thought,  
Sad heir of gifts divine !  
Say with what solemn glory fraught,  
Is heaven in dreams of thine ?

" Oh ! where the living waters flow  
Along that radiant shore,  
My soul, a wanderer here, shall know,  
The exile thirst no more.

" The burden of the stranger's heart  
Which here alone I bear,  
Like the night-shadow shall depart,  
With my first wakening *there*.

" And borne on eagle wings afar,  
Free thought shall claim its dower,  
From every realm, from every star,  
Of glory and of power."

O woman ! with the soft sad eye,  
Of spiritual gleam,  
Tell me of those bright worlds on  
high,  
How doth *thy* fond heart dream ?

By the sweet mournful voice I know,  
On thy pale brow I see,  
That thou hast loved, in fear, and  
woe—  
Say what is Heaven to thee ?

" Oh ! Heaven is where no secret  
dread  
May haunt love's meeting hour,  
Where from the past no gloom is  
shed  
O'er the heart's chosen bower :

" Where every sever'd wreath is  
bound—  
Where none has heard the knell  
That smites the heart with that deep  
sound—  
*Farewell—beloved, farewell ! "*

THE WISH

COME to me, when my soul  
Hath but a few dim hours to linger  
here ;  
When earthly chains are as a  
shrivelled scroll,  
Oh ! let me feel thy presence ! be  
but near !

That I may look once more  
Into thine eyes, which never changed  
for me ;  
That I may speak to thee of that  
bright shore,  
Where, with our treasure, we have  
longed to be.

Thou friend of many days !  
Of sadness and of joy, of home and  
hearth !  
Will not thy spirit aid me then to  
raise  
The trembling pinions of my hope  
from earth ?

By every solemn thought  
Which on our hearts hath sunk in  
days gone by,  
From the deep voices of the moun-  
tains caught,  
O'er all the adoring silence of the  
sky ;

By every lofty theme  
Whereon, in low-toned reverence we  
have spoken,  
By our communion in each fervent  
dream  
That sought from realms beyond the  
grave a token ;

And by our tears for those  
Whose loss hath touch'd our world  
with hues of death ;  
And by the hopes that with their  
dust repose,  
As flowers await the south wind's  
vernal breath .

Come to me in that day—  
The one—the sever'd from all days—  
O friend !  
Even then, if human thought may  
then have sway,  
My soul with thine shall yet rejoice to  
blend.

Nor then, nor *there* alone :  
I ask my heart if all indeed must die ;  
All that of holiest feelings it hath  
known ?  
And my heart's voice replies—  
Eternity !

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING A  
TOMB

NEAR WOODSTOCK, IN THE COUNTY OF  
KILKENNY

Yes ! hide beneath the mouldering heap,  
The undelighted, slighted thing :  
There in the cold earth, buried deep,  
In silence let it wait the Spring.  
*MRS. TIGHE'S Poem on the Lily.*

I stood where the lip of song lay  
low,  
Where the dust had gather'd on  
Beauty's brow ;  
Where stillness hung on the heart of  
Love,  
And a marble weeper kept watch  
above.

I stood in the silence of lonely  
thought,  
Of deep affections that inly wrought,  
Troubled, and dreamy, and dim with  
tear—  
They knew themselves exiled spirits  
here !

Then didst *thou* pass me in radiance  
by,  
Child of the sunbeam, bright butter-  
fly !  
Thou that dost bear, on thy fairy  
wings,  
No burden of mortal sufferings.

Thou wert flitting past that solemn  
tomb,  
Over a bright world of joy and bloom ;  
And strangely I felt, as I saw thee  
shine,  
The all that sever'd *thy* life and *mine*.

*Mine*, with its inborn mysterious  
things  
Of love and grief its unfathom'd  
springs ;  
And quick thoughts wandering o'er  
earth and sky,  
With voices to question eternity !

*Thine*, in its reckless and joyous way,  
Like an embodied breeze at play!  
Child of the sunlight!—thou wing'd  
and free!

One moment, *one* moment, I envied  
thee!

Thou art not lonely, though born to  
roam,

Thou hast no longings that pine for  
home;

Thou seek'st not the haunts of the  
bee and bird,

To fly from the sickness of hope  
deferr'd:

In thy brief being no strife of mind,  
No boundless passion, is deeply  
shrined;

While I, as I gazed on thy swift  
flight by,  
One hour of my soul seem'd infinity!

And she, that voiceless below me  
slept,

Flow'd not her song from a heart that  
wept?

—O Love and Song! though of  
Heaven your powers,

Dark is your fate in this world of  
ours.

Yet, ere I turn'd from that silent  
place,

Or ceased from watching thy sunny  
race,

Thou, even thou, on those glancing  
wings,

Didst waft me visions of brighter  
things!

Thou that dost image the freed soul's  
birth,

And its flight away o'er the mists of  
earth,

Oh! fitly thy path is through flowers  
that rise

Round the dark chamber where  
Genius lies!

#### EPITAPH

FAREWELL, beloved and mourn'd!  
we miss awhile

Thy tender gentleness of voice and  
smile,

And that bless'd gift of Heaven, to  
cheer us lent—

That thrilling touch, divinely elo-  
quent,

Which breathed the soul of prayer,  
deep, fervent, high,

Through thy rich strains of sacred  
harmony;

Yet from those very memories there  
is born

A soft light, pointing to celestial  
morn.

Oh! bid it guide us where *thy* foot-  
steps trod,

To meet at last "the pure in heart"  
with God!

#### PROLOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF FIESCO

AS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF  
SCHILLER, BY COLONEL D'AGUILAR,  
AND PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE  
ROYAL, DUBLIN, DECEMBER, 1832

Too long apart, a bright but sever'd  
band,

The mighty minstrels of the Rhine's  
fair land,

Majestic strains, but not for us, had  
sung,—

Moulding to melody a stranger  
tongue.

Brave hearts leap'd proudly to their  
words of power,

As a true sword bounds forth in  
battle's hour;

Fair eyes rain'd homage o'er the  
impassion'd lays,

In loving tears, more eloquent than  
praise;

While we, far distant, knew not,  
dream'd not aught

Of the high marvels by that magic  
wrought.

But let the barriers of the sea give  
way,

When mind sweeps onward with a  
conqueror's sway!

And let the Rhine divide high souls  
no more

From mingling on its old heroic  
shore,

Which, e'en like ours, brave deeds  
through many an age

Have made the Poet's own free heri-  
tage!

To us, though faintly, may a wander-  
ing tone  
Of the far minstrelsy at last be  
known ;  
Sounds which the thrilling pulse, the  
burning tear,  
Have sprung to greet, must not be  
strangers here.  
And if by one, more used on march  
and heath  
To the shrill bugle than the muse's  
breath,  
With a warm heart the offering hath  
been brought  
And in a trusting loyalty of thought,  
So let it be received !—a soldier's  
hand  
Bears to the breast of no ungenerous  
land  
A seed of foreign shores. O'er this  
fair clime,  
Since Tara heard the harp of ancient  
time,  
Hath song held empire ; then, if not  
with *fame*,  
Let the green isle with kindness  
bless his aim,  
The joy, the power, of kindred song  
to spread,  
Where once that harp " the soul of  
music shed ! "

## TO GIULIO REGONDI

## THE BOY GUITARIST

BLESSING and love be round thee still,  
fair boy !  
Never may suffering wake a deeper  
tone,  
Than genius now, in its first fearless  
joy,  
Calls forth exulting from the chords  
which own  
Thy fairy touch ! Oh ! mayst  
thou ne'er be taught  
The power whose fountain is in  
troubled thought !  
For in the light of those confiding  
eyes,  
And on the ingenuous calm of that  
clear brow,  
A dower, more precious e'en than  
genius lies,  
A pure mind's worth, a warm  
heart's vernal glow !

H.P.

God Who hath graced thee thus, O,  
gentle child !  
Keep 'midst the world thy brightness  
undefiled !

## O YE HOURS !

O ye hours ! ye sunny hours !  
Floating lightly by,  
Are ye come with birds and flowers,  
Odours and blue sky ?

" Yes, we come, again we come,  
Through the wood paths free :  
Bringing many a wanderer home,  
With the bird and bee."

O ye hours ! ye sunny hours !  
Are ye wafting song ?  
Doth wild music stream in showers,  
All the groves among ?

" Yes, the nightingale is there  
While the starlight reigns,  
Making young leaves and sweet air  
Tremble with her strains."

O ye hours ! ye sunny hours !  
In your silent flow,  
Ye are mighty, mighty powers !  
Bring ye bliss or woe ?

" Ask not this—oh ! seek not this !  
Yield your hearts awhile  
To the soft wind's balmy kiss,  
And the heavens' bright smile.

" Throw not shades of anxious  
thought  
O'er the glowing flowers !  
We are come with sunshine fraught,  
Question not the hours ! "

## THE FREED BIRD

RETURN, return, my bird !  
I have dress'd thy cage with  
flowers,  
'Tis lovely as a violet bank  
In the heart of forest bowers.

" I am free, I am free—I return no  
more !  
The weary time of the cage is o'er ;  
Through the rolling clouds I can soar  
on high,  
The sky is around me—the blue,  
bright sky !

C C

" The hills lie beneath me, spread far  
and clear,  
With their glowing heath-flowers and  
bounding deer,  
I see the waves flash on the sunny  
shore—  
I am free, I am free—I return no  
more ! "

Alas, alas ! my bird !  
Why seek'st thou to be free ?  
Wert thou not bless'd in thy little  
bower,  
When thy song breathed nought  
but glee ?

" Did my song of the summer breathe  
nought but glee ?  
Did the voice of the captive seem  
sweet to thee ?  
—Oh ! hadst thou known its deep  
meaning well,  
It had tales of a burning heart to  
tell !

" From a dream of the forest that  
music sprang,  
Through its notes the peal of a  
torrent rang ;  
And its dying fall, when it sooth'd  
thee best,  
Sigh'd for wild flowers and a leafy  
nest."

Was it with thee thus, my bird ?  
Yet thine eye flash'd clear and  
bright ;  
I have seen the glance of sudden joy  
In its quick and dewy light.

" It flash'd with the fire of a tameless  
race,  
With the soul of the wild wood, my  
native place !  
With the spirit that panted through  
heaven to soar—  
Woo me not back—I return no more !

" My home is on high, amidst rocking  
trees,  
My kindred things are the star and  
the breeze,  
And the fount uncheck'd in its lonely  
play,  
And the odours that wander afar  
away ! "

Farewell—farewell, then, bird !  
I have call'd on spirits gone,  
And it may be they joy'd, like *thee*,  
to part—  
Like thee, that wert all my own !

" If they were captives, and pined  
like me,  
Though love may guard them, they  
joy'd to be free ;  
They sprang from the earth with a  
burst of power,  
To the strength of their wings, to  
their triumph's hour !

" Call them not back when the chain  
is riven,  
When the way of the pinion is all  
through heaven !  
Farewell !—with my song through  
the clouds I soar,  
I pierce the blue skies—I am earth's  
no more ! "

#### MARGUERITE OF FRANCE

Thou falcon-hearted dove.—COLERIDGE.

THE Moslem spears were gleaming  
Round Damietta's towers,  
Though a Christian banner from her  
wall  
Waved free its lily-flowers.  
Ay, proudly did the banner wave,  
As queen of earth and air ;  
But faint hearts throbb'd beneath its  
folds,  
In anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon  
Their kingly chieftain lay,  
And low on many an Eastern field  
Their knighthood's best array.  
'Twas mournful, when at feasts they  
met,  
The wine-cup round to send,  
For each that touch'd it silently,  
Then miss'd a gallant friend !

And mournful was their vigil  
On the beleaguer'd wall,  
And dark their slumber, dark with  
dreams  
Of slow defeat and fall.  
Yet a few hearts of chivalry  
Rose high to breast the storm,  
And one—of all the loftiest there—  
Thrill'd in a woman's form.

A woman, meekly bending  
 O'er the slumber of her child,  
 With her soft sad eyes of weeping  
     love,  
 As the Virgin Mother's mild.  
 Oh! roughly cradled was thy babe.  
 'Midst the clash of spear and  
     lance,  
 And a strange, wild bower was thine,  
     young queen!  
 Fair Marguerite of France!

A dark and vaulted chamber,  
 Like a scene for wizard-spell,  
 Deep in the Saracenic gloom  
     Of the warrior citadel;  
 And there 'midst arms the couch was  
     spread,  
 And with banners curtain'd o'er,  
 For the daughter of the minstrel-land,  
 The gay Provençal shore!

For the bright queen of St Louis,  
 The star of court and hall!—  
 But the deep strength of the gentle  
     heart,  
 Wakes to the tempest's call!  
 Her lord was in the Paynim's hold,  
 His soul with grief oppress'd,  
 Yet calmly lay the desolate,  
 With her young babe on her  
     breast!

There were voices in the city,  
 Voices of wrath and fear—  
 "The walls grow weak, the strife is  
     vain,  
 We will not perish here!  
 Yield! yield! and let the Crescent  
     gleam  
 O'er tower and bastion high!  
 Our distant homes are beautiful—  
 We stay not here to die!"

They bore those fearful tidings  
 To the sad queen where she lay—  
 They told a tale of wavering hearts,  
     Of treason and dismay;  
 The blood rush'd through her pearly  
     cheek,  
 The sparkle to her eye—  
 "Now call me hither those recreant  
     knights  
 From the bands of Italy!"

Then through the vaulted chambers  
 Stern iron footsteps rang;  
 And heavily the sounding floor  
     Gave back the sabre's clang.  
 They stood around her—steel-clad  
     men,  
 Moulded for storm and fight,  
 But they quail'd before the loftier  
     soul  
 In that pale aspect bright.

Yes—as before the falcon shrinks  
 The bird of meaner wing,  
 So shrank they from th' imperial  
     glance  
 Of her—that fragile thing!  
 And her flutelike voice rose clear and  
     high,  
 Through the din of arms around,  
 Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul,  
 As a silver clarion's sound.

"The honour of the Lily  
 Is in your hands to keep,  
 And the banner of the Cross, for Him  
     Who died on Calvary's steep:  
 And the city which for Christian  
     prayer  
 Hath heard the holy bell—  
 And is it *these* your hearts would  
     yield  
 To the godless infidel?"

"Then bring me here a breastplate  
 And a helm, before ye fly,  
 And I will gird my woman's form,  
 And on the ramparts die! [woe,  
 And the boy whom I have borne for  
     But never for disgrace,  
 Shall go within mine arms to death  
 Meet for his royal race.

"Look on him as he slumbers  
 In the shadow of the lance!  
 Then go, and with the Cross forsake  
 The princely babe of France!  
 But tell your homes ye left *one* heart  
     To perish undefiled;  
 A woman, and a queen, to guard  
     Her honour and her child!"

Before her words they thrill'd, like  
     leaves  
 When winds are in the wood;  
 And a deepening murmur told of men  
 Roused to a loftier mood.

<sup>1</sup> The proposal to capitulate is attributed by the French historian to the Knights of Pisa.

And her babe awoke to flashing  
swords,  
Unsheath'd in many a hand,  
As they gather'd round the helpless  
Again a noble band ! [one

" We are thy warriors, lady !  
True to the Cross and thee !  
The spirit of thy kindling words  
On every sword shall be !  
Rest, with thy fair child on thy  
breast,  
Rest—we will guard thee well !  
St Denis for the Lily-flower,  
And the Christian citadel ! "

### TO CAROLINE

WHEN thy bounding step I hear,  
And thy soft voice, low and clear ;  
When thy glancing eyes I meet,  
In their sudden laughter sweet—  
*Thou*, I dream, wert surely born  
For a path by care unworn !  
Thou must be a shelter'd flower,  
With but sunshine for thy dower.

Ah, fair child ! not e'en for thee  
May this lot of brightness be ;  
Yet, if grief must add a tone  
To thine accents now unknown ;  
If within that cloudless eye  
Sadder thought must one day lie,  
Still, I trust the signs which tell  
On thy life a light shall dwell,  
Light—thy gentle spirit's own,  
From *within* around thee thrown.

### THE TWO MONUMENTS

Oh ! bless'd are they who live and die like  
" him."

Loved with such love, and with such sorrow  
mourn'd !

WORDSWORTH.

BANNERS hung drooping from on  
high

In a dim cathedral's nave,  
Making a gorgeous canopy  
O'er a noble, noble grave !

And a marble warrior's form beneath,  
With helm and crest array'd,  
As on his battle-bed of death,  
Lay in their crimson shade.

Triumph yet linger'd in his eye,  
Ere by the dark night seal'd,

And his head was pillow'd haughtily  
On standard and on shield.

And shadowing that proud trophy  
pile

With the glory of his wing,  
An eagle sat ;—yet seem'd the while  
Panting through heaven to spring.

He sat upon a shiver'd lance,  
There by the sculptor bound ;  
But in the light of his lifted glance  
Was *that* which scorn'd the ground.

And a burning flood of gemlike hues  
From a storied window pour'd,  
There fell, there centred, to suffuse  
The conqueror and his sword.

A flood of hues ; but *one* rich dye  
O'er all supremely spread,  
With a purple robe of royalty  
Mantling the mighty dead.

Meet was that robe for *him* whose  
name

Was a trumpet note in war,  
His pathway still the march of fame,  
His eye the battle star.

But faintly, tenderly was thrown,  
From the colour'd light, one ray,  
Where a low and pale memorial stone  
By the couch of glory lay.

Few were the fond words chisell'd  
*there*,

Mourning for parted worth  
But the very heart of love and  
prayer  
Had given their sweetness forth.

They spoke of one whose life had  
been

As a hidden streamlet's course,  
Bearing on health and joy unseen,  
From its clear mountain-source :

Whose young, pure memory, lying  
deep

'Midst rock, and wood, and hill,  
Dwelt in the homes where poor men  
sleep,

A soul light, meek and still :

Whose gentle voice, too early call'd  
Unto Music's land away,

Had won for God the earth's en-  
thrall'd,

By words of silvery sway.

These were *his* victories—yet en-  
roll'd

In no high song of fame,  
The pastor of the mountain-fold  
Left but to heaven his name.

To heaven, and to the peasant's  
hearth,

A blessed household sound—  
And finding lowly love on earth,  
Enough, enough, he found !

Bright and more bright before me  
gleam'd

That sainted image still ;  
Till one sweet moonlight memory  
seem'd

The regal fane to fill.

Oh ! how my silent spirit turn'd  
From those proud trophies nigh !  
How my full heart within me burn'd  
Like *Him* to live and die !

#### THE COTTAGE GIRL

A CHILD beside a hamlet's fount at  
play,

Her fair face laughing at the sunny  
day ;

A gush of waters tremulously bright,  
Kindling the air to gladness with  
their light ;

And a soft gloom beyond, of summer  
trees,

Darkening the turf, and shadow'd  
o'er by these,

A low, dim, woodland cottage—this  
was all !

What had the scene for memory to  
recall

With a fond look of love ? What  
secret spell

With the heart's pictures made its  
image dwell ?

What but the spirit of the joyous  
child,

That freshly forth o'er stream and  
verdure smiled,

Casting upon the common things of  
earth

A brightness, born and gone with  
infant mirth !

#### THE BATTLEFIELD

I look'd on the field where the battle  
was spread,

When thousands stood forth in their  
glancing array ;

And the beam from the steel of the  
valiant was shed

Through the dun-rolling clouds that  
o'ershadow'd the fray.

I saw the dark forest of lances appear,  
As the ears of the harvest unnumbered  
they stood,

I heard the stern shout as the foemen  
drew near,

Like the storm that lays low the  
proud pines of the wood.

Afar the harsh notes of the war-drum  
were roll'd,

Uprousing the wolf from the depth  
of his lair ;

On high to the gust stream'd the  
banner's red fold,

O'er the death-close of hate and the  
sowl of despair.

I look'd on the field of contention  
again,

When the sabre was sheath'd and the  
tempest had pass'd ;

The wild weed and thistle grew rank  
on the plain,

And the fern softly sigh'd in the  
low wailing blast.

Unmoved lay the lake in its hour of  
repose,

And bright shone the stars through  
the sky's deepen'd blue ;

And sweetly the song of the night-  
bird arose,

Where the foxglove lay gemm'd with  
its pearl-drops of dew.

But where swept the ranks of that  
dark frowning host,

As the ocean in might, as the storm-  
cloud in speed ?

Where now are the thunders of vic-  
tory's boast—

The slayer's dread wrath, and the  
strength of the steed ?

Not a time-wasted cross, not a  
mouldering stone,



To mark the lone scene of their  
 shame or their pride ;  
 One grass-cover'd mound told the  
 traveller alone,  
 Where thousands lay down in their  
 anguish, and died.

O glory ! behold thy famed guer-  
 don's extent :  
 For this, toil thy slaves through  
 their earth-wasting lot—  
 A name like the mist, when the  
 night-beams are spent—  
 A grave with its tenants unwept and  
 forgot !

### A PENITENT'S RETURN

Can guilt or misery ever enter here ?  
 Ah ! no, the spirit of domestic peace,  
 Though calm and gentle as the brooding dove,  
 And ever murmuring forth a quiet song,  
 Guards, powerful as the sword of cherubim,  
 The hallow'd porch. She hath a heavenly  
 smile,  
 That sinks into the sullen soul of vice,  
 And wins him o'er to virtue.—WILSON.

My father's house once more,  
 In its own moonlight beauty ! Yet  
 around,  
 Something, amidst the dewy calm  
 profound,  
 Broods, never mark'd before !

Is it the brooding night,  
 Is it the shivery creeping on the air,  
 That makes the home, so tranquil  
 and so fair,  
 O'erwhelming to my sight ?

All solemnized it seems,  
 And still'd, and darken'd in each  
 time-worn hue,  
 Since the rich clustering roses met my  
 view,

As now, by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last  
 I stood and linger'd—where my  
 sisters made  
 Our mother's bower—I deem'd not  
 that it cast

So far and dark a shade !

How spiritlike a tone  
 Sighs through yon tree ! My father's  
 place was there  
 At evening hours, while soft winds  
 waved his hair !

Now those grey locks are gone !

My soul grows faint with fear !  
 Even as if angel steps had mark'd the  
 sod.

I tremble where I move—the voice of  
 God

Is in the foliage here !

Is it indeed the night  
 That makes my home so awful ?  
 Faithless-hearted !

'Tis that from thine own bosom hath  
 departed

The inborn, gladdening light !

No outward thing is changed ;  
 Only the joy of purity is fled,  
 And, long from nature's melodies  
 estranged,

Thou hear'st their tones with  
 dread.

Therefore the calm abode,  
 By thy dark spirit, is o'erhung with  
 shade ;  
 And therefore, in the leaves, the voice  
 of God

Makes thy sick heart afraid !

The night-flowers round that  
 door  
 Still breathe pure fragrance on the  
 untainted air ;  
 Thou, thou alone art worthy now no  
 more

To pass, and rest thee there.

And must I turn away ?—  
 Hark, hark !—it is my mother's voice  
 I hear—

Sadder than once it seem'd—yet soft  
 and clear—

Doth she not seem to pray ?

My name !—I caught the  
 sound !  
 Oh ! blessed tone of love—the deep,  
 the mild—

Mother, my mother ! Now receive  
 thy child,

Take back the lost and found !

### A THOUGHT OF PARADISE

We receive but what we give,  
 And in our life alone does nature live ;  
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud ;  
 And, would we aught behold of higher worth  
 Than that inanimate cold world allow'd  
 To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth  
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,  
Enveloping the earth;  
And from the soul itself must there be sent  
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,  
Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

COLERIDGE.

GREEN spot of holy ground!  
If thou couldst yet be found,  
Far in deep woods, with all thy starry  
flowers;  
If not one sullyng breath  
Of time, or change, or death,  
Had touch'd the vernal glory of thy  
bowers;

Might our tired pilgrim feet,  
Worn by the desert's heat,  
On the bright freshness of thy turf  
repose?  
Might our eyes wander there  
Through heaven's transparent  
air,  
And rest on colours of the immortal  
rose?

Say, would thy balmy skies  
And fountain-melodies  
Our heritage of lost delight restore?  
Could thy soft honey-dews  
Through all our veins diffuse  
The early, childlike, trustful sleep  
once more?

And might we, in the shade  
By thy tall cedars made,  
With angel voices high communion  
hold?  
Would their sweet solemn tone  
Give back the music gone,  
Our Being's harmony, so jarr'd of  
old?

Oh! no—thy sunny hours  
Might come with blossom  
showers,  
All thy young leaves to spirit lyres  
might thrill;  
But *we*—should we not bring  
Into thy realms of spring  
The shadows of our souls to haunt us  
still?

What could *thy* flowers and airs  
Do for our earth-born cares?  
Would the world's chain melt off and  
leave us free?  
No!—past each living stream,

Still would some fever dream  
Track the lorn wand'ers, meet no  
more for thee!

Should we not shrink with fear,  
If angel steps were near, [die?  
Feeling our burden'd souls within us  
How might our passions brook  
The still and searching look,  
The starlike glance of seraph purity?

Thy golden-fruited grove  
Was not for pining love;  
Vain sadness would but dim thy  
crystal skies!  
Oh! *thou* wert but a part  
Of what man's exiled heart  
Hath lost—the dower of *inborn*  
Paradise!

### LET US DEPART

[It is mentioned by Josephus, that, a short time previously to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, the priests, going by night into the inner court of the Temple to perform their sacred ministrations at the feast of Pentecost, felt a quaking, and heard a rushing noise, and, after that, a sound as of a great multitude saying, "Let us depart hence."] ]

NIGHT hung on Salem's towers,  
And a brooding hush profound  
Lay where the Roman eagle shone,  
High o'er the tents around,

The tents that rose by thousands,  
In the moonlight glimmering pale;  
Like white waves of a frozen sea,  
Filling an Alpine vale.

And the Temple's massy shadow  
Fell broad, and dark, and still,  
In peace, as if the Holy One  
Yet watch'd His chosen hill.

But a fearful sound was heard  
In that old fane's deepest heart,  
As if mighty wings rush'd by,  
And a dread voice raised the cry,  
"Let us depart!"

Within the fated city  
E'en then fierce discord raved,  
Though o'er night's heaven the  
comet sword  
Its vengeful token waved.

There were shouts of kindred warfare  
Through the dark streets ringing  
high,

Though every sign was full which  
told

Of the bloody vintage nigh.

Though the wild red spears and  
arrows

Of many a meteor host,  
Went flashing o'er the holy stars,  
In the sky now seen, now lost.

And that fearful sound was heard  
In the Temple's deepest heart,  
As if mighty wings rush'd by,  
And a voice cried mournfully,  
"Let us depart!"

But within the fated city  
There was revelry that night;  
The wine-cup and the timbrel note,  
And the blaze of banquet light.

The footsteps of the dancer  
Went bounding through the hall,  
And the music of the dulcimer  
Summon'd to festival.

While the clash of brother weapons  
Made lightning in the air,  
And the dying at the palace gates  
Lay down in their despair.

And that fearful sound was heard  
At the Temple's thrilling heart,  
As if mighty wings rush'd by,  
And a dread voice raised the cry,  
"Let us depart!"

### ON A PICTURE OF CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS

PAINTED BY VELASQUEZ

By the dark stillness brooding in the  
sky,  
Holiest of sufferers! round Thy  
path of woe,  
And by the weight of mortal agony  
Laid on Thy drooping form and  
pale meek brow,  
My heart was awed: the burden of Thy  
pain  
Sank on me with a mystery and a  
chain.

I look'd once more, and, as the virtue  
shed  
Forth from Thy robe of old, so fell a  
ray

Of victory from Thy mien, and  
round Thy head,  
The halo, melting spirit-like away,  
Seem'd of the very soul's bright  
rising born,  
To glorify all sorrow, shame, and  
scorn.

And upwards, through transparent  
darkness gleaming,  
Gazed in mute reverence, woman's  
earnest eye,  
Lit, as a vase whence inward light is  
streaming,  
With quenchless faith, and deep  
love's fervency,  
Gathering, like incense, round some  
dim-veil'd shrine,  
About the form, so mournfully  
divine!

Oh! let Thine image, so e'en then it  
rose,  
Live in my soul for ever, calm and  
clear,

Making itself a temple of repose,  
Beyond the breath of human hope  
or fear!  
A holy place, where through all  
storms may lie  
One living beam of dayspring from  
on high.

### COMMUNINGS WITH THOUGHT

Could we but keep our spirits to that height,  
We might be happy; but this clay will sink  
Its spark immortal.—BYRON.

RETURN my thoughts, come home!  
Ye wild and wing'd! what do ye o'er  
the deep?  
And wherefore thus the abyss of  
time o'ersweep,  
As birds the ocean foam?

Swifter than shooting star,  
Swifter than lances of the Northern  
Light,  
Upspringing through the purple  
heaven of night,  
Hath been your course afar!

Through the bright battle-clime,  
Where laurel boughs make dim the  
Grecian streams,  
And reeds are whispering of heroic  
themes,  
By temples of old time:

Through the North's ancient halls,  
Where banners thrill'd of yore—  
    where harp-strings rung ;  
But grass waves now o'er those that  
    fought and sung—  
Hearth-light hath left their walls !

Through forests old and dim,  
Where o'er the leaves dread magic  
    seems to brood ;  
And sometimes on the haunted  
    solitude

Rises the pilgrims' hymn :

Or where some fountain lies,  
With lotus-cups through orient spice  
    woods gleaming !  
There have ye been, ye wanderers !  
    idly dreaming  
Of man's lost paradise !

Return, my thoughts, return !  
Cares wait your presence in life's  
    daily track,  
And voices, not of music, call you  
    back—  
Harsh voices, cold and stern !

Oh ! no, return ye not !  
Still farther, loftier, let your soarings  
    be !  
Go, bring me strength from journey-  
    ings bright and free,  
O'er many a haunted spot.

Go, seek the martyr's grave,  
'Midst the old mountains, and the  
    deserts vast ;  
Or, through the ruin'd cities of the  
    past,  
Follow the wise and brave !

Go ! visit cell and shrine !  
Where woman hath endured !—  
    through wrong, through scorn,  
Uncheer'd by fame, yet silently up-  
    borne

By promptings more divine !

Go, shoot the gulf of death !  
Track the pure spirit where no chain  
    can bind,  
Where the heart's boundless love its  
    rest may find,

Where the storm sends no breath !

Higher, and yet more high !  
Shake off the cumbering chain which  
    earth would lay

On your victorious wings—mount,  
    mount !—Your way  
Is through eternity !

### THE WATER-LILY

*The water-lilies, that are serene in the calm clear water, but no less serene among the black and scowling waves.—Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.*

OH ! beautiful thou art,  
Thou sculpture-like and stately river-  
    queen !  
Crowning the depths, as with the  
    light serene  
Of a pure heart.

Bright lily of the wave !  
Rising in fearless grace with every  
    swell,  
Thou seemst as if a spirit meekly  
    brave  
Dwelt in thy cell :

Lifting alike thy head  
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,  
Whether with foam or pictured azure  
    spread  
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,  
The gentle and the firm ? thus bear-  
    ing up  
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,  
As to the shower ?

Oh ! love is most like thee,  
The love of woman ! quivering to  
    the blast  
Through every nerve, yet rooted  
    deep and fast,  
'Midst life's dark sea.

And faith—Oh ! is not faith  
Like thee, too, lily, springing into  
    light,  
Still buoyantly, above the billows'  
    might,  
Through the storm's breath ?

Yes ! link'd with such high  
    thought,  
Flower, let thine image in my bosom  
    lie !  
Till something there of its own purity  
And peace be wrought :

Something yet more divine  
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre  
shed  
Forth from thy breast upon the  
river's bed,  
As from a shrine.

### THE SONG OF PENITENCE

#### UNFINISHED

He pass'd from earth  
Without his fame,—the calm, pure,  
starry fame  
He might have won, to guide on  
radiantly  
Full many a noble soul,—he sought  
it not ;  
And e'en like brief and barren light-  
ning pass'd  
The wayward child of genius. And  
the songs  
Which his wild spirit, in the pride of  
life,  
Had shower'd forth recklessly, as  
ocean waves  
Fling up their treasures mingled  
with dark weed,  
They died before him ;—they were  
wing'd seed  
Scatter'd afar, and, falling on the  
rock  
Of the world's heart, had perish'd.  
One alone,  
One fervent, mournful, supplicating  
strain,  
The deep beseeching of a stricken  
breast,  
Survived the vainly-gifted. In the  
souls  
Of the kind few that loved him, with  
a love  
Faithful to even its disappointed  
hope,  
That song of tears found root, and  
by their hearths  
Full oft, in low and reverential tone,  
Fill'd with the piety of tenderness,  
Is murmur'd to their children,  
when his name  
On some faint harp-string of re-  
membrance falls,  
Far from the world's rude voices, far  
away.  
Oh ! hear, and judge him gently ;  
'twas his last.

I come alone, and faint I come,  
To nature's arms I flee ;  
The green woods take their wan-  
derer home,  
But Thou, O Father ! may I turn to  
Thee ?

The earliest odour of the flower,  
The bird's first song is Thine ;  
Father in heaven ! my dayspring's  
hour  
Pour'd its vain incense on another  
shrine.

Therefore my childhood's once-  
loved scene  
Around me faded lies ;  
Therefore, remembering what hath  
been,  
I ask, is this mine early paradise ?

It is, it is—but Thou art gone,  
Or if the trembling shade  
Breathe yet of Thee, with alter'd  
tone  
Thy solemn whisper shakes a heart  
dismay'd.

\* \* \*

### TROUBADOUR SONG

They rear'd no trophy o'er his grave,  
They bade no requiem flow ;  
What left they there to tell the brave  
That a warrior sleeps below ?

A shiver'd spear, a cloven shield,  
A helm with its white plume torn,  
And a blood-stain'd turf on the fatal  
field,  
Where a chief to his rest was  
borne.

He lies not where his fathers sleep,  
But who hath a tomb more proud ?  
For the Syrian wilds his record keep,  
And a banner is his shroud.

### THE ENGLISH BOY

Go, call thy sons ; instruct them what a debt  
They owe their ancestors ; and make them swear  
To pay it, by transmitting down entire  
Those sacred rights to which themselves were  
born.

AKENSIDE.

Look from the ancient mountains  
down,  
My noble English boy !

Thy country's fields around thee  
gleam

In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have roll'd since foeman's  
march

Pass'd o'er that old firm sod ;  
For well the land hath fealty held  
To freedom and to God !

Gaze proudly on, my English boy !  
And let thy kindling mind  
Drink in the spirit of high thought  
From every chainless wind !

There, in the shadow of old Time,  
The halls beneath thee lie  
Which pour'd forth to the fields of  
yore  
Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly  
They stand, 'midst oak and yew !  
Whence Cressy's yeomen haply  
framed  
The bow, in battle true.

And round their walls the good  
swords hang  
Whose faith knew no alloy,  
And shields of knighthood, pure from  
stain—

Gaze on, my English boy !

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied  
church  
Gleams by the antique elm,  
Or where the minster lifts the cross  
High through the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have shower'd their free  
heart's blood  
That England's prayer might rise,  
From those grey fanes of thoughtful  
years,  
Unfetter'd, to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their  
trees,  
This earth's most glorious dust,  
Once fired with valour, wisdom,  
song,  
Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther, farther, yet—  
My gallant English boy !  
Yon blue sea bears thy country's  
flag,  
The billows' pride and joy !

Those waves in many a fight have  
closed

Above her faithful dead ;  
That Red Cross flag victoriously  
Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perish'd—thus green turf to  
keep  
By hostile tread unstain'd ;  
These knightly halls inviolate,  
Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear, their memory's  
light  
Along our shore is set,  
And many an answering beacon-fire  
Shall there be kindled yet !

Lift up thy heart, my English boy !  
And pray, like *them* to stand,  
Should God so summon *thee*, to  
guard  
The altars of the land.

## TO THE BLUE ANEMONE

FLOWER of starry clearness bright,  
Quivering urn of colour'd light,  
Hast thou drawn thy cup's rich  
dye

From the intenseness of the sky ?  
From a long, long fervent gaze  
Through the year's first golden  
days,  
Up that blue and silent deep,  
Where, like things of sculptured  
sleep,

Alabaster clouds repose,  
With the sunshine on their snows ?  
Thither was thy heart's love turning,  
Like a censer ever burning,  
Till the purple heavens in thee  
Set their smile, Anemone ?

Or can those warm tints be caught  
Each from some quick glow of  
thought ?  
So much of bright *soul* there seems  
In thy bendings and thy gleams,  
So much thy sweet life resembles  
That which feels, and weeps, and  
trembles,

I could deem thee spirit-fill'd,  
As a reed by music thrill'd,  
When thy being I behold  
To each loving breath unfold,

Or like woman's willowy form,  
Shrink before the gathering storm ;  
I could ask a *voice* from thee,  
Delicate Anemone !

Flower ! thou seem'st not born to die  
With thy radiant purity,  
But to melt in air away,  
Mingling with the soft Spring day,  
When the crystal heavens are still,  
And faint azure veils each hill,  
And the lime leaf doth not move,  
Save to songs that stir the grove,  
And earth all glorified is seen,  
As imaged in some lake serene ;  
—Then thy vanishing should be,  
Pure and meek Anemone !

Flower ! the laurel still may shed  
Brightness round the victor's head ;  
And the rose in beauty's hair  
Still its festal glory wear ;  
And the willow leaves drop o'er  
Brows which love sustains no more :  
But by living rays refined,  
Thou, the trembler of the wind,  
Thou, the spiritual flower,  
Sentient of each breeze and shower,  
Thou, rejoicing in the skies,  
And transpierced with all their dyes ;  
Breathing vase, with light o'er-  
flowing,  
Gemlike to thy centre glowing,  
Thou the poet's type shalt be,  
Flower of soul, Anemone !

## THE RESTORATION OF THE WORKS OF ART TO ITALY

[The French, who in every invasion have been the scourge of Italy, and have rivalled or rather surpassed the rapacity of the Goths and Vandals, laid their sacrilegious hands on the unparalleled collection of the Vatican, tore its masterpieces from their pedestals, and, dragging them from their temples of marble, transported them to Paris, and consigned them to the dull stiflen halls, or rather stables, of the Louvre. . . . But the joy of discovery was short, and the triumph of taste transitory.—EUSTACE'S *Classical Tour through Italy*, vol. ii. p. 60.]

Italia, Italia ! O tu cui die la sorte  
Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai  
Funesta dote d'infiniti guai,  
Che'n fronte scritte per gran doglia porte ;  
Deh, fossi tu men bella, o almen piu forte.

FILICAJA.

LAND of departed fame ! whose  
classic plains  
Have proudly echo'd to immortal  
strains ;  
Whose hallow'd soil hath given the  
great and brave,  
Day-stars of life, a birth-place and a  
grave ;  
Home of the Arts ! where glory's  
faded smile,  
Sheds ling'ring light o'er many a  
mould'ring pile ;  
Proud wreck of vanish'd power, of  
splendour fled,  
Majestic temple of the mighty dead !  
Whose grandeur, yet contending  
with decay,  
Gleams through the twilight of thy  
glorious day ;  
Though dimm'd thy brightness,  
riveted thy chain,

Yet, fallen Italy ! rejoice again !  
Lost, lovely realm ! once more 'tis  
thine to gaze  
On the rich relics of sublimer days.

Awake, ye Muses of Etrurian shades,  
Or sacred Tivoli's romantic glades ;  
Wake, ye that slumber in the bowery  
gloom  
Where the wild ivy shadows Virgil's  
tomb ;  
Or ye, whose voice, by Sorga's lonely  
wave,  
Swell'd the deep echoes of the foun-  
tain's cave,  
Or thrill'd the soul in Tasso's num-  
bers high,  
Those magic strains of love and  
chivalry ;  
If yet by classic streams ye fondly  
rove,

Haunting the myrtle vale, the  
 laurel grove ;  
 Oh ! rouse once more the daring soul  
 of song,  
 Seize with bold hand the harp, forgot  
 so long,  
 And hail, with wonted pride, those  
 works revered  
 Hallow'd by time, by absence more  
 endear'd.

And breathe to Those the strain,  
 whose warrior-might  
 Each danger stemm'd, prevail'd  
 in every fight ;  
 Souls of unyielding power, to storms  
 inured,  
 Sublimed by peril, and by toil  
 matured.  
 Sing of that Leader, whose ascendant  
 mind  
 Could rouse the slumbering spirit  
 of mankind ;  
 Whose banners track'd the van-  
 quish'd Eagle's flight  
 O'er many a plain, and dark sierra's  
 height ;  
 Who bade once more the wild, heroic  
 lay,  
 Record the deeds of Roncesvalles'  
 day ;  
 Who, through each mountain pass  
 of rock and snow,  
 An Alpine huntsman, chased the  
 fear-struck foe ;  
 Waved his proud standard to the  
 balmy gales,  
 Rich Languedoc ! that fan thy glow-  
 ing vales,  
 And 'midst those scenes renew'd the  
 achievements high  
 Bequeath'd to fame by England's  
 ancestry.

Yet, when the storm seem'd  
 hush'd, the conflict past,  
 One strife remain'd—the mightiest  
 and the last !  
 Nerved for the struggle, in that  
 fateful hour  
 Untamed Ambition summon'd all his  
 power ;  
 Vengeance and Pride, to frenzy  
 roused, were there,  
 And the stern might of resolute  
 Despair.

Isle of the free ! 'twas then thy  
 champions stood,  
 Breasting unmoved the combat's  
 wildest flood ;  
 Sunbeam of battle ! then thy spirit  
 shone,  
 Glow'd in each breast, and sunk  
 with life alone.

O, hearts devoted ! whose illus-  
 trious doom  
 Gave there at once your triumph  
 and your tomb,  
 Ye, firm and faithful, in the ordeal  
 tried  
 Of that dread strife, by Freedom  
 sanctified ;  
 Shrined, not entomb'd, ye rest in  
 sacred earth,  
 Hallow'd by deeds of more than  
 mortal worth.  
 What though to mark where sleeps  
 heroic dust,  
 No sculptured trophy rise, or breath-  
 ing bust,  
 Yours, on the scene where valour's  
 race was run, [won !  
 A prouder sepulchre—the field ye  
 There every mead, each cabin's  
 lowly name,  
 Shall live a watchword blended with  
 your fame ;  
 And well may flowers suffice those  
 graves to crown  
 That ask no urn to blazon their  
 renown !  
 There shall the bard in future ages  
 tread,  
 And bless each wreath that blossoms  
 o'er the dead ;  
 Revere each tree whose sheltering  
 branches wave  
 O'er the low mounds, the altars of the  
 brave ;  
 Pause o'er each warrior's grass-  
 grown bed, and hear  
 In every breeze some name to glory  
 dear ;  
 And as the shades of twilight close  
 around,  
 With martial pageants people all the  
 ground.  
 Thither unborn descendants of the  
 slain  
 Still throng as pilgrims to the holy  
 fane,



While as they trace each spot, whose  
records tell  
Where fought their fathers, and pre-  
vail'd, and fell,  
Warm in their souls shall loftiest  
feelings glow,  
Claiming proud kindred with the dust  
below !  
And many an age shall see the brave  
repair,  
To learn the hero's bright devotion  
there.

And well, Ausonia ! may that  
field of fame,  
From thee one song of echoing tri-  
umph claim.  
Land of the lyre ! 'twas there the  
avenging sword,  
Won the bright treasures to thy fanes  
restored ;  
Those precious trophies o'er thy  
realms that throw  
A veil of radiance, hiding half thy  
woe,  
And bid the stranger for awhile  
forget  
How deep thy fall, and deem thee  
glorious yet.

Yes, fair creations ! to perfection  
wrought,  
Embodied visions of ascending  
thought !  
Forms of sublimity ! by Genius  
traced  
In tints that vindicate adoring taste ;  
Whose bright originals, to earth un-  
known,  
Live in the spheres encircling glory's  
throne ;  
Models of art, to deathless fame con-  
sign'd,  
Stamp'd with the high-born majesty  
of mind ;  
Yes, matchless works ! your pre-  
sence shall restore  
One beam of splendour to your native  
shore,  
And her sad scenes of lost renown  
illuminate,  
As the bright sunset gilds some  
hero's tomb.

Oh ! ne'er, in other climes, though  
many an eye

Dwelt on your charms, in beaming  
ecstasy ;  
Ne'er was it yours to bid the soul  
expand  
With thoughts so mighty, dreams so  
boldly grand,  
As in that realm, where each faint  
breeze's moan  
Seems a low dirge for glorious ages  
gone ;  
Where 'midst the ruin'd shrines  
of many a vale,  
E'en Desolation tells a haughty tale,  
And scarce a fountain flows, a rock  
ascends,  
But its proud name with song eternal  
blends !

Yes ! in those scenes where every  
ancient stream  
Bids memory kindle o'er some lofty  
theme ;  
Where every marble deeds of fame  
records,  
Each ruin tells of Earth's departed  
lords ;  
And the deep tones of inspiration  
swell  
From each wild olive wood, and  
Alpine dell ;  
Where heroes slumber on their battle  
plains,  
'Midst prostrate altars and deserted  
fanes,  
And Fancy communes, in each lonely  
spot,  
With shades of those who ne'er shall  
be forgot ;  
There was your home, and there your  
power imprest,  
With tenfold awe, the pilgrim's glow-  
ing breast ;  
And, as the wind's deep thrills and  
mystic sighs  
Wake the wild harp to loftiest har-  
monies,  
Thus at your influence, starting from  
repose,  
Thought, Feeling, Fancy, into gran-  
deur rose.

Fair Florence ! queen of Arno's  
love'y vale !  
Justice and Truth indignant heard  
thy tale,  
And sternly smiled, in retribution's  
hour,

To wrest thy treasures from the  
 Spoiler's power.

Too long the spirits of thy noble  
 dead

Mourn'd o'er the domes they rear'd  
 in ages fled.

Those classic scenes their pride so  
 richly graced,

Temples of genius, palaces of taste,  
 Too long, with sad and desolated  
 mien,

Reveal'd where Conquest's lawless  
 track had been ;

Reft of each form with brighter light  
 imbued,

Lonely they frown'd, a desert soli-  
 tude.

Florence ! th' Oppressor's noon of  
 pride is o'er,

Rise in thy pomp again, and weep  
 no more !

As one, who, starting at the dawn  
 of day

From dark illusions, phantoms of  
 dismay,

With transport heighten'd by those  
 ills of night,

Hails the rich glories of expanding  
 light ;

E'en thus, awak'ning from thy dream  
 of woe,

While heaven's own hues in radiance  
 round thee glow,

With warmer ecstasy 'tis thine to  
 trace

Each tint of beauty, and each line  
 of grace ;

More bright, more prized, more  
 precious, since deplored,

As loved, lost relics, ne'er to be re-  
 stored,

Thy grief as hopeless as the teardrop  
 shed

By fond affection bending o'er the  
 dead.

Athens of Italy ! once more are  
 thine

Those matchless gems of Art's ex-  
 haustless mine.

For thee bright Genius darts his  
 living beam,

Warm o'er thy shrines the tints of  
 Glory stream,

And forms august as natives of the  
 sky,

Rise round each fane in faultless  
 majesty,

So chastely perfect, so serenely  
 grand,

They seem creations of no mortal  
 hand.

Ye, at whose voice fair Art, with  
 eagle glance,

Burst in full splendour from her  
 deathlike trance ;

Whose rallying call bade slumb'ring  
 nations wake,

And daring Intellect his bondage  
 break ;

Beneath whose eye the lords of song  
 arose,

And snatch'd the Tuscan lyre from  
 long repose,

And bade its pealing energies re-  
 sound,

With power electric, through the  
 realms around ;

Oh ! high in thought, magnificent in  
 soul !

Born to inspire, enlighten, and con-  
 trol ;

Cosmo, Lorenzo ! view your reign  
 once more,

The shrine where nations mingle  
 to adore !

Again th' Enthusiast there, with  
 ardent gaze,

Shall hail the mighty of departed  
 days :

Those sovereign spirits, whose com-  
 manding mind

Seems in the marble's breathing  
 mould enshrined ;

Still with ascendant power the world  
 to awe,

Still the deep homage of the heart to  
 draw ;

To breathe some spell of holiness  
 around,

Bid all the scene be consecrated  
 ground,

And from the stone, by Inspiration  
 wrought,

Dart the pure lightnings of exalted  
 thought.

There thou, fair offspring of im-  
 mortal Mind !

Love's radiant goddess, idol of man-  
 kind !

Once the bright object of Devotion's  
vow,  
Shalt claim from taste a kindred  
worship now.  
Oh! who can tell what beams of  
heavenly light,  
Flash'd o'er the sculptor's intellectual  
sight,  
How many a glimpse, reveal'd to  
him alone,  
Made brighter beings, nobler worlds,  
his own;  
Ere, like some vision sent the earth  
to bless,  
Burst into life thy pomp of loveliness!

Young Genius there, while dwells  
his kindling eye  
On forms instinct with bright divinity,  
While new-born powers, dilating  
in his heart,  
Embrace the full magnificence of  
Art;  
From scenes by Raphael's gifted  
hand array'd,  
From dreams of heaven by Angelo  
portray'd;  
From each fair work of Grecian skill  
sublime,  
Seal'd with perfection, "sanctified  
by time";  
Shall catch a kindred glow, and  
proudly feel  
His spirit burn with emulative zeal,  
Buoyant with loftier hopes, his soul  
shall rise,  
Imbued at once with nobler energies;  
O'er life's dim scenes on rapid pinions  
soar,  
And worlds of visionary grace ex-  
plore,  
Till his bold hand give glory's day-  
dream birth,  
And with new wonders charm ad-  
miring earth.

Venice exult! and o'er thy moon-  
light seas,  
Swell with gay strains each Adriatic  
breeze!  
What though long fled those years of  
martial fame,  
That shed romantic lustre o'er thy  
name;  
Though to the winds thy streamers  
idly play,

And the wild waves another Queen  
obey;  
Though quench'd the spirit of thine  
ancient race,  
And power and freedom scarce have  
left a trace;  
Yet still shall Art her splendours round  
thee cast,  
And gild the wreck of years for ever  
past.  
Again thy fanes may boast a Titian's  
Whose clear soft brilliance emulates  
thy skies,  
And scenes that glow in colouring's  
richest bloom,  
With life's warm flush Palladian halls  
illumine.  
From thy rich dome again the un-  
rival'd steed  
Starts to existence, rushes into speed,  
Still for Lysippus claims the wreath  
of fame,  
Panting with ardour, vivified with  
flame.

Proud Racers of the Sun! to  
fancy's thought  
Burning with spirit, from his essence  
caught,  
No mortal birth ye seem—but form'd  
to bear  
Heaven's car of triumph through the  
realms of air;  
To range uncurb'd the pathless fields  
of space,  
The winds your rivals in the glorious  
race;  
Traverse empyreal spheres with  
buoyant feet,  
Free as the zephyr, as the shot-  
star fleet;  
And waft through worlds unknown  
the vital ray,  
The flame that wakes creations into  
day.  
Creatures of fire and ether! wing'd  
with light,  
To track the regions of the Infinite!  
From purer elements whose life was  
drawn,  
Sprung from the sunbeam, offspring  
of the dawn.  
What years on years, in silence  
gliding by,  
Have spared those forms of perfect  
symmetry!

Moulded by Art to dignify, alone,  
 Her own bright deity's resplendent  
 throne,  
 Since first her skill their fiery grace  
 bestow'd  
 Meet for such lofty fate, such high  
 abode,  
 How many a race, whose tales of  
 glory seem  
 An echo's voice—the music of a  
 dream,  
 Whose records feebly from oblivion  
 save  
 A few bright traces of the wise and  
 brave;  
 How many a state, whose pillar'd  
 strength sublime  
 Defied the storms of war, the waves  
 of time,  
 Towering o'er earth majestic and  
 alone,  
 Fortress of power—has flourish'd  
 and is gone!  
 And they, from clime to clime by  
 conquest borne,  
 Each fleeting triumph destined to  
 adorn,  
 They, that of powers and kingdoms  
 lost and won,  
 Have seen the noontide and the  
 setting sun,  
 Consummate still in every grace  
 remain,  
 As o'er *their* heads had ages roll'd in  
 vain!  
 Ages, victorious in their ceaseless  
 flight,  
 O'er countless monuments of earthly  
 might!  
 While she, from fair Byzantium's lost  
 domain,  
 Who bore those treasures to her  
 ocean-reign,  
 'Midst the blue deep, who rear'd her  
 island throne,  
 And called the infinitude of waves  
 her own;  
 Venice, the proud, the Regent of the  
 sea,  
 Welcomes in chains the trophies of  
 the Free!

And thou, whose Eagle-towering  
 plume unfurl'd  
 Once cast its shadow o'er a vassal  
 world,

Eternal city! round whose Curule  
 throne,  
 The lords of nations knelt in ages  
 flown;  
 Thou, whose Augustan years have  
 left to time  
 Immortal records of their glorious  
 prime;  
 When deathless bards, thine olive  
 shades among,  
 Swell'd the high raptures of heroic  
 song;  
 Fair, fallen Empress! raise thy lan-  
 guid head  
 From the cold altars of the illustrious  
 dead,  
 And once again, with fond delight  
 survey,  
 The proud memorials of thy noblest  
 day.

Lo! where thy sons, O, Rome! a  
 godlike train,  
 In imaged majesty return again!  
 Bards, chieftains, monarchs, tower  
 with mien august  
 O'er scenes that shrine their venerable  
 dust.  
 Those forms, those features, luminous  
 with soul,  
 Still o'er thy children seem to claim  
 control;  
 With awful grace arrest the pilgrim's  
 glance,  
 Bind his rapt soul in elevating trance,  
 And bid the past, to fancy's ardent  
 eyes,  
 From time's dim sepulchre in glory  
 rise.

Souls of the lofty! whose undying  
 names,  
 Rouse the young bosom still to  
 noblest aims;  
 Oh! with your images could fate  
 restore,  
 Your own high spirit to your sons  
 once more;  
 Patriots and Heroes! could those  
 flames return,  
 That bade your hearts with freedom's  
 ardours burn;  
 Then from the sacred ashes of the  
 first,  
 Might a new Rome in phoenix gran-  
 deur burst!

With one bright glance dispel the  
 horizon's gloom,  
 With one loud call wake empire  
 from the tomb;  
 Bind round her brows her own tri-  
 umphal crown,  
 Lift her dread ægis with majestic  
 frown,  
 Unchain her eagle's wing, and guide  
 his flight  
 To bathe his plumage in the fount  
 of light.

Vain dream! Degraded Rome!  
 thy noon is o'er;  
 Once lost, thy spirit shall revive no  
 more.  
 It sleeps with those, the sons of other  
 days,  
 Who fix'd on thee the world's adoring  
 gaze;  
 Those, blest to live, while yet thy  
 star was high,  
 More blest, ere darkness quench'd its  
 beam, to die!

Yet, though thy faithless tutelary  
 powers  
 Have fled thy shrines, left desolate  
 thy towers,  
 Still, still to thee shall nations bend  
 their way,  
 Revered in ruin, sovereign in decay!  
 Oh! what can realms in fame's  
 full zenith, boast,  
 To match the relics of thy splendour  
 lost!  
 By Tiber's waves, on each illustrious  
 hill,  
 Genius and Taste shall love to wander  
 still,  
 For there has Art survived an em-  
 pire's doom,  
 And rear'd her throne o'er Latium's  
 trophied tomb:  
 She from the dust recalls the brave  
 and free,  
 Peopling each scene with beings  
 worthy thee!

Oh! ne'er again may War, with  
 lightning stroke,  
 Rend its last honours from the  
 shatter'd oak!  
 Long be those works, revered by ages,  
 thine,

To lend one triumph to thy dim  
 decline.

Bright with stern beauty, breath-  
 ing wrathful fire,  
 In all the grandeur of celestial ire,  
 Once more thine own, the immortal  
 Archer's form  
 Sheds radiance round, with more  
 than Being warm!  
 Oh! who could view, nor deem that  
 perfect frame,  
 A living temple of ethereal flame?

Lord of the daystar! how may  
 words portray  
 Of thy chaste glory one reflected ray?  
 Whate'er the soul could dream, the  
 hand could trace,  
 Of regal dignity and heavenly grace;  
 Each purer effluence of the fair and  
 bright,  
 Whose fitful gleams have broke on  
 mortal sight;  
 Each bold idea, borrow'd from the  
 sky,  
 To vest the embodied form of Deity;  
 All, all in thee ennobled and refined,  
 Breathe and enchant, transcendently  
 combined!  
 Son of Elysium! years and ages gone  
 Have bow'd, in speechless homage,  
 at thy throne,  
 An'd days unborn, and nations yet to  
 be,  
 Shall gaze, absorb'd in ecstasy, on  
 thee!

And thou, triumphant wreck, e'en  
 yet sublime,  
 Disputed trophy, claimed by Art and  
 Time:  
 Hail to that scene again, where  
 Genius caught  
 From thee its fervours of diviner  
 thought!  
 Where he, the inspired one, whose  
 gigantic mind  
 Lived in some sphere, to him alone  
 assign'd;  
 Who from the past, the future, and the  
 unseen,  
 Could call up forms of more than  
 earthly mien:  
 Unrival'd Angelo on thee would gaze,  
 Till his full soul imbibed perfection's  
 blaze!

And who but he, that Prince of Art,  
might dare  
Thy sovereign greatness view without  
despair?  
Emblem of Rome! from power's  
meridian hurl'd,  
Yet claiming still the homage of the  
world.

What hadst thou been, ere barb-  
rous hands defaced  
The work of wonder, idolised by  
taste?  
Oh! worthy still of some divine  
abode,  
Mould of a Conqueror! ruin of a  
god!  
Still, like some broken gem, whose  
quenchless beam  
From each bright fragment pours  
its vital stream,  
'Tis thine, by fate unconquer'd, to  
dispense  
From every part some ray of excel-  
lence!  
E'en yet, inform'd with essence from  
on high,  
Thine is no trace of frail mortality!  
Within that frame a purer being  
glows,  
Through viewless veins a brighter  
current flows;  
Fill'd with immortal life each muscle  
swells,  
In every line supernal grandeur  
dwells.

Consummate work! the noblest  
and the last  
Of Grecian Freedom, ere her reign  
was past:  
Nurse of the mighty, she, while linger-  
ing still,  
Her mantle flow'd o'er many a classic  
hill,  
Ere yet her voice its parting accents  
breathed,  
A hero's image to the world be-  
queathed;  
Enshrined in thee the imperishable  
ray  
Of high-soul'd Genius, foster'd by  
her sway,  
And bade thee teach, to ages yet  
unborn,  
What lofty dreams were hers—who  
never shall return!

And mark yon group, transfix'd  
with many a throe,  
Seal'd with the image of eternal  
woe:  
With fearful truth, terrific power,  
expressed,  
Thy pangs, Laocoon, agonise the  
breast,  
And the stern combat picture to  
mankind  
Of suffering nature, and enduring  
mind.  
Oh, mighty conflict! though his  
pains intense  
Distend each nerve, and dart through  
every sense;  
Though fix'd on him, his children's  
suppliant eyes  
Implore the aid avenging fate denies;  
Though with the giant-snake in  
fruitless strife,  
Heaves every muscle with convul-  
sive life,  
And in each limb existence writhes,  
enroll'd  
'Midst the dread circles of the venom'd  
fold;  
Yet the strong spirit lives—and not a  
cry  
Shall own the might of Nature's  
agony!  
That furrow'd brow unconquer'd  
soul reveals,  
That patient eye to angry Heaven  
appeals,  
That struggling bosom concentrates  
its breath,  
Nor yields one moan to torture or to  
death!

Sublimest triumph of intrepid Art!  
With speechless horror to congeal the  
heart,  
To freeze each pulse, and dart through  
every vein,  
Cold thrills of fear, keen sympa-  
thies of pain;  
Yet teach the spirit how its lofty  
power  
May brave the pangs of fate's  
severest hour.

Turn from such conflicts, and  
enraptured gaze  
On scenes where Painting all her  
skill displays:

Landscapes, by colouring dress'd  
in richer dyes,  
More mellow'd sunshine, more un-  
clouded skies,  
Or dreams of bliss to dying martyrs  
given,  
Descending seraphs robed in beams  
of heaven.

O! sovereign Masters of the  
Pencil's might,  
Its depths of shadow and its blaze of  
light ;  
Ye, whose bold thought, disdainng  
every bound,  
Explored the worlds above, below,  
around,  
Children of Italy ! who stand alone  
And unapproach'd, 'midst regions all  
your own ;  
What scenes, what beings bless'd  
your favour'd sight,  
Severely grand, unutterably bright !  
Triumphant spirits ! your exulting  
eye  
Could meet the noontide of eternity,  
And gaze untired, undaunted, un-  
controll'd,  
On all that Fancy trembles to behold.

Bright on your view such forms  
their splendour shed,  
As burst on prophet-bards in ages  
fled :  
Forms that to trace, no hand but  
yours might dare,  
Darkly sublime, or exquisitely fair ;  
These, o'er the walls your magic skill  
array'd,  
Glow in rich sunshine, gleam through  
melting shade,  
Float in light grace, in awful greatness  
tower,  
And breathe and move, the records of  
your power.  
Inspired of Heaven ! what heighten'd  
pomp ye cast  
O'er all the deathless trophies of the  
past !  
Round many a marble fane and  
classic dome,  
Asserting still the majesty of Rome ;  
Round many a work that bids the  
world believe  
What Grecian Art could image and  
achieve ;

Again, creative minds, your visions  
throw  
Life's chasten'd warmth and Beauty's  
mellowest glow.  
And when the Morn's bright beams  
and mantling dyes  
Pour the rich lustre of Ausonian skies,  
Or evening suns illumine with purple  
smile,  
The Parian altar and the pillar'd aisle,  
Then, as the full, or soften'd radiance  
falls [walls,  
On angel groups that hover o'er the  
Well may those Temples, where your  
hand has shed  
Light o'er the tomb, existence round  
the dead,  
Seem like some world, so perfect and  
so fair,  
That nought of earth should find  
admittance there,  
Some sphere, where beings, to man-  
kind unknown,  
Dwell in the brightness of their pomp  
alone !

Hence, ye vain fictions ! fancy's err-  
ing theme !  
Gods of illusion ! phantoms of a  
dream !  
Frail, powerless idols of departed time,  
Fables of song, delusive, though  
sublime !  
To loftier tasks has Roman Art  
assign'd  
Her matchless pencil, and her mighty  
mind !  
From brighter streams her vast ideas  
flow'd,  
With purer fire her ardent spirit  
glow'd.  
To her 'twas given in fancy to explore  
The land of miracles, the holiest  
shore ;  
That realm where first the Light of  
Life was sent,  
The loved, the punish'd, of the Omni-  
potent !  
O'er Judah's hills her thoughts in-  
spired would stray,  
Through Jordan's valleys trace their  
lonely way ;  
By Siloa's brook, or Almotana's  
deep,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Almotana*. The name given by the Arabs  
to the Dead Sea.

Chain'd in dead silence, and un-  
broken sleep ;  
Scenes, whose cleft rocks and blasted  
deserts tell  
Where pass'd the Eternal, where His  
anger fell !  
Where oft His voice the words of fate  
reveal'd,  
Swell'd in the whirlwind, in the  
thunder peal'd,  
Or, heard by prophets in some palmy  
vale,  
Breathed " still small " whispers on  
the midnight gale.  
There dwelt her spirit—there her  
hand portray'd,  
'Midst the lone wilderness or cedar  
shade,  
Ethereal forms with awful missions  
fraught,  
Or patriarch-seers absorb'd in sacred  
thought,  
Bards, in high converse with the  
world of rest,  
Saints of the earth, and spirits of the  
blest.  
But chief to Him, the Conqueror of  
the grave,  
Who lived to guide us, and Who died  
to save ;  
Him, at Whose glance the powers of  
evil fled,  
And soul return'd to animate the  
dead ;  
Whom the waves own'd—and sunk  
beneath His eye,  
Awed by one accent of Divinity ;  
To Him she gave her meditative hours,  
Hallow'd her thoughts, and sanctified  
her powers.

O'er her bright scenes sublime repose  
she threw,  
As all around the Godhead's presence  
knew,  
And robed the Holy One's benignant  
mien  
In beaming mercy, majesty serene.

Oh ! mark where Raphael's pure  
and perfect line  
Portrays that form ineffably divine !  
Where with transcendant skill his  
hand has shed  
Diffusive sunbeams round the  
Saviour's head ;  
Each heaven-illumined lineament  
imbued  
With all the fullness of beatitude,  
And traced the sainted group, whose  
mortal sight  
Sinks overpower'd by that excess of  
light !

Gaze on that scene, and own the  
might of Art,  
By truth inspired, to elevate the heart !  
To bid the soul exultingly possess,  
Of all her powers, a heighten'd  
consciousness ;  
And strong in hope, anticipate the  
day,  
The last of life, the first of freedom's  
ray ;  
To realise, in some unclouded sphere,  
Those pictured glories feebly imaged  
here !  
Dim, cold reflections from her native  
sky,  
Faint effluence of " the Dayspring  
from on high ! "

## MODERN GREECE

O Greece ! thou sapient nurse of finer arts,  
Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore,  
Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,  
In these hast led the way, in these excell'd,  
Crown'd with the laurel of assenting Time."

THOMSON'S *Liberty*,

I  
Oh ! who hath trod thy co:secrated  
clime,  
Fair land of Phidias ! theme of  
lofty strains !  
And traced each scene, that, 'midst  
the wrecks of time,

The print of Glory's parting step  
retains ;  
Nor for awhile, in high-wrought  
dreams, forgot,  
Musing on years gone by in bright-  
ness there, [of his lot,  
The hopes, the fears, the sorrows



The hues his fate hath worn, or yet  
may wear ;  
As when, from mountain heights,  
his ardent eye  
Of sea and heaven hath track'd the  
blue infinity ?

## II

Is there who views with cold  
unalter'd mien,  
His frozen heart with proud in-  
difference fraught,  
Each sacred haunt, each unfor-  
gotten scene,  
Where Freedom triumph'd, or  
where Wisdom taught ?  
Souls that too deeply feel, oh ! envy  
not  
The sullen calm your fate hath  
never known :  
Through the dull twilight of that  
wint'ry lot  
Genius ne'er pierced, nor Fancy's  
sunbeam shone,  
Nor those high thoughts, that,  
hailing Glory's trace,  
Glow with the generous flames of  
every age and race.

## III

But blest the wanderer, whose  
enthusiast mind  
Each muse of ancient days hath  
deep imbued  
With lofty lore ; and all his  
thoughts refined  
In the calm school of silent solitude ;  
Pour'd on his ear, 'midst groves  
and glens retired,  
The mighty strains of each illus-  
trious clime,  
All that hath lived, while empires  
have expired,  
To float for ever on the winds of  
Time ;  
And on his soul indelibly portray'd  
Fair visionary forms, to fill each  
classic shade.

## IV

Is not this mind, to meaner  
thoughts unknown,  
A sanctuary of beauty and of light ?  
There he may dwell in regions all  
his own,  
A world of dreams, where all is  
pure and bright.

For him the scenes of old renown  
possess  
Romantic charms, all veil'd from  
other eyes ;  
There every form of nature's  
loveliness  
Wakes in his breast a thousand  
sympathies ;  
As music's voice, in some lone  
mountain-dell,  
From rocks and caves around calls  
forth each echo's swell.

## V

For him Italia's brilliant skies  
illumine  
The bard's lone haunts, the warrior's  
combat-plains,  
And the wild rose yet lives to  
breath and bloom  
Round Doric Pæstum's solitary  
fanes.  
But most, fair Greece ! on thy  
majestic shore  
He feels the fervours of his spirit  
rise ;  
Thou birthplace of the Muse !  
whose voice of yore  
Breathed in thy groves immortal  
harmonies ;  
And lingers still around the well-  
known coast,  
Murmuring a wild farewell to fame  
and freedom lost.

## VI

By seas, that flow in brightness as  
they lave  
Thy rocks, the enthusiast rapt in  
thought may stray,  
While roves his eye o'er that  
deserted wave,  
Once the proud scene of battle's  
dread array.  
—O ye blue waters ! ye, of old  
that bore  
The free, the conquering, hymn'd  
by choral strains,  
How sleep ye now around the silent  
shore,  
The lonely realm of ruins and of  
chains !  
How are the mighty vanish'd in  
their pride !  
E'en as their barks have left no traces  
on your tide.

## VII

Hush'd are the Pans whose exulting tone  
Swell'd o'er that tide—the sons of battle sleep—  
The wind's wild sigh, the halcyon's voice alone  
Blend with the plaintive murmur of the deep.  
Yet when those waves have caught the splendid hues  
Of morn's rich firmament, serenely bright,  
Or setting suns the lovely shore suffuse  
With all their purple mellowness of light,  
Oh ! who could view the scene, so calmly fair,  
Nor dream that peace, and joy, and liberty, were there ?

## VIII

Where soft the sunbeams play, the zephyrs blow,  
'Tis hard to deem that misery can be nigh ;  
Where the clear heavens in blue transparence glow,  
Life should be calm and cloudless as the sky ;  
—Yet o'er the low, dark dwellings of the dead,  
Verdure and flowers in summer-bloom may smile,  
And ivy boughs their graceful drapery spread  
In green luxuriance o'er the ruin'd pile ;  
And mantling woodbine veil the wither'd tree,—  
And thus it is, fair land ! forsaken Greece, with thee.

## IX

For all the loveliness, and light, and bloom,  
That yet are thine, surviving many a storm,  
Are but as heaven's warm radiance on the tomb,  
The rose's blush that marks the canker-worm :  
And thou art desolate—thy morn hath pass'd !  
So dazzling in the splendour of its way,

That the dark shades the night hath o'er thee cast  
Throw tenfold gloom around thy deep decay.  
Once proud in freedom, still in ruin fair,  
Thy fate hath been unmatch'd—in glory and despair.

## X

For thee, lost land ! the hero's blood hath flow'd,  
The high in soul have brightly lived and died ;  
For thee the light of soaring genius glow'd  
O'er the fair arts it form'd and glorified.  
Thine were the minds whose energies sublime  
So distanced ages in their lightning-race,  
The task they left the sons of later time  
Was but to follow their illumined trace.  
—Now, bow'd to earth, thy children, to be free,  
Must break each link that binds their filial hearts to thee.

## XI

Lo ! to the scenes of fiction's wildest tales,  
Her own bright East, thy son, Morea ! flies,  
To seek repose 'midst rich, romantic vales,  
Whose incense mounts to Asia's vivid skies.  
There shall he rest ?—Alas ! his hopes in vain  
Guide to the sun-clad regions of the palm,  
Peace dwells not now on oriental plain,  
Though earth is fruitfulness, and air is balm ;  
And the sad wanderer finds but lawless foes,  
Where patriarchs reign'd of old in pastoral repose.

## XII

Where Syria's mountains rise, or Yemen's groves,

Or Tigris rolls his Genie-haunted  
wave,  
Life to his eye, as wearily it roves,  
Wears but two forms—the tyrant  
and the slave !

There the fierce Arab leads his  
daring horde,  
Where sweeps the sandstorm o'er  
the burning wild ;  
There stern Oppression waves the  
wasting sword  
O'er plains that smile as ancient  
Eden smiled ;  
And the vale's bosom, and the  
desert's gloom,  
Yield to the injured there no shelter  
save the tomb.

## XIII

But thou, fair world ! whose fresh  
unsullied charms  
Welcomed Columbus from the  
western wave,  
Wilt thou receive the wanderer to  
thine arms,  
The lost descendant of the immortal  
brave ?  
Amidst the wild magnificence of  
shades  
That o'er thy floods their twilight  
grandeur cast,  
In the green depth of thine un-  
trodden glades  
Shall he not rear his bower of peace  
at last ?  
Yes ! thou hast many a lone  
majestic scene,  
Shrined in primeval woods, where  
despot ne'er hath been.

## XIV

There, by some lake, whose blue  
expansive breast  
Bright from afar, an inland ocean,  
gleams,  
Girt with vast solitudes, profusely  
dress'd  
In tints like those that float o'er  
poet's dreams ;  
Or where some flood from pine-clad  
mountain pours  
Its might of waters, glittering in  
their foam,  
'Midst the rich verdure of its  
wooded shores,  
The exiled Greek hath fix'd his  
sylvan home :

So deeply lone, that round the wild  
retreat  
Scarce have the paths been trod by  
Indian huntsman's feet.

## XV

The forests are around him in their  
pride,  
The green savannas, and the mighty  
waves ;  
And isles of flowers, bright-floating  
o'er the tide,  
That images the fairy worlds it  
laves,  
And stillness, and luxuriance.—  
O'er his head  
The ancient cedars wave their  
peopled bowers,  
On high the palms their graceful  
foliage spread,  
Cinctured with roses the magnolia  
towers,  
And from those green arcades a  
thousand tones  
Wake with each breeze, whose voice  
through Nature's temple moans.

## XVI

And there, no traces left by bright-  
er days,  
For glory lost may wake a sigh of  
grief,  
Some grassy mound, perchance,  
may meet his gaze,  
The lone memorial of an Indian  
chief.  
There man not yet hath mark'd the  
boundless plain  
With marble records of his fame  
and power ;  
The forest is his everlasting fane,  
The palm his monument, the rock  
his tower.  
The eternal torrent and the giant  
tree,  
Remind him but that they, like him,  
are wildly free.

## XVII

But doth the exile's heart serenely  
there  
In sunshine dwell ?—Ah ! when  
was exile blest ?  
When did bright scenes, clear  
heavens, or summer air,  
Chase from his soul the fever of  
unrest ?

—There is a heartsick weariness of mood,  
That like slow poison wastes the vital glow,  
And shrines itself in mental solitude,  
An uncomplaining and a nameless woe,  
That coldly smiles 'midst pleasure's brightest ray,  
As the chill glacier's peak reflects the flush of day.

## XVIII

Such grief is theirs, who, fix'd on foreign shore,  
Sigh for the spirit of their native gales,  
As pines the seaman, 'midst the ocean's roar,  
For the green earth, with all its woods and vales.  
Thus feels thy child, whose memory dwells with thee,  
Loved Greece! all sunk and blighted as thou art;  
Though thought and step in western wilds be free,  
Yet thine are still the daydreams of his heart:  
The deserts spread between, the billows foam,  
Thou, distant and in chains, are yet his spirit's home.

## XIX

In vain for him the gay lianes entwine,  
Or the green firefly sparkles through the brakes,  
Or summer winds waft odours from the pine,  
As eve's last blush is dying on the lakes.  
Through thy fair vales his fancy roves the while,  
Or breathes the freshness of Cithæron's height,  
Or dreams how softly Athens' towers would smile,  
Or Sunium's ruins, in the fading light;  
On Corinth's cliff what sunset hues may sleep,  
Or, at that placid hour, how calm the Ægean deep!

## XX

What scenes, what sunbeams, are to him like thine?  
(The all of thine no tyrant could destroy!)  
E'en to the stranger's roving eye, they shine  
Soft as a vision of remember'd joy.  
And he who comes, the pilgrim of a day,  
A passing wanderer o'er each Attic hill,  
Sighs as his footsteps turn from thy decay,  
To laughing climes, where all is splendour still;  
And views with fond regret thy lessening shore,  
As he would watch a star that sets to rise no more.

## XXI

Realm of sad beauty! thou art as a shrine  
That Fancy visits with Devotion's zeal,  
To catch high thoughts and impulses divine,  
And all the glow of soul enthusiasts feel  
Amidst the tombs of heroes—for the brave  
Whose dust, so many an age, hath been thy soil,  
Foremost in honour's phalanx, died to save  
The land redeem'd and hallow'd by their toil;  
And there is language in thy lightest gale,  
That o'er the plains they won seems murmuring yet their tale.

## XXII

And he, whose heart is weary of the strife  
Of meaner spirits, and whose mental gaze  
Would shun the dull cold littleness of life,  
Awhile to dwell amidst sublimer days,  
Must turn to thee, whose every valley teems  
With proud remembrances that cannot die.

Thy glens are peopled with inspiring dreams,  
 Thy winds, the voice of oracles gone by ;  
 And, 'midst thy laurel shades the wanderer hears  
 The sound of mighty names, the hymns of vanish'd years.

## XXIII

Through that deep solitude be his to stray,  
 By Faun and Oread loved in ages past,  
 Where clear Peneus winds his rapid way  
 Through the cleft heights, in antique grandeur vast.  
 Romantic Tempe! thou art yet the same—  
 Wild, as when sung by bards of elder time :  
 Years, that have changed thy river's classic name,  
 Have left thee still in savage pomp sublime ;  
 And from thine Alpine clefts and marble caves,  
 In living lustre still break forth the fountain waves.

## XXIV

Beneath thy mountain battlements and towers,  
 Where the rich arbuté's coral berries glow,  
 Or 'midst the exuberance of thy forest bowers,  
 Casting deep shadows o'er the current's flow,  
 Oft shall the pilgrim pause, in lone recess,  
 As rock and stream some glancing light have caught,  
 And gaze, till Nature's mighty forms impress  
 His soul with deep sublimity of thought ;  
 And linger oft, recalling many a tale,  
 That breeze, and wave, and wood seem whispering through thy dale.

## XXV

He, thought-entranced, may wander where of old

From Delphi's chasm the mystic vapour rose,  
 And trembling nations heard their doom foretold  
 By the dread spirit throned 'midst rocks and snows.  
 Though its rich fanes be blended with the dust,  
 And silence now the hallow'd haunt possess,  
 Still is the scene of ancient rites august,  
 Magnificent in mountain loneliness ;  
 Still inspiration hovers o'er the ground,  
 Where Greece her councils held, her Pythian victors crown'd.

## XXVI

Or let his steps the rude grey cliffs explore  
 Of that wild pass, once dyed with Spartan blood,  
 When by the waves what break on Ceta's shore,  
 The few, the fearless, the devoted, stood !  
 Or rove where, shadowing Mantinea's plain,  
 Bloom the wild laurels o'er the warlike dead,  
 Or lone Plataea's ruins yet remain,  
 To mark the battlefield of ages fled ;  
 Still o'er such scenes presides a sacred power,  
 Though Fiction's gods have fled from fountain, grot, and bower.

## XXVII

Oh ! still unblamed may fancy fondly deem,  
 That, lingering yet, benignant genii dwell  
 Where mortal worth has hallow'd grove or stream,  
 To sway the heart with some ennobling spell ;  
 For mightiest minds have felt their blest control,  
 In the wood's murmur, in the zephyr's sigh,  
 And these are dreams that lend a voice and soul,  
 And a high power, to Nature's majesty !

And who can rove o'er Grecian  
shores, nor feel,  
Soft o'er his inmost heart, their secret  
magic steal ?

## XXVIII

Yet many a sad reality is there,  
That Fancy's bright illusions  
cannot veil.  
Pure laughs the light, and balmy  
breathes the air,  
But Slavery's mien will tell its  
bitter tale ;  
And there, not Peace, but Desola-  
tion, throws  
Delusive quiet o'er full many a  
scene,  
Deep as the brooding torpor of  
repose  
That follows where the earth-  
quake's track hath been ;  
Or solemn calm, on Ocean's breast  
that lies,  
When sinks the storm, and death has  
hush'd the seamen's cries.

## XXIX

Hast thou beheld some sovereign  
spirit, hurl'd  
By Fate's rude tempest from its  
radiant sphere,  
Doom'd to resign the homage of a  
world,  
For Pity's deepest sigh, and saddest  
tear ?  
Oh ! hast thou watch'd the awful  
wreck of mind,  
That weareth still a glory in  
decay ?  
Seen all that dazzles and delights  
mankind—  
Thought, science, genius, to the  
storm a prey,  
And o'er the blasted tree, the  
wither'd ground,  
Despair's wild nightshade spread, and  
darkly flourish round ?

## XXX

So mayst thou gaze, in sad and  
awestruck thought,  
On the deep fall of that ye' lovely  
clime ;  
Such there the ruin Time and Fate  
have wrought,  
So changed the bright, the splendid,  
the sublime ;

There the proud monuments of  
Valour's name,  
The mighty works Ambition piled  
on high,  
The rich remains by Art bequeath'd  
to Fame—  
Grace, beauty, grandeur, strength,  
and symmetry,  
Blend in decay ; while all that yet  
is fair  
Seems only spared to tell how much  
hath perish'd there !

## XXXI

There, while around lie mingling  
in the dust,  
The column's graceful shaft, with  
weeds o'ergrown,  
The mouldering torso, the forgotten  
bust,  
The warrior's urn, the altar's mossy  
stone ;  
Amidst the loneliness of shatter'd  
fanes,  
Still matchless monuments of other  
years,  
O'er cypress groves, or solitary  
plains,  
Its Eastern form the minaret  
proudly rears ;  
As on some captive city's ruin'd  
wall  
The victor's banner waves, exulting  
o'er its fall.

## XXXII

Still, where that column of the  
mosque aspires,  
Landmark of slavery, towering o'er  
the waste,  
There science droops, the Muses  
hush their lyres  
And o'er the blooms of fancy and  
of taste  
Spreads the chill blight—as in that  
Orient isle  
Where the dark upas taints the gale  
around,  
Within its precincts not a flower  
may smile,  
Nor dew nor sunshine fertilise the  
ground ;  
Nor wild birds' music float on  
zephyr's breath,  
But all is silence round, and solitude,  
and death.

## xxxiii

Far other influence pour'd the  
 Crescent's light  
 O'er conquer'd realms, in ages  
 pass'd away ;  
 Full and alone it beam'd, intensely  
 bright,  
 While distant climes in midnight  
 darkness lay.  
 Then rose th' Alhambra, with its  
 founts and shades,  
 Fair marble halls, alcoves, and  
 orange bowers :  
 Its sculptured lions, richly wrought  
 arcades,  
 Aërial pillars, and enchanted  
 towers ;  
 Light, splendid, wild, as some  
 Arabian tale  
 Would picture fairy domes, that fleet  
 before the gale.

## xxxiv

Then foster'd genius lent each  
 caliph's throne  
 Lustre barbaric pomp could ne'er  
 attain ;  
 And stars unnumber'd o'er the  
 Orient shone,  
 Bright as that Pleiad, spher'd in  
 Mecca's fane,  
 From Bagdat's palaces the choral  
 strains  
 Rose and re-echoed to the desert's  
 bound,  
 And Science, woo'd on Egypt's  
 burning plains,  
 Rear'd her majestic head with  
 glory crown'd ;  
 And the wild Muses breathed  
 romantic lore,  
 From Syria's palmy groves to Anda-  
 lusia's shore.

## xxxv

Those years have pass'd in radiance  
 —they have pass'd,  
 As sinks the daystar in the tropic  
 main ;  
 His parting beams no soft reflection  
 cast,  
 They burn—are quench'd—and  
 deepest shadows reign.  
 And Fame and Science have not  
 left a trace  
 In the vast regions of the Moslem's  
 power,—

Regions, to intellect a desert space,  
 A wild without a fountain or a  
 flower,  
 Where towers Oppression 'midst  
 the deepening glooms,  
 As dark and lone ascends the cypress  
 'midst the tombs.

## xxxvi

Alas for thee, fair Greece ! when  
 Asia pour'd  
 Her fierce fanatics to Byzantium's  
 wall,  
 When Europe sheath'd, in apathy,  
 her sword,  
 And head unmoved the fated city's  
 call,  
 No bold crusaders ranged their  
 serried line  
 Of spears and banners round a  
 falling throne ;  
 And thou, O last and noblest  
 Constantine !  
 Didst meet the storm unshrinking  
 and alone.  
 Oh ! blest to die in freedom, though  
 in vain,  
 Thine Empire's proud exchange the  
 grave, and not the chain.

## xxxvii

Hush'd is Byzantium—'tis the dead  
 of night—  
 The closing night of that imperial  
 race !  
 And all is vigil—but the eye of  
 light  
 Shall soon unfold, a wilder scene to  
 trace :  
 There is a murmuring stillness on  
 the train  
 Thronging the midnight streets, at  
 morn to die ;  
 And to the Cross, in fair Sophia's  
 fane,  
 For the last time is raised Devo-  
 tion's eye ;  
 And, in his heart while faith's  
 bright visions rise,  
 There kneels the high-soul'd prince,  
 the summon'd of the skies.

## xxxviii

Day breaks in light and glory—'tis  
 the hour  
 Of conflict and of fate—the war-  
 note calls—

Despair hath lent a stern, delirious  
power  
To the brave few that guard the  
rampart walls.  
Far over Marmora's waves the  
artillery's peal  
Proclaims an empire's doom in  
every note ;  
Tambour and trumpet swell the  
clash of steel,  
Round spire and dome the clouds  
of battle float ;  
From camp and wave rush on the  
Crescent's host,  
And the Seven Towers are scaled, and  
all is won and lost.

## XXXIX

Then, Greece! the tempest rose  
that burst on thee,  
Land of the bard, the warrior, and  
the sage !  
Oh ! where were then thy sons, the  
great, the free,  
Whose deeds are guiding stars from  
age to age ?  
Though firm thy battlements of  
crags and snows,  
And bright the memory of thy days  
of pride,  
In mountain might though Cor-  
inth's fortress rose,  
On, unresisted, roll'd the invading  
tide ?  
Oh ! vain the rock, the rampart,  
and the tower,  
If Freedom guard them not with  
Mind's unconquer'd power.

## XL

Where were the avengers then,  
whose viewless might  
Preserved inviolate their awful  
fane,  
When through the steep defiles, to  
Delphi's height,  
In martial splendour pour'd the  
Persian's train ?  
Then did those mighty and mys-  
terious Powers,  
Arm'd with the elements, to  
vengeance wake,  
Call the dread storms to darken  
round their towers,  
Hurl down the rocks, and bid the  
thunders break ;

Till far around, with deep and  
fearful clang,  
Sounds of unearthly war through  
wild Parnassus rang.

## XLI

Where was the spirit of the victor-  
throng  
Whose tombs are glorious by  
Scamander's tide,  
Whose names are bright in ever-  
lasting song,  
The lords of war, the praised, the  
deified ?  
Where he, the hero of a thousand  
lays,  
Who from the dead at Marathon  
arose  
All arm'd ; and beaming on the  
Athenians' gaze,  
A battle-meteor, guided to their  
foes ?  
Or they whose forms to Alaric's  
awestruck eye,  
Hovering o'er Athens, blazed in airy  
panoply ?

## XLII

Ye slept, O heroes ! chief ones of  
the earth !  
High demigods of ancient days ! ye  
slept.  
There lived no spark of your  
ascendant worth  
When o'er your land the victor  
Moslem swept ;  
No patriot then the sons of freedom  
led,  
In mountain pass devotedly to die ;  
The martyr-spirit of resolve was  
fled,  
And the high soul's unconquer'd  
buoyancy ;  
And by your graves, and on your  
battle-plains,  
Warriors ! your children knelt, to  
wear the stranger's chains.

## XLIII

Now have your trophies vanish'd,  
and your homes  
Are moulder'd from the earth,  
while scarce remain  
E'en the faint traces of the ancient  
tombs  
That mark where sleep the slayers  
or the slain.



Your deeds are with the days of  
glory flown,  
The lyres are hush'd that swell'd  
your fame afar,  
The halls that echo'd to their  
sounds are gone,  
Perish'd the conquering weapons of  
your war;  
And if a mossy stone your names  
retain,  
'Tis but to tell your sons, for them ye  
died in vain.

## XLIV

Yet, where some lone sepulchral  
relic stands,  
That with those names tradition  
hallows yet,  
Oft shall the wandering son of  
other lands  
linger in solemn thought and  
hush'd regret.  
And still have legends mark'd the  
lonely spot  
Where low the dust of Agamemnon  
lies;  
And shades of kings and leaders  
unforgot,  
Hovering around, to fancy's vision  
rise.  
Souls of the heroes! seek your rest  
again,  
Nor mark how changed the realms  
that saw your glory's reign.

## XLV

Lo, where the Albanian spreads his  
despot sway  
O'er Thessaly's rich vales and  
glowing plains,  
Whose sons in sullen abjectness  
obey,  
Nor lift the hand indignant at its  
chains:  
Oh! doth the land that gave  
Achilles birth,  
And many a chief of old illustrious  
line,  
Yield not one spirit of unconquer'd  
worth  
To kindle those that now in bond-  
age pine?  
No! on its mountain air is slavery's  
breath,  
And terror chills the hearts whose  
utter'd plaints were death.

## XLVI

Yet if thy light, fair Freedom,  
rested there,  
How rich in charms were that  
romantic clime,  
With streams, and woods, and  
pastoral valleys fair,  
And wall'd with mountains,  
haughtily sublime:  
Heights that might well be deem'd  
the Muses' reign,  
Since, claiming proud alliance  
with the skies,  
They lose in loftier spheres their  
wild domain—  
Meet home for those retired  
divinities  
That love, where nought of earth  
may e'er intrude,  
Brightly to dwell on high, in lonely  
sanctitude.

## XLVII

There, in rude grandeur, daringly  
ascends  
Stern Pindus, rearing many a pine-  
clad height;  
He with the clouds his bleak  
dominion blends,  
Frowning o'er vales in woodland  
verdure bright.  
Wild and august in consecrated  
pride,  
There through the deep-blue heaven  
Olympus towers,  
Girdled with mists, light-floating  
as to hide  
The rock-built palace of immortal  
powers;  
Where far on high the sunbeam  
finds repose,  
Amidst the eternal pomp of forests  
and of snows.

## XLVIII

Those savage cliffs and solitudes  
might seem  
The chosen haunts where Freedom's  
foot would roam;  
She loves to dwell by glen and  
torrent-stream,  
And make the rocky fastnesses her  
home.  
And in the rushing of the mountain  
flood,  
In the wild eagle's solitary cry,

In sweeping winds that peal  
through cave and wood,  
There is a voice of stern sublimity,  
That swells her spirit to a loftier  
mood  
Of solemn joy severe, of power, of  
fortitude.

## XLIX

But from those hills the radiance  
of her smile  
Hath vanish'd long, her step hath  
fled afar;  
O'er Suli's frowning rocks she  
paused a while,  
Kindling the watchfires of the  
mountain war;  
And brightly glow'd her ardent  
spirit there,  
Still brightest 'midst privation:  
o'er distress  
It cast romantic splendour, and  
despair  
But fann'd that beacon of the  
wilderness;  
And rude ravine, and precipice,  
and dell,  
Sent their deep echoes forth, her  
rallying voice to swell.

## L

Dark children of the hills! 'twas  
then ye wrought  
Deeds of fierce daring, rudely,  
sternly grand;  
As 'midst your craggy citadels ye  
fought,  
And women mingled with your  
warrior-band.  
Then on the cliff the frantic mother  
stood  
High o'er the river's darkly-rolling  
wave,  
And hurl'd, in dread delirium, to  
the flood  
Her free-born infant, ne'er to be a  
slave.  
For all was lost—all, save the  
power to die  
The wild indignant death of savage  
liberty.

## LI

Now is that strife a tale of vanish'd  
days,  
With mightier things forgotten  
soon to lie;

Yet oft hath minstrel sung, in lofty  
lays,  
Deeds less adventurous, energies  
less high.  
And the dread struggle's fearful  
memory still  
O'er each wild rock a wilder aspect  
throws;  
Sheds darker shadows o'er the  
frowning hill,  
More solemn quiet o'er the glen's  
repose;  
Lends to the rustling pines a  
deeper moan,  
And the hoarse river's voice a mur-  
mur not its own.

## LII

For stillness now—the stillness of  
the dead—  
Hath wrapt that conflict's lone and  
awful scene,  
And man's forsaken homes, in ruin  
spread,  
Tell where the storming of the  
cliffs hath been.  
And there, o'er wastes magnificently  
rude,  
What race may rove, unconscious  
of the chain?  
Those realms have now no desert  
unsubdued,  
Where Freedom's banner may be  
rear'd again:  
Sunk are the ancient dwellings of  
her fame,  
The children of her sons inherit but  
their name.

## LIII

Go, seek proud Sparta's monuments  
and fanes!  
In scatter'd fragments o'er the vale  
they lie;  
Of all they were not e'en enough  
remains  
To lend their fall a mournful  
majesty.  
Birthplace of those whose names  
we first revered  
In song and story—temple of the  
free!  
O thou, the stern, the haughty,  
and the fear'd,  
Are such thy relics, and can this  
be thee?

Thou shouldst have left a giant  
wreck behind,  
And e'en in ruin claim'd the wonder  
of mankind.

## LIV

For thine were spirits cast in other  
mould  
Than all beside—and proved by  
runder test;  
They stood alone—the proud, the  
firm, the bold,  
With the same seal indelibly  
imprest.  
Theirs were no bright varieties of  
mind,  
One image stamp'd the rough,  
colossal race,  
In rugged grandeur frowning o'er  
mankind,  
Stern, and disdainful of each milder  
grace.  
As to the sky some mighty rock  
may tower,  
Whose front can brave the storm, but  
will not rear the flower.

## LV

Such were thy sons—their life a  
battle-day!  
Their youth one lesson how for thee  
to die!  
Closed is that task, and they have  
pass'd away  
Like softer beings train'd to aims  
less high.  
Yet bright on earth *their* fame who  
proudly fell,  
True to their shields, the cham-  
pions of thy cause,  
Whose funeral column bade the  
stranger tell  
How died the brave, obedient to  
thy laws!  
O lofty mother of heroic worth,  
How couldst thou live to bring a  
meaner offspring forth?

## LVI

Hadst thou but perish'd with the  
free, nor known  
A second race, when Glory's noon  
went by,  
Then had thy name in single bright-  
ness shone  
A watchword on the helm of  
liberty!

Thou shouldst have pass'd with all  
the light of fame,  
And proudly sunk in ruins, not in  
chains,  
But slowly set thy star 'midst  
clouds of shame,  
And tyrants rose amidst thy falling  
fanés;  
And thou, surrounded by thy  
warriors' graves,  
Hast drain'd the bitter cup once  
mingled for thy slaves.

## LVII

Now all is o'er—for thee alike are  
flown  
Freedom's bright noon, and Sla-  
very's twilight cloud;  
And in thy fall, as in thy pride,  
alone,  
Deep solitude is round thee, as a  
shroud.  
Home of Leonidas! thy halls are  
low,  
From their cold altars have thy  
Lares fled,  
O'er thee, unmark'd the sunbeams  
fade or glow,  
And wild flowers wave, unbent by  
human tread;  
And 'midst thy silence, as the  
grave's profound,  
A voice, a step, would seem as some  
unearthly sound.

## LVIII

Taÿgetus still lifts his awful  
brow,  
High o'er the mouldering city of  
the dead,  
Sternly sublime; while o'er his  
robe of snow  
Heaven's floating tints their warm  
suffusions spread.  
And yet his rippling wave Eurotas  
leads  
By tombs and ruins o'er the silent  
plain,  
While, whispering there, his own  
wild graceful reeds  
Ris. as of old, when hail'd by  
classic strain;  
There the rose-laurels still in  
beauty wave,  
And a frail shrub survives to bloom  
o'er Sparta's grave.

## LIX

Oh ! thus it is with man. A tree, a flower,  
While nations perish, still renews  
its race,  
And o'er the fallen records of his power  
Spreads in wild pomp, or smiles in fairy grace.  
The laurel shoots when those have pass'd away  
Once rivals for its crown, the brave, the free ;  
The rose is flourishing o'er beauty's clay,  
The myrtle blows when love hath ceased to be ;  
Green waves the bay when song and bard are fled,  
And all that round us blooms is blooming o'er the dead.

## LX

And still the olive spreads its foliage round  
Morea's fallen sanctuaries and towers,  
Once its green boughs Minerva's votaries crown'd,  
Deem'd a meet offering for celestial powers.  
The suppliant's hand its holy branches bore ;  
They waved around the Olympic victor's head ;  
And, sanctified by many a rite of yore,  
Its leaves the Spartan's honour'd bier o'erspread :  
Those rites have vanish'd—but o'er vale and hill  
Its fruitful groves arise, revered and hallow'd still.

## LXI

Where now thy shrines, Eleusis ! where thy fane  
Of fearful visions, mysteries wild and high ?  
The pomp of rites, the sacrificial train,  
The long procession's awful pageantry ?  
Quench'd is the torch of Ceres—all around  
Decay hath spread the stillness of her reign,

H.P.

There never more shall choral hymns resound,  
O'er the hush'd earth and solitary main ;  
Whose wave from Salamis deserted flows,  
To bathe a silent shore of desolate repose.

## LXII

And oh ! ye secret and terrific powers,  
Dark oracles ! in depth of groves that dwelt,  
How are they sunk, the altars of your bowers,  
Where Superstition trembled as she knelt !  
Ye, the unknown, the viewless ones ! that made  
The elements your voice, the wind and wave ;  
Spirits ! whose influence darken'd many a shade,  
Mysterious visitants of fount and cave !  
How long your power the awe-struck nations sway'd,  
How long earth dreamt of you, and shudderingly obey'd !

## LXIII

And say, what marvel, in those early days,  
While yet the light of heaven-born truth was not ;  
If man around him cast a fearful gaze,  
Peopling with shadowy powers each dell and grot ?  
Awful is nature in her savage forms,  
Her solemn voice commanding in its might,  
And mystery then was in the rush of storms,  
The gloom of woods, the majesty of night ;  
And mortals heard Fate's language in the blast,  
And rear'd your forest-shrines, ye phantoms of the past !

## LXIV

Then through the foliage not a breeze might sigh  
But with prophetic sound—a waving tree,

E E

A meteor flashing o'er the summer sky,  
 A bird's wild flight reveal'd the things to be.  
 All spoke of unseen natures, and convey'd,  
 Their inspiration; still they hover'd round,  
 Hallow'd the temple, whisper'd through the shade,  
 Pervaded loneliness, gave soul to sound;  
 Of them the fount, the forest, murmur'd still,  
 Their voice was in the stream, their footstep on the hill.

## LXV

Now is the train of Superstition flown,  
 Unearthly Beings walk on earth no more;  
 The deep wind swells with no portentous tone,  
 The rustling wood breathes no fatidic lore,  
 Fled are the phantoms of Livadia's cave,  
 There dwell no shadows, but of crag and steep;  
 Fount of Oblivion! in thy gushing wave,  
 That murmurs nigh, those powers of terror sleep.  
 Oh! that such dreams alone had fled that clime,  
 But Greece is changed in all that could be changed by time!

## LXVI

Her skies are those whence many a mighty bard  
 Caught inspiration, glorious as their beams;  
 Her hills the same that heroes died to guard,  
 Her vales, that foster'd Art's divinest dreams!  
 But that bright spirit o'er the land that shone,  
 And all around pervading influence pour'd,  
 That lent the harp of Æschylus its tone,  
 And proudly hallow'd Lacedæmon's sword,

And guided Phidias o'er the yielding stone,  
 With them its ardours lived—with them its light is flown.

## LXVII

Thebes, Corinth, Argos!—ye, renown'd of old;  
 Where are your chiefs of high romantic name?  
 How soon the tale of ages may be told!  
 A page, a verse, records the fall of fame,  
 The work of centuries. We gaze on you,  
 O cities! once the glorious and the free,  
 The lofty tales that charm'd our youth renew,  
 And wondering ask, if these their scenes could be?  
 Search for the classic fane, the regal tomb,  
 And find the mosque alone—a record of their doom!

## LXVIII

How oft hath war his host of spoilers pour'd,  
 Fair Elhs! o'er thy consecrated vales!  
 There have the sunbeams glanced on spear and sword,  
 And banners floated on the balmy gales.  
 Once didst thou smile, secure in sanctitude,  
 As some enchanted isle 'mid stormy seas;  
 On thee no hostile footstep might intrude,  
 And pastoral sounds alone were on thy breeze.  
 Forsaken home of peace! that spell is broke,  
 Thou too hast heard the storm, and bow'd beneath the yoke.

## LXIX

And through Arcadia's wild and lone retreats  
 Far other sounds have echo'd than the strain  
 Of faun and dryad, from their woodland seats,

Or ancient reed of peaceful moun-  
tain swain !

There, though at times Alpheus  
yet surveys,

On his green banks renew'd, the  
classic dance,

And nymphlike forms, and wild  
melodious lays,

Revive the sylvan scenes of old  
romance ;

Yet brooding fear and dark sus-  
picion dwell

Midst Pan's deserted haunts, by  
fountain, cave, and dell.

## LXX

But thou, fair Attica ! whose rocky  
bound

All art and nature's richest gifts  
enshrined,

Thou little sphere, whose soul-  
illumined round

Concentrated each sunbeam of the  
mind ;

Who, as the summit of some Alpine  
height

Glow's earliest, latest, with the  
blush of day,

Didst first imbibe the splendours of  
the light,

And smile the longest in its linger-  
ing ray ;

Oh ! let us gaze on thee, and fondly  
deem

The past awhile restored, the present  
but a dream.

## LXXI

Let Fancy's vivid hues awhile  
prevail—

Wake at her call—be all thou wert  
once more !

Hark !—hymns of triumph swell  
on every gale !

Lo ! bright processions move along  
thy shore !

Again thy temples, 'midst the  
olive-shade,

Lovely in chaste simplicity arise ;  
And graceful monuments, in grove  
and glade,

Catch the warm tints of thy re-  
splendent skies ;

And sculptured forms, of high and  
heavenly mien,

In their calm beauty smile around  
the sunbright scene.

## LXXII

Again renew'd by Thought's  
creative spells,

In all her pomp thy city, Theseus !  
towers :

Within, around, the light of glory  
dwells

On art's fair fabrics, wisdom's holy  
bowers.

There marble fanes in finish'd grace  
ascend,

The pencil's world of life and beauty  
glows ;

Shrines, pillars, porticoes, in gran-  
deur blend,

Rich with the trophies of barbaric  
foes ;

And groves of platane wave, in  
verdant pride,

The sage's blest retreats, by calm  
Ilissus' tide.

## LXXIII

Bright as that fairy vision of the  
wave,

Raised by the magic of Morgana's  
wand,

On summer seas that undulating  
lave

Romantic Sicily's Arcadian strand ;  
That pictured scene of airy colon-  
nades,

Light palaces, in shadowy glory  
drest,

Enchanted groves, and temples,  
and arcades,

Gleaming and floating on the  
ocean's breast ;

Athens ! thus fair the dream of  
thee appears,

As Fancy's eye pervades the veiling  
cloud of years.

## LXXIV

Still be that cloud withdrawn—  
oh ! mark on high,

Crowning yon hill, with temples  
richly graced,

That fane, august in perfectsymme-  
try,

The purest model of Athenian taste.  
Fair Parthenon ! thy Doric pillars  
rise

In simple dignity, thy marble's hue  
Unsullied shines, relieved by  
brilliant skies,

That round thee spread their deep  
ethereal blue ;  
And art o'er all thy light propor-  
tions throws  
The harmony of grace, the beauty of  
repose.

## LXXV

And lovely o'er thee sleeps the  
sunny glow,  
When morn and eve in tranquil  
splendour reign,  
And on thy sculptures, as they  
smile, bestow  
Hues that the pencil emulates in  
vain.  
Then the fair forms by Phidias  
wrought, unfold  
Each latent grace, developing in  
light,  
Catch from soft clouds of purple  
and of gold,  
Each tint that passes, tremulously  
bright ;  
And seem indeed whate'er devotion  
deems,  
While so suffused with heaven, so  
mingling with its beams.

## LXXVI

But oh ! what words the vision  
may portray,  
The form of sanctitude that guards  
thy shrine ?  
There stands thy goddess, robed  
in war's array,  
Supremely glorious, awfully divine!  
With spear and helm she stands,  
and flowing vest,  
And sculptured ægis, to perfection  
wrought,  
And on each heavenly lineament  
imprest,  
Calmly sublime, the majesty of  
thought ;  
The pure intelligence, the chaste  
repose,—  
All that a poet's dream around  
Minerva throws.

## LXXVII

Bright age of Pericles ! let fancy  
still  
Through time's deep shadows all  
thy splendour trace,  
And in each work of art's consum-  
mate skill

Hail the free spirit of thy lofty race.  
That spirit, roused by every proud  
reward  
That hope could picture, glory  
could bestow,  
Foster'd by all the sculptor and the  
bard  
Could give of immortality below.  
Thus were thy heroes form'd, and  
o'er their name  
Thus did thy genius shed imperishable  
fane.

## LXXVIII

Mark in the throng'd Ceramicus,  
the train  
Of mourners weeping o'er the  
martyr'd brave :  
Proud be the tears devoted to the  
slain,  
Holy the amaranth strew'd upon  
their grave !  
And hark—unrival'd eloquence  
proclaims  
Their deeds, their trophies, with  
triumphant voice !  
Hark—Pericles records their hon-  
our'd names !  
Sons of the fallen, in their lot  
rejoice :  
What hath life brighter than so  
bright a doom ?  
What power hath fate to soil the  
garlands of the tomb ?

## LXXIX

Praise to the valiant dead ! for  
them doth art  
Exhaust her skill, their triumphs  
bodying forth ;  
Theirs are enshrined names, and  
every heart  
Shall bear the blazon'd impress of  
their worth.  
Bright on the dreams of youth their  
fame shall rise,  
Their fields of fight shall epic song  
record ;  
And, when the voice of battle rends  
the skies,  
Their name shall be their country's  
rall'ing word !  
While fane and column rise august  
to tell  
How Athens honours those for her  
who proudly fell.

## LXXX

City of Theseus! bursting on the  
mind,  
Thus dost thou rise, in all thy glory  
fled!  
Thus guarded by the mighty of  
mankind,  
Thus hallow'd by the memory of  
the dead:  
Alone in beauty and renown—a  
scene  
Whose tints are drawn from free-  
dom's loveliest ray.  
'Tis but a vision now—yet thou has  
been  
More than the brightest vision  
might portray;  
And every stone, with but a vestige  
fraught  
Of thee, hath latent power to wake  
some lofty thought.

## LXXXI

Fall'n are thy fabrics, that so oft  
have rung  
To choral melodies, and tragic lore;  
Now is the lyre of Sophocles un-  
strung,  
The song that hail'd Harmodius  
peals no more.  
Thy proud Piræus is a desert strand,  
Thy stately shrines are mouldering  
on their hill,  
Closed are the triumphs of the  
sculptor's hand,  
The magic voice of eloquence is  
still;  
Minerva's veil is rent—her image  
gone,  
Silent the sage's bower—the warrior's  
tomb o'erthrown.

## LXXXII

Yet in decay thine exquisite remains  
Wond'ring we view, and silently  
revere,  
As traces left on earth's forsaken  
plains

By vanish'd beings of a nobler  
sphere!

Not all the old magnificence of  
Rome,

All that dominion there hath left  
to time;

Proud Coliseum, or commanding  
dome,

Triumphal arch, or obelisk sublime,

Can bid such reverence o'er the  
spirit steal,  
As aught by thee imprest with  
beauty's plastic seal.

## LXXXIII

Though still the empress of the  
sunburnt waste,  
Palmyra rises, desolately grand—  
Though with rich gold and massy  
sculpture graced,  
Commanding still, Persepolis may  
stand  
In haughty solitude—though  
sacred Nile  
The first-born temples of the world  
surveys,  
And many an awful and stupendous  
pile  
Thebes of the hundred gates e'en  
yet displays;  
City of Pericles! Oh! who, like thee,  
Can teach how fair the works of  
mortal hand may be?

## LXXXIV

Thou ledst the way to that illu-  
minated sphere  
Where sovereign beauty dwells;  
and thence didst bear,  
Oh, still triumphant in that high  
career!  
Bright archetypes of all the grand  
and fair.  
And still to thee the enlighten'd  
mind hath flown  
As to her country;—thou hast been  
to earth  
A cynosure;—and, e'en from  
victory's throne,  
Imperial Rome gave homage to thy  
worth;  
And nations, rising to their fame  
afar,  
Still to thy model turn, as seamen  
to their star.

## LXXXV

Glory to those whose relics thus  
arrest  
The gaze of ages! Glory to the  
free!  
For they, they only, could have  
thus imprest  
Their mighty image on the years to  
be!  
Empires and cities in oblivion lie,



Grandeur may vanish, conquest be forgot :—

To leave on earth renown that cannot die,  
Of high-soul'd genius is the unrivall'd lot.

Honour to thee, O Athens ! thou hast shown

What mortals may attain, and seized the palm alone.

## LXXXVI

Oh ! live there those who view with scornful eyes

All that attests the brightness of thy prime ?

Yes ; they who dwell beneath thy lovely skies,

And breathe the inspiring ether of thy clime !

Their path is o'er the mightiest of the dead,

Their homes are 'midst the works of noblest arts ;

Yet all around their gaze, beneath their tread,

Not one proud thrill of loftier thought imparts.

Such are the conquerors of Minerva's land,

Where Genius first reveal'd the triumphs of his hand !

## LXXXVII

For them in vain the glowing light may smile

O'er the pale marble, colouring's warmth to shed,

And in chaste beauty many a sculptured pile

Still o'er the dust of heroes lift its head.

No patriot feeling binds them to the soil,

Whose tombs and shrines their fathers have not rear'd,

Their glance is cold indifference, and their toil

But to destroy what ages have revered,

As if exulting sternly to erase

Whate'er might prove *that* land had nursed a nobler race.

## LXXXVIII

And who may grieve that, rescued from their hands,

Spoilers of excellence and foes to art,

Thy relics, Athens ! borne to other lands,

Claim homage still to thee from every heart ?

Though now no more the exploring stranger's sight,

Fix'd in deep reverence on Minerva's fane,

Shall hail, beneath their native heaven of light,

All that remain'd of forms adored in vain ;

A few short years—and, vanish'd from the scene,

To blend with classic dust their proudest lot had been.

## LXXXIX

Fair Parthenon ! yet still must Fancy weep

For thee, thou work of nobler spirits flown.

Bright, as of old, the sunbeams o'er thee sleep

In all their beauty still—and thine is gone !

Empires have sunk since thou wert first revered,

And varying rights have sanctified thy shrine.

The dust is round thee of the race that rear'd

Thy walls ; and thou—their fate must soon be thine !

But when shall earth again exult to see

Visions divine like theirs renew'd in aught like thee ?

## XC

Lone are thy pillars now—each passing gale

Sighs o'er them as a spirit's voice, which moan'd

That loneliness, and told the plaintive tale

Of the bright synod once above them throned.

Mourn graceful ruin ! on thy sacred hill,

Thy gods, thy rites, a kindred fate have shared :

Yet art thou honour'd in each fragment still

That wasting years and barbarous  
hands had spared ;  
Each hallow'd stone, from rapine's  
fury borne,  
Shall wake bright dreams of thee in  
ages yet unborn.

## XCI

Yes ; in those fragments, though  
by time defaced  
And rude insensate conquerors, yet  
remains  
All that may charm the enlighten'd  
eye of taste,  
On shores where still inspiring  
freedom reigns.  
As vital fragrance breathes from  
every part  
Of the crush'd myrtle, or the  
bruised rose,  
E'en thus the essential energy of art  
There in each wreck imperishably  
glows !  
The soul of Athens lives in every  
line,  
Pervading brightly still the ruins of  
her shrine.

## XCII

Mark—on the storied frieze the  
graceful train,  
The holy festival's triumphal  
throng,  
In fair procession to Minerva's fane,  
With many a sacred symbol, move  
along.  
There every shade of bright exist-  
ence trace,  
The fire of youth, the dignity of  
age ;  
The matron's calm austerity of  
grace,  
The ardent warrior, the benignant  
sage ;  
The nymph's light symmetry, the  
chief's proud mien ;  
Each ray of beauty caught and  
mingled in the scene.

## XCIII

Art unobtrusive there ennobles  
form,  
Each pure chaste outline exquisitely  
flows ;  
There e'en the steed, with bold  
expression warm,

Is clothed with majesty, with being  
glows.  
One mighty mind hath harmonised  
the whole ;  
Those varied groups the same  
bright impress bear ;  
One beam and essence of exalting  
soul  
Lives in the grand, the delicate, the  
fair ;  
And well that pageant of the  
glorious dead  
Blends us with nobler days, and loftier  
spirits fled.

## XCIV

O conquering Genius ! that  
couldst thus detain  
The subtle graces, fading as they  
rise,  
Eternalise expression's fleeting  
reign,  
Arrest warm life in all its energies,  
And fix them on the stone—thy  
glorious lot  
Might wake ambition's envy, and  
create  
Powers half divine : while nations  
are forgot,  
A thought, a dream of thine hath  
vanquish'd fate !  
And when thy hand first gave its  
wonders birth,  
The realms that hail them now scarce  
claim'd a name on earth.

## XCV

Wert thou some spirit of a purer  
sphere  
But once beheld, and never to  
return ?  
No—we may hail again thy bright  
career,  
Again on earth a kindred fire shall  
burn !  
Though thy least relics, e'en in ruin,  
bear  
A stamp of heaven, that ne'er hath  
been renew'd—  
A light inherent—let not man  
despair :  
Still be hope ardent, patience  
unsubdued ;  
For still is nature fair, and thought  
divine,  
And art hath won a world in models  
pure as thine.

## xcvi

Gaze on yon forms, corroded and  
defaced—  
Yet there the germ of future glory  
lies !  
Their virtual grandeur could not be  
erased ;  
It clothes them still, though veil'd  
from common eyes.  
They once were gods and heroes—  
and beheld  
As the blest guardians of their  
native scene ;  
And hearts of warriors, sages, bards,  
have swell'd  
With awe that own'd their sove-  
reignty of mien.  
—Ages have vanish'd since those  
hearts were cold,  
And still those shatter'd forms retain  
their godlike mould.

## xcvii

'Midst their bright kindred, from  
their marble throne  
They have look'd down on thou-  
sand storms of time ;  
Surviving power, and fame, and  
freedom flown, [sublime !  
They still remain'd, still tranquilly  
Till mortal hands the heavenly  
conclave marr'd.  
The Olympian groups have sunk,  
and are forgot ;  
Not e'en their dust could weeping  
Athens guard—  
But these were destined to a nobler  
lot !  
And they have borne, to light  
another land,  
The quenchless ray that soon shall  
gloriously expand.

## xcviii

Phidias ! supreme in thought !  
what hand but thine,  
In human works thus blending  
earth and heaven,  
O'er nature's truth hath spread  
that grace divine,  
To mortal form immortal grandeur  
given ?  
What soul but thine, infusing all  
its power  
In these last monuments of match-  
less days,

Could, from their ruins, bid young  
Genius tower,  
And Hope aspire to more exalted  
praise ?  
And guide deep Thought to that  
secluded height  
Where excellence is throned, in purity  
of light ?

## xcix

And who can tell how pure, how  
bright a flame,  
Caught from these models, may  
illumine the West ?  
What British Angelo may rise to  
fame,  
On the free isle what beams of art  
may rest ?  
Deem not, O England ! that by  
climes confined, [ray ;  
Genius and taste diffuse a partial  
Deem not the eternal energies of  
mind  
Sway'd by that sun whose doom  
is but decay !  
Shall thought be foster'd but by  
skies serene ?  
No ! thou hast power to be what  
Athens e'er hath been.

## c

But thine are treasures oft un-  
prized, unknown,  
And cold neglect hath blighted  
many a mind,  
O'er whose young ardours had thy  
smile but shone,  
Their soaring flight had left a world  
behind !  
And many a gifted hand, that  
might have wrought  
To Grecian excellence the breathing  
stone,  
Or each pure grace of Raphael's  
pencil caught,  
Leaving no record of its power, is  
gone !  
While thou hast fondly sought, on  
distant coast,  
Gems far less rich than those, thus  
precious, and thus lost.

## ci

Yet rise, O Land, in all but art  
alone,  
Bid the sole wreath that is not  
thine be won !

Fame dwells around thee—Genius  
is thine own ;  
Call his rich blooms to life—be thou  
their sun !  
So, should dark ages o'er thy glory  
sweep,  
Should *thine* e'er be as now are  
Grecian plains,

Nations unborn shall track thine  
own blue deep  
To hail thy shore, to worship thy  
remains ;  
Thy mighty monuments with  
reverence trace,  
And cry, " This ancient soil hath  
nursed a glorious race ! "

## WALLACE'S INVOCATION TO BRUCE

Great patriot hero ! ill-requited chief !

THE morn rose bright on scenes  
renown'd,  
Wild Caledonia's classic ground,  
Where the bold sons of other days  
Won their high fame in Ossian's lays,  
And fell—but not till Carron's tide  
With Roman blood was darkly dyed.  
The morn rose bright—and heard the  
cry  
Sent by exulting hosts on high,  
And saw the white-cross banner  
float  
(While rung each clansman's gather-  
ing note)  
O'er the dark plumes and serried  
spears  
Of Scotland's daring mountaineers ;  
As, all elate with hope, they stood,  
To buy their freedom with their blood.

The sunset shone—to guide the  
flying,  
And beam a farewell to the dying !  
The summer moon, on Falkirk's field,  
Streams upon eyes in slumber seal'd ;  
Deep slumber—not to pass away  
When breaks another morning's ray,  
Nor vanish when the trumpet's voice  
Bids ardent hearts again rejoice :  
What sunbeam's glow, what clarion's  
breath,  
May chase the still cold sleep of  
death ?  
Shrouded in Scotland's blood-stain'd  
plaid,  
Low are her mountain warriors laid ;  
They fell, on that proud soil whose  
mould  
Was blent with heroes' dust of old,  
And, guarded by the free and brave,  
Yielded the Roman—but a grave !

Nobly they fell ; yet with them died  
The warrior's hope, the leader's pride.  
Vainly they fell—that martyr host—  
All, save the land's high soul, is lost.  
Blest are the slain ! *they* calmly sleep,  
Nor hear their bleeding country weep !  
The shouts of England's triumph  
telling,  
Reach not their dark and silent  
dwelling ;  
And those surviving to bequeath  
Their sons the choice of chains or  
death,  
May give the slumberer's lowly bier  
An envying glance—but not a tear.

But thou, the fearless and the free,  
Devoted Knight of Ellerslie !  
No vassal spirit, form'd to bow  
When storms are gathering, clouds  
thy brow ;  
No shade of fear, or weak despair,  
Blends with indignant sorrow there !  
The ray which streams on yon red  
field, [shield,  
O'er Scotland's cloven helm and  
Glitters not *there* alone, to shed  
Its cloudless beauty o'er the dead ;  
But where smooth Carron's rippling  
wave  
Flows near that deathbed of the brave,  
Illuming all the midnight scene,  
Sleeps brightly on thy lofty mien.  
But other beams, O Patriot ! shine  
In each commanding glance of thine,  
And other light hath fill'd thine eye  
With inspiration's majesty,  
Caught from the immortal flame  
divine,  
Which makes thine inmost heart a  
shrine !

Thy voice a prophet's tone hath won,  
 The grandeur Freedom lends her son ;  
 Thy bearing a resistless power,  
 The ruling genius of the hour !  
 And he, yon Chief, with mien of pride,  
 Whom Carron's waves from thee divide,  
 Whose haughty gesture fain would seek  
 To veil the thoughts that blanch his cheek,  
 Feels his reluctant mind controll'd  
 By thine of more heroic mould ;  
 Though, struggling all in vain to war  
 With that high soul's ascendant star,  
 He, with a conqueror's scornful eye,  
 Would mock the name of Liberty.

Heard ye the Patriot's awful voice ?—

" Proud Victor ! in thy fame rejoice !  
 Hast thou not seen thy brethren slain,  
 The harvest of the battle plain,  
 And bathed thy sword in blood,  
 whose spot

Eternity shall cancel not ?  
 Rejoice !—with sounds of wild lament,  
 O'er her dark heaths and mountains sent,

With dying moan and dirge's wail,  
 Thy ravaged country bids thee hail !  
 Rejoice !—while yet exulting cries  
 From England's conquering host arise,

And strains of choral triumph tell,  
 Her Royal Slave hath fought too well !  
 Oh ! dark the clouds of woe that rest,  
 Brooding, o'er Scotland's mountain crest ;

Her shield is cleft, her banner torn,  
 O'er martyr'd chiefs her daughters mourn,

And not a breeze, but wafts the sound  
 Of wailing through the land around.  
 Yet deem not thou, till life depart,  
 High hope shall leave the patriot's heart ;

Or courage to the storm inured,  
 Or stern reso've by woes matured,  
 Oppose, to Fate's severest hour.  
 Less than unconquerable power !

No ! though the orbs of heaven expire,  
*Thine*, Freedom ! is a quenchless fire ;

And woe to him whose might would dare

The energies of *thy* despair !  
 No !—when thy chain, O Bruce ! is cast

O'er thy land's charter'd mountain blast,

Then in my yielding soul shall die  
 The glorious faith of Liberty ! "

" Wild hopes ! o'er dreamer's mind that rise ! "

With haughty laugh the Conqueror cries

(Yet his dark cheek is flush'd with shame,

And his eye fill'd with troubled flame) ;

" Vain, brief illusions ! doom'd to fly  
 England's red path of victory !

Is not her sword unmatch'd in might ?  
 Her course, a torrent in the fight ?

The terror of her name gone forth  
 Wide o'er the regions of the north ?

Far hence, 'midst other heaths and snows,

Must freedom's footstep now repose.  
 And thou—in lofty dreams elate,

Enthusiast ! strive no more with Fate !

'Tis vain—the land is lost and won—  
 Sheathed be the sword—its task is done.

Where are the chiefs that stood with thee,

First in the battles of the free ?  
 The firm in heart, in spirit high ?—

They sought yon fatal field to die.  
 Each step of Edward's conquering host

Hath left a grave on Scotland's coast."

" Vassal of England, yes ! a grave  
 Where sleep the faithful and the brave ;

And who the glory would resign,  
 Of death like theirs, for life like thine ?

They slumber—and the stranger's tread

May spurn thy country's noble dead ;  
 Yet, on the land they loved so well,

Still shall their burning spirit dwell,  
 Their deeds shall hallow minstrel's theme,

Their *image* rise on warrior's dream,  
 Their names be inspiration's breath,

Kindling high hope and scorn of death,

Till bursts, immortal from the tomb,

The flame that shall avenge their  
doom!

This is no land for chains—away!  
O'er softer climes let tyrants sway;  
Think'st thou the mountain and the  
storm

Their hardy sons for bondage form?  
Doth our stern wintry blast instil  
Submission to a despot's will?  
No! *we* were cast in other mould  
Than theirs by lawless power con-  
troll'd;

The nurture of our bitter sky  
Calls forth resisting energy,  
And the wild fastnesses are ours,  
The rocks with their eternal towers;  
The soul to struggle and to dare,  
Is mingled with our northern air,  
And dust beneath our soil is lying  
Of those who died for fame undying.  
Tread'st thou that soil! and can it be,  
No loftier thought is roused in thee?  
Doth no high feeling proudly start  
From slumber in thine inmost heart?  
No secret voice thy bosom thrill,  
For thine own Scotland pleading still?  
Oh! wake thee yet—indignant,  
claim

A nobler fate, a purer fame,  
And cast to earth thy fetters riven,  
And take thine offer'd crown from  
Heaven.

Wake! in that high majestic lot  
May the dark past be all forgot;  
And Scotland shall forgive the field  
Where, with her blood thy shame was  
seal'd.

E'en I—though on that fatal plain  
Lies my heart's brother with the slain;  
Though, reft of his heroic worth,  
My spirit dwells alone on earth;  
And when all other grief is past,  
Must *this* be cherish'd to the last,  
Will lead thy battles, guard thy  
throne,

With faith unspotted as his own,  
Nor in thy noon of fame recall,  
*Whose* was the guilt that wrought his  
fall."

Still dost thou hear in stern dis-  
dain?

Are Freedom's warning accents vain?  
No! royal Bruce! within thy breast  
Wakes each high thought, too long  
suppress'd.

And thy heart's noblest feelings live,  
Blent in that suppliant word—  
"Forgive!"

"Forgive the wrongs to Scotland  
done!

Wallace! thy fairest palm is won;  
And, kindling at my country's shrine,  
My soul hath caught a spark from  
thine,

Oh! deem not, in the proudest hour  
Of triumph and exulting power—  
Deem not the light of peace could find  
A home within my troubled mind.  
Conflicts by mortal eye unseen,  
Dark, silent, secret, there have been,  
Known but to Him Whose glance can  
trace

Thought to its deepest dwelling-  
place!

—'Tis past—and on my native shore  
I tread, a rebel son no more.

Too blest, if yet my lot may be,  
In glory's path to follow thee;  
If tears, by late repentance pour'd,  
May lave the blood-stains from my  
sword!"

Far other tears, O Wallace! rise  
From the heart's fountain to thine  
eyes;

Bright, holy, and uncheck'd they  
spring, [King!

While thy voice falters, "Hail! my  
Be every wrong, by memory traced,  
In this full tide of joy effaced:  
Hail! and rejoice!—thy race shall  
claim

A heritage of deathless fame,  
And Scotland shall arise, at length,  
Majestic in triumphant strength,  
An eagle of the rock, that won  
A way through tempests to the sun!  
Nor scorn the visions, wildly grand,  
The prophet-spirit of thy land:  
By torrent-wave, in desert vast,  
Those visions o'er my thought have  
pass'd;

Where mountain vapours darkly roll,  
That spirit hath possess'd my soul;  
And shadowy forms have met mine  
eye,

The beings of futurity;  
And a deep voice of years to be  
Hath told that Scotland shall be free!  
He comes! exult, thou Sire of Kings!  
From thee the chief, the avenger  
springs!

Far o'er the land he comes to save,  
His banners in their glory wave,  
And Albyn's thousand harps awake  
On hill and heath, by stream and lake,

To swell the strains that far around  
Bid the proud name of Bruce resound !  
And I—but wherefore now recall  
The whisper'd omens of my fall ?  
They come not in mysterious gloom—  
There is no bondage in the tomb !  
O'er the soul's world no tyrant reigns,  
And earth alone for man hath chains !  
What though I perish ere the hour  
When Scotland's vengeance takes in power ?

If shed for her, my blood shall stain  
The field or scaffold not in vain :  
Its voice to efforts more sublime  
Shall rouse the spirit of her clime ;  
And in the noontide of her lot,  
My country shall forget me not ! "

*Art* thou forgot ? and hath thy worth

Without its glory pass'd from earth ?  
Rest with the brave, whose names belong

To the high sanctity of song !  
Charter'd our reverence to control,  
And traced in sunbeams on the soul,  
*Thine*, Wallace ! while the heart hath still

One pulse a generous thought can thrill—

While youth's warm tears are yet the meed

Of martyr's death or hero's deed,  
Shall brightly live from age to age,

Thy country's proudest heritage !  
'Midst her green vales thy fame is dwelling,

Thy deeds her mountain winds are telling,

Thy memory speaks in torrent-wave,  
Thy step hath hallow'd rock and cave,  
And cold the wanderer's heart must be  
That holds no converse there with thee !

Yet, Scotland ! to thy champion's shade,

Still are thy grateful rites delay'd ;  
From lands of old renown, o'erspread  
With proud memorials of the dead,  
The trophied urn, the breathing bust,  
The pillar guarding noble dust,  
The shrine where art and genius high  
Have laboured for eternity—

The stranger comes—his eye explores  
The wilds of thy majestic shores,  
Yet vainly seeks one votive stone  
Raised to the hero all thine own.

Land of bright deeds and minstrel lore !

Withhold that guerdon now no more.  
On some bold height of awful form,  
Stern eyrie of the cloud and storm,  
Sublimely mingling with the skies,  
Bid the proud Cenotaph arise :

Not to *record* the name that thrills  
Thy soul, the watchword of thy hills ;  
Not to assert, with needless claim,  
The bright *for ever* of its fame ;

But, in the ages yet untold,  
When *ours* shall be the days of old,  
To rouse high hearts, and speak thy pride

In him, for thee who lived and died.

## THE SCEPTIC

Leur raison, qu'ils prennent pour guide, ne présente à leur esprit que des conjectures et des embarras ; les absurdités où ils tombent en niant la Religion deviennent plus insoutenables que les vérités dont la hauteur les étonne ; et pour ne vouloir pas croire des mystères incompréhensibles, ils suivent l'une après l'autre d'incompréhensibles erreurs.—BOSSUET.

WHEN the young Eagle, with exulting eye,

Has learn'd to dare the splendour of the sky,

And leave the Alps beneath him in his course,

To bathe his crest in morn's empty real source ;

Will his free wing, from that majestic height,

Descend to follow some wild meteor's light,

Which, far below, with evanescent fire,

Shines to delude, and dazzles to expire ?

No ! still through clouds he wins his  
upward way,  
And proudly claims his heritage of  
day !  
—And shall the spirit, on whose  
ardent gaze  
The dayspring from on high hath  
pour'd its blaze,  
Turn from that pure effulgence to the  
beam  
Of earth-born light, that sheds a  
treacherous gleam,  
Luring the wanderer, from the star  
of faith,  
To the deep valley of the shades of  
death ?  
What bright exchange, what treasure  
shall be given,  
For the high birthright of its hope  
in Heaven ?  
If lost the gem which empires could  
not buy,  
What yet remains ?—a dark eternity !

Is earth still Eden ?—might a  
seraph guest,  
Still 'midst its chosen bowers de-  
lighted rest ?  
Is all so cloudless and so calm below,  
We seek no fairer scenes than *life* can  
show ?  
That the cold Sceptic, in his pride  
elate,  
Rejects the promise of a brighter  
state,  
And leaves the rock no tempest shall  
displace,  
To rear his dwelling on the quick-  
sand's base ?

Votary of doubt ! then join the  
festal throng,  
Bask in the sunbeam, listen to the  
song,  
Spread the rich board, and fill the  
wine-cup high,  
And bind the wreath ere yet the  
roses die !  
'Tis well, thine eye is yet undimm'd  
by time,  
And thy heart bounds, exulting in its  
prime ;  
Smile then unmoved at Wisdom's  
warning voice,  
And in the glory of thy strength  
rejoice !

But life hath sterner tasks ; e'en  
youth's brief hours  
Survive the beauty of their loveliest  
flowers ;  
The founts of joy, where pilgrims  
rest from toil,  
Are few and distant on the desert soil ;  
The soul's pure flame the breath of  
storms must fan,  
And pain and sorrow claim their  
nursling—Man !  
Earth's noblest sons the bitter cup  
have shared—  
Proud child of reason ! how art *thou*  
prepared ?  
When years, with silent might, thy  
frame have bow'd,  
And o'er thy spirit cast their wintry  
cloud,  
Will Memory soothe thee on thy bed  
of pain  
With the bright images of pleasure's  
train ?

Yes ! as the sight of some far-  
distant shore,  
Whose well-known scenes his foot  
shall tread no more,  
Would cheer the seaman, by the eddy-  
ing wave  
Drawn, vainly struggling, to the  
unfathom'd grave !  
Shall Hope, the faithful cherub, hear  
thy call,  
She who, like heaven's own sunbeam,  
smiles for all !  
Will *she* speak comfort ?—Thou hast  
shorn her plume,  
That might have raised thee far above  
the tomb,  
And hush'd the only voice whose  
angel tone  
Soothes when all melodies of joy are  
flown !

For she was born beyond the stars  
to soar,  
And kindling at the source of life,  
adore ;  
Thou couldst not, mortal ! rivet to  
the earth  
Her eye, whose beam is of celestial  
birth ;  
She dwells with those who leave her  
pinion free,  
And sheds the dews of heaven on all  
but thee.



Yet few there are so lonely, so bereft,  
 But some true heart, that beats to theirs, is left;  
 And, haply, one whose strong affection's power  
 Unchanged may triumph through misfortune's hour,  
 Still with fond care supports thy languid head,  
 And keeps unwearied vigils by thy bed.

But thou whose thoughts have no blest home above!  
 Captive of earth! and canst thou dare to *love*?  
 To nurse such feelings as delight to rest,  
 Within that hallow'd shrine—a parent's breast,  
 To fix each hope, concentrate every tie,  
 On one frail idol—destined but to die;  
 Yet mock the faith that points to worlds of light,  
 Where sever'd souls, made perfect, re-unite?  
 Then tremble! cling to every passing joy,  
 'Twined with the life a moment may destroy!  
 If there be sorrow in a parting tear,  
 Still let "*for ever*" vibrate on thine ear!  
 If some bright hour on rapture's wing hath flown,  
 Find more than anguish in the thought—'tis gone!

Go! to a voice such magic influence give,  
 Thou canst not lose its melody, and live;  
 And make an eye the lode-star of thy soul,  
 And let a glance the springs of thought control;  
 Gaze on a mortal form with fond delight,  
 Till the fair vision mingles with thy sight;  
 There seek thy blessings, there repose thy trust,  
 Lean on the willow, idolize the dust!  
 Then, when thy treasure best repays thy care,

Think on that dread "*for ever*"—and despair!

And oh! no strange, unwonted storm there needs  
 To wreck at once thy fragile ark of reeds.  
 Watch well its course—explore with anxious eye  
 Each little cloud that floats along the sky—  
 Is the blue canopy serenely fair?  
 Yet may the thunderbolt unseen be there,  
 And the bark sink when peace and sunshine sleep  
 On the smooth bosom of the waveless deep!  
 Yes! ere a sound, a sign, announce thy fate,  
 May the blow fall which makes thee desolate!  
 Not always Heaven's destroying angel shrouds  
 His awful form in tempests and in clouds;  
 He fills the summer air with latent power,  
 He hides his venom in the scented flower,  
 He steals upon thee in the zephyr's breath,  
 And festal garlands veil the shafts of death!

Where art thou *then*, who thus didst rashly cast  
 Thine all upon the mercy of the blast,  
 And vainly hope the tree of life to find  
 Rooted in sands that flit before the wind?  
 Is not that earth thy spirit loved so well  
 It wish'd not in a brighter sphere to dwell,  
 Become a desert *now*, a vale of gloom,  
 O'ershadow'd with the midnight of the tomb?  
 Where shalt thou turn?—It is not thine to raise  
 To yon pure heaven thy calm confidence,  
 No gleam reflected from that realm of rest  
 Steals on the darkness of thy troubled breast;

Not for thine eye shall Faith divinely  
shed  
Her glory round the image of the  
dead ;  
And if, when slumber's lonely couch  
is press'd,  
The form departed be thy spirit's  
guest,  
It bears no light from purer worlds  
to this ;  
Thy future lends not e'en a dream of  
bliss.

But who shall dare the gate of life  
to close,  
Or say, *thus far* the stream of mercy  
flows ?  
That fount unseal'd, whose boundless  
waves embrace  
Each distant isle, and visit every race,  
Pours from the throne of God its  
current free,  
Nor yet denies the immortal draught  
to thee.  
Oh ! while the doom impends, not yet  
decreed,  
While yet the Atoner hath not ceased  
to plead,  
While still, suspended by a single hair,  
The sharp bright sword hangs quivering  
in the air,  
Bow down thy heart to Him Who will  
not break  
The bruised reed ; e'en yet, awake,  
awake !  
Patient, because Eternal, He may  
hear  
Thy prayer of agony with pitying ear,  
And send His chastening Spirit from  
above  
O'er the deep chaos of thy soul to  
move.

But seek thou mercy through His  
name alone,  
To Whose unequall'd sorrows none  
was shown.  
Through Him, Who here in mortal  
garb abode,  
As man to suffer, and to heal as God ;  
And, born the sons of utmost time to  
bless,  
Endured all scorn, and aided all dis-  
tress.

Call thou on Him—for He, in human  
form,

Hath walk'd the waves of life, and  
still'd the storm.  
He, when her hour of lingering grace  
was past,  
O'er Salem wept, relenting to the  
last,  
Wept with such tears as Judah's  
monarch pour'd  
O'er his lost child, ungrateful, yet  
deplored ;  
And, offering guiltless blood that  
guilt might live,  
Taught from His Cross the lesson—to  
forgive !

Call thou on Him—His prayer e'en  
then arose,  
Breathed in unpitied anguish for His  
foes.  
And haste !—ere bursts the lightning  
from on high,  
Fly to the City of thy Refuge, fly !  
So shall the Avenger turn his steps  
away,  
And sheathe his falchion, baffled of its  
prey.

Yet must long days roll on, ere  
peace shall brood,  
As the soft halcyon, o'er thy heart  
subdued ;  
Ere yet the dove of Heaven descend,  
to shed  
Inspiring influence o'er thy fallen  
head.  
—He, who hath pined in dungeons,  
'midst the shade  
Of such deep night as man for man  
hath made,  
Through lingering years ; if call'd at  
length to be,  
Once more, by nature's boundless  
charter, free,  
Shrinks feebly back, the blaze of noon  
to shun,  
Fainting at day, and blasted by the  
sun.

Thus, when the captive soul hath  
long remain'd  
In its own dread abyss of darkness  
chain'd,  
If the Deliverer, in his might, at last,  
Its fetters, born of earth, to earth  
should cast,  
The beam of truth o'erpowers its  
dazzled sight,

Trembling it sinks, and finds no joy  
in light.  
But this will pass away—that spark  
of mind,  
Within thy frame unquenchably  
enshrined,  
Shall live to triumph in its bright-  
ning ray,  
Born to be foster'd with ethereal day.  
Then wilt thou bless the hour, when  
o'er thee pass'd,  
On wing of flame, the purifying blast,  
And sorrow's voice, through paths  
before untrod,  
Like Sinai's trumpet, call'd thee to  
thy God !

But hopest thou, in thy panoply  
of pride,  
Heaven's messenger, affliction, to  
deride ?  
In thine own strength unaided to  
defy,  
With Stoic smile, the arrows of the  
sky ?  
Torn by the vulture, fetter'd to the  
rock,  
Still, demigod ! the tempest wilt thou  
mock ?  
Alas ! the tower that crests the moun-  
tain's brow  
A thousand years may awe the vale  
below,  
Yet not the less be shatter'd on its  
height,  
By one dread moment of the earth-  
quake's might !  
A thousand pangs thy bosom may  
have borne,  
In silent fortitude or haughty scorn,  
Till comes the one, the master-  
anguish, sent  
To break the mighty heart that ne'er  
was bent.

Oh ! what is nature's strength ?  
The vacant eye,  
By mind deserted, hath a dread reply !  
The wild delirious laughter of despair,  
The mirth of frenzy—seek an answer  
there !  
Turn not away, though pity's cheek  
grow pale,  
Close not thine ear against their awful  
tale.  
They tell thee Reason, wandering  
from the ray

Of Faith, the blazing pillar of her way,  
In the mid-darkness of the stormy  
wave,  
Forsook the struggling soul she could  
not save !  
Weep not, sad moralist ! o'er desert  
plains,  
Strew'd with the wrecks of grandeur  
—mouldering fanes,  
Arches of triumph, long with weeds  
o'ergrown,  
And regal cities, now the serpent's  
own :  
Earth has more awful ruins—one lost  
mind,  
Whose star is quenched, hath lessons  
for mankind,  
Of deeper import than each prostrate  
dome,  
Mingling its marble with the dust of  
Rome.

But who, with eye unshrinking,  
shall explore  
That waste, illumed by reason's  
beam no more ?  
Who pierce the deep, mysterious  
clouds that roll  
Around the shatter'd temple of the  
soul,  
Curtain'd with midnight ? Low its  
columns lie,  
And dark the chambers of its imag'ry,  
Sunk are its idols now—and God  
alone  
May rear the fabric by their fall o'er-  
thrown !  
Yet, from its inmost shrine, by storms  
laid bare,  
Is heard an oracle that cries—" Be-  
ware !  
Child of the dust ! but ransomed of  
the skies !  
One breath of Heaven, and thus thy  
glory dies !  
Haste, ere the hour of doom—draw  
nigh to Him  
Who dwells above between the  
cherubim ! "

Spirit dethroned ! and check'd in  
mid-career,  
Son of the morning ! exiled from thy  
sphere,  
Tell us thy tale !—Perchance thy race  
was run

With science, in the chariot of the  
sun ;  
Free as the winds the paths of space  
to sweep,  
Traverse the untrodden kingdoms of  
the deep,  
And search the laws that Nature's  
springs control,  
There tracing all—save Him Who  
guides the whole !

Haply thine eye its ardent glance  
had cast  
Through the dim shades, the portals  
of the past ;  
By the bright lamp of thought thy  
care had fed  
From the far beacon-lights of ages fled,  
The depths of time exploring, to  
retrace  
The glorious march of many a van-  
ish'd race.

Or did thy power pervade the living  
lyre,  
Till its deep chords became instinct  
with fire, [on high,  
Silenced all meaner notes, and swell'd  
Full and alone, their mighty harmony,  
While woke each passion from its cell  
profound,  
And nations started at the electric  
sound ?

Lord of the ascendant ! what avails  
it now,  
Though bright the laurels waved upon  
thy brow ?  
What, though thy name, through  
distant empires heard,  
Bade the heart bound, as doth a  
battle-word ?  
Was it for *this* thy still unwearied eye  
Kept vigil with the watchfires of the  
sky,  
To make the secrets of all ages thine,  
And commune with majestic thoughts  
that shine  
O'er Time's long shadowy pathway ?  
—hath thy mind  
Sever'd its lone dominions from  
mankind,  
For *this* to woo their homage ?—  
Thou hast sought  
All, save the wisdom with salvation  
fraught,

H.P.,

Won every wreath—but that which  
will not die,  
Nor aught neglected—save eternity !

And did all fail thee in the hour of  
wrath,  
When burst the o'erwhelming vials  
on thy path ?  
Could not the voice of Fame inspire  
thee then,  
O spirit ! sceptr'd by the sons of men,  
With an immortal's courage, to sustain  
The transient agonies of earthly pain ?  
—One, one there was, all-powerful to  
have saved,  
When the loud fury of the billow  
raved ;  
But him thou knew'st not—and the  
light he lent  
Hath vanish'd from its ruin'd tene-  
ment,  
But left thee breathing, moving,  
lingering yet,  
A thing we shrink from—vainly to  
forget !  
—Lift the dread veil no further—  
hide, oh ! hide  
The bleeding form, the couch of  
suicide !  
The dagger, grasp'd in death—the  
brow, the eye,  
Lifeless, yet stamp'd with rage and  
agony ;  
The soul's dark traces left in many  
a line  
Graved on *his* mien, who died,—  
“ and made no sign ! ”  
Approach not, gaze not—lest thy  
fever'd brain  
Too deep that image of despair re-  
tain ;  
Angels of slumber ! o'er the mid-  
night hour,  
Let not such visions claim unhallow'd  
power,  
Lest the mind sink with terror, and  
above  
See but the Avenger's arm, forget the  
Atoner's love !

O Thou ! the Unseen, the All-seeing !  
—Thou Whose ways,  
Mantled with darkness, mock all  
finite gaze,  
Before Whose eyes the creatures of  
Thy hand,

F F

Seraph and man, alike in weakness  
stand,  
And countless ages, trampling into  
clay  
Earth's empires on their march, are  
but a day ;  
Father of worlds unknown, un-  
number'd !—Thou,  
With Whom all time is one eternal  
*now*,  
Who know'st no past, nor future—  
Thou Whose breath  
Goes forth, and bears to myriads life  
or death !  
Look on us, guide us !—wanderers of  
a sea  
Wild and obscure, what are we, reft  
of Thee ?  
A thousand rocks, deep-hid, elude  
our sight,  
A star may set—and we are lost in  
night ;  
A breeze may waft us to the whirl-  
pool's brink,  
A treach'rous song allure us—and we  
sink !

Oh ! by *His* love, Who, veiling  
Godhead's light,  
To moments circumscribed the In-  
finite,  
And Heaven and Earth disdain'd not  
to ally  
By that dread union—Man with  
Deity ; [shed,  
Immortal tears o'er mortal woes Who  
And, ere He raised them, wept above  
the dead ;  
Save, or we perish !—Let Thy word  
control  
The earthquakes of that universe—  
the soul ;  
Pervade the depths of passion—speak  
once more  
The mighty mandate, guard of every  
shore,  
“ Here shall thy waves be stay'd ; ”  
in grief, in pain,  
The fearful poise of reason's sphere  
maintain,  
Thou, by Whom suns are balanced !  
—thus secure  
In Thee shall Faith and Fortitude  
endure ;  
Conscious of Thee, unfaltering, shall  
the just

Look upward still, in high and holy  
trust,  
And by affliction guided to Thy  
shrine,  
The first, last thought of suffering  
hearts be Thine.

And oh ! be near, when, clothed  
with conquering power,  
The King of Terrors claims his own  
dread hour :

When, on the edge of that unknown  
abyss,  
Which darkly parts us from the realm  
of bliss,

Awestruck alike the timid and the  
brave,

Alike subdued the monarch and the  
slave,

Must drink the cup of trembling—  
when we see

Nought in the universe but Death  
and Thee,

Forsake us not—if still, when life  
was young,

Faith to thy bosom, as her home,  
hath sprung,

If Hope's retreat hath been, through  
all the past,

The shadow by the Rock of Ages cast,  
Father, forsake us not !—When  
tortures urge

The shrinking soul to that mysterious  
verge ;

When from Thy justice to Thy love  
we fly,

On Nature's conflict look with pity-  
ing eye,

Bid the strong wind, the fire, the  
earthquake cease,

Come in the still small voice, and  
whisper—peace !

For oh ! 'tis awful—He that hath  
beheld

The parting spirit, by its fears re-  
pell'd,

Cling in weak terror to its earthly  
chain,

And from the dizzy brink recoil, in  
vain ;

He that hath seen the last convulsive  
troe

Dissolve the union form'd and closed  
in woe,

Well knows that hour is awful. In  
the pride

Of youth and health, by sufferings yet  
untried,

We talk of Death, as something, which  
'twere sweet

In Glory's arms exultingly to meet,  
A closing triumph, a majestic scene,  
Where gazing nations watch the  
hero's mien,

As, undismay'd amidst the tears of  
all,

He folds his mantle, regally to fall !

Hush, fond enthusiast !—still, ob-  
scure, and lone,

Yet not less terrible because unknown,  
Is the last hour of thousands—they  
retire

From life's throng'd path, unnoticed  
to expire ;

As the light leaf, whose fall to ruin  
bears

Some trembling insect's little world  
of cares,

Descends in silence—while around  
waves on

The mighty forest, reckless what is  
gone !

Such is man's doom—and, ere an hour  
be flown,

—Start not, thou trifler !—such may  
be thine own.

But, as life's current in its ebb  
draws near

The shadowy gulf, there wakes a  
thought of fear,

A thrilling thought, which haply  
mock'd before,

We fain would stifle—but it sleeps no  
more !

There are who fly its murmurs 'midst  
the throng,

That join the masque of revelry and  
song ;

Yet still Death's image, by its power  
restored,

Frowns 'midst the roses of the festal  
board,

And when deep shades o'er earth and  
ocean brood,

And the heart owns the might of  
solitude,

Is its low whisper heard ?—a note  
profound,

But wild and startling as the trumpet  
sound,

That bursts, with sudden blast, the  
dead repose

Of some proud city, storm'd by  
midnight foes !

Oh ! vainly Reason's scornful  
voice would prove

That life had nought to claim such  
lingering love,

And ask if e'er the captive, half  
unchain'd,

Clung to the links which yet his step  
restrain'd ?

In vain Philosophy, with tranquil  
pride,

Would mock the feelings she per-  
chance can hide,

Call up the countless armies of the  
dead,

Point to the pathway beaten by their  
tread,

And say—"What wouldst thou ?  
Shall the fix'd decree,

Made for creation, be reversed for  
*thee ?*"

—Poor, feeble aid !—Proud Stoic !  
—ask not why,

It is enough, that nature shrinks to  
die !

Enough, *that* horror, which thy words  
upbraid,

Is her dread penalty, and must be  
paid !

—Search thy deep wisdom, solve the  
scarce defined

And mystic questions of the parting  
mind,

Half check'd, half utter'd—tell her,  
what shall burst,

In whelming grandeur, on her vision  
first,

When freed from mortal films ?—  
what viewless world !

Shall first receive her wing, but half  
unfurl'd ?

What awful and unbodied beings  
guide

Her timid flight through regions yet  
untried ?

Say, if at once, her final doom to hear,  
Before her God the trembler must

appear,

Or wait that day of terror, when the  
sea

Shall yield its hidden dead, and  
heaven and earth shall flee ?

Hast thou no answer? Then  
deride no more  
The thoughts that shrink, yet cease  
not to explore  
The unknown, the unseen, the future  
—though the heart,  
As at unearthly sounds, before them  
start;  
Though the frame shudder, and the  
spirit sigh,  
They have their source in immor-  
tality!  
Whence, then, shall strenght, which  
reason's aid denies,  
An equal to the mortal conflict rise?  
When, on the swift pale horse, whose  
lightning pace,  
Where'er we fly, still wins the dread-  
ful race,  
The mighty rider comes—Oh! whence  
shall aid  
Be drawn, to meet his rushing, un-  
dismay'd?  
—Whence, but from thee, Messiah!  
—Thou hast drain'd  
The bitter cup, till not the dregs  
remain'd;  
To Thee the struggle and the pang  
were known,  
The mystic horror—all became Thine  
own!

But did no hand celestial succour  
bring,  
Till scorn and anguish haply lost their  
sting?  
Came not the Archangel, in the final  
hour,  
To arm Thee with invulnerable  
power?  
No, Son of God! upon Thy sacred  
head  
The shafts of wrath their tenfold fury  
shed,  
From man averted—and Thy path on  
high  
Pass'd through the strait of fiercest  
agony;  
For thus the Eternal, with propitious  
eyes,  
Received the last, the almighty  
sacrifice!

But wake! be glad, ye nations!  
from the tomb  
Is won the victory, and is fled the  
gloom!

The vale of death in conquest hath  
been trod,  
Break forth in joy, ye ransom'd!  
saith your God!  
Swell ye the raptures of the song afar,  
And hail with harps your bright and  
Morning Star.

He rose! The everlasting gates of  
day  
Received the King of Glory on His  
way!  
The hope, the comforter of those who  
wept,  
And the first-fruits of them in Him  
that slept.  
He rose, He triumph'd! He will yet  
sustain  
Frail nature sinking in the strife of  
pain.  
Aided by Him, around the martyr's  
frame  
When fiercely blazed a living shroud  
of flame,  
Hath the firm soul exulted, and the  
voice  
Raised the victorious hymn, and  
cried, "Rejoice!"  
Aided by Him, though none the bed  
attend  
Where the lone sufferer dies without  
a friend,  
He whom the busy world shall miss  
no more  
Than morn one dewdrop from her  
countless store,  
Earth's most neglected child, with  
trusting heart,  
Call'd to the hope of glory, shall  
depart!

And say, cold Sophist! if by thee  
bereft  
Of that high hope, to misery what  
were left?  
But for the vision of the days to be,  
But for the Comforter, despised by  
thee,  
Should we not wither at the Chas-  
tiser's look,  
Should we not sink beneath our God's  
rebuke,  
When o'er our heads the desolating  
blast,  
Fraught with inscrutable decrees,  
hath pass'd

And the stern power who seeks the  
     noblest prey,  
 Hath call'd our fairest and our best  
     away ?  
 Should we not madden when our eyes  
     behold  
 All that we loved in marble stillness  
     cold,  
 No more responsive to our smile or  
     sigh,  
 Fix'd—frozen—silent—all mortality ?  
 But for the promise, all shall yet be  
     well,  
 Would not the spirit in its pangs rebel,  
 Beneath such clouds as darken'd,  
     when the hand  
 Of wrath lay heavy on our prostrate  
     land ;  
 And thou, just lent thy gladden'd  
     isles to bless,  
 Then snatch'd from earth with all thy  
     loveliness,  
 With all a nation's blessings on thy  
     head,  
 O England's flower ! wert gather'd  
     to the dead ?  
 But thou didst teach us. Thou to  
     every heart,  
 Faith's lofty lesson didst thyself  
     impart !  
 When fled the hope through all thy  
     pangs which smiled,  
 When thy young bosom, o'er thy  
     lifeless child,  
 Yearn'd with vain longing—still thy  
     patient eye,  
 To its last light, beam'd holy con-  
     stancy !  
 Torn from a lot in cloudless sunshine  
     cast,  
 Amidst those agonies—thy first and  
     last,  
 Thy pale lip, quivering with convul-  
     sive throes,  
 Breathed not a plaint—and settled  
     in repose ;  
 While bow'd thy royal head to Him,  
     Whose power  
 Spoke in the fiat of that midnight  
     hour,  
 Who from the brightest vision of a  
     throne,  
 Love, glory, empire, claim'd thee for  
     His own,  
 And spread such terror o'er the sea-  
     girt coast,

As blasted Israel, when her ark was  
     lost !  
 " It is the will of God ! "—yet, yet  
     we hear  
 The words which closed thy beautiful  
     career ;  
 Yet should we mourn thee in thy  
     blest abode,  
 But for that thought—" It is the will  
     of God ! "  
 Who shall arraign the Eternal's dark  
     decree,  
 If not one murmur then escaped from  
     thee ?  
 Oh ! still, though vanishing without  
     a trace,  
 Thou hast not left one scion of thy  
     race,  
 Still may thy memory bloom our  
     vales among,  
 Hallow'd by freedom, and enshrined  
     in song !  
 Still may thy pure, majestic spirit  
     dwell,  
 Bright on the isles which loved thy  
     name so well,  
 E'en as an angel, with presiding care,  
 To wake and guard thine own high  
     virtues there.  
 For lo ! the hour when storm-  
     presaging skies  
 Call on the watchers of the land to rise,  
 To set the sign of fire on every height,  
 And o'er the mountains rear, with  
     patriot might,  
 Prepared, if summon'd, in its cause to  
     die,  
 The banner of our faith, the Cross of  
     victory !  
 By this hath England conquer'd.  
     —Field and flood  
 Have own'd her sov'reignty—alone  
     she stood,  
 When chains o'er all the sceptr'd  
     earth were thrown,  
 In high and holy singleness, alone,  
 But mighty in her God—and shall she  
     now  
 Forget before the Omnipotent to bow ?  
 From the bright fountain of her glory  
     turn,  
 Or bid strange fire upon His altars  
     burn ?  
 No ! sever'd land, 'midst rocks and  
     billows rude,



Throned in thy majesty of solitude,  
Still in the deep asylum of thy breast  
Shall the pure elements of greatness  
rest,

Virtue and faith, the tutelary powers,  
Thy hearths that hallow, and defend  
thy towers !

Still, where thy hamlet-vales, O  
chosen isle !

In the soft beauty of their verdure  
smile,

Where yew and elm o'ershade the  
lowly fanes,

That guard the peasant's records and  
remains,

May the blest echoes of the Sabbath  
bell

Sweet on the quiet of the woodlands  
swell,

And from each cottage dwelling of thy  
glades,

When starlight glimmers through the  
deep'ning shades,

Devotion's voice in choral hymns  
arise,

And bear the land's warm incense to  
the skies.

There may the mother, as with  
anxious joy,

To Heaven her lessons consecrate her  
boy,

Teach his young accent still the  
immortal lays

Of Zion's bards, in inspiration's  
days,

When angels, whispering through the  
cedar shade,

Prophetic tones to Judah's harp  
convey'd ;

And as, her soul all glistening in her  
eyes,

She bids the prayer of infancy arise,  
Tell of His name who left His Throne

on high,  
Earth's lowliest lot to bear and

sanctify,  
His love divine, by keenest anguish

tried,  
And fondly say—" My child, for thee

He died ! "

## STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE THE THIRD

Among many nations was there no King like him.—*Nehemiah.*

Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?—*Samuel.*

ANOTHER warning sound ! The funeral  
bell,

Startling the cities of the isle once  
more

With measured tones of melancholy  
swell,

Strikes on the awaken'd heart from  
shore to shore.

He at whose coming monarchs sink  
to dust,

The chambers of our palaces hath  
trod,

And the long-suffering spirit of the  
just,

Pure from its ruins, hath return'd  
to God !

Yet may not England o'er her father  
weep :

Thoughts to her bosom crowd, too  
many, and too deep.

Vain voice of Reason, hush !—they  
yet must flow,

The unrestrain'd, involuntary  
tears ;

A thousand feelings sanctify the woe,  
Roused by the glorious shades of

vanish'd years.

Tell us no more 'tis not the time for  
grief, [past,

Now that the exile of the soul is  
And Death, blest messenger of

Heaven's relief,  
Hath borne the wanderer to his

rest at last ;  
For him eternity hath tenfold day,

We feel, we know, 'tis thus—yet  
nature will have way.

What though amidst us, like a blasted  
oak,

Sadd'ning the scene where once it  
 nobly reign'd,  
 A 'dread memorial of the lightning  
 stroke,  
 Stamp'd with its fiery record, he  
 remain'd ;  
 Around that shatter'd tree still  
 fondly clung  
 The undying tendrils of our love,  
 which drew  
 Fresh nurture from its deep decay,  
 and sprung  
 Luxuriant thence, to Glory's ruin  
 true ;  
 While England hung her trophies on  
 the stem,  
 That desolately stood, unconscious  
 e'en of THEM.  
 Of *them* unconscious ! Oh, mys-  
 terious doom !  
 Who shall unfold the counsels of  
 the skies ?  
 His was the voice which roused, as  
 from the tomb,  
 The realm's high soul to loftiest  
 energies !  
 His was the spirit, o'er the isles which  
 threw  
 The mantle of its fortitude ; and  
 wrought  
 In every bosom, powerful to renew  
 Each dying spark of pure and  
 generous thought ;  
 The star of tempests ! beaming on  
 the mast,  
 The seaman's torch of Hope, 'midst  
 perils deepening fast.  
 Then from the unslumbering influence  
 of his worth,  
 Strength, as of inspiration, fill'd  
 the land ;  
 A young, but quenchless flame went  
 brightly forth,  
 Kindled by him—who saw it not  
 expand !  
 Such was the will of heaven. The  
 gifted seer,  
 Who with his God had communed,  
 face to face,  
 And from the house of bondage, and  
 of fear,  
 In faith victorious, led the chosen  
 race ;  
 He through the desert and the waste  
 their guide,

Saw dimly from afar the promised  
 land—and died.  
 Oh ! full of days and virtues ! on thy  
 head  
 Centred the woes of many a bitter  
 lot ;  
 Fathers have sorrow'd o'er their  
 beauteous dead,  
 Eyes, quench'd in night, the sun-  
 beam have forgot ;  
 Minds have striven buoyantly with  
 evil years,  
 And sunk beneath their gathering  
 weight at length ;  
 But Pain for thee had fill'd a cup of  
 tears,  
 Where every anguish mingled all its  
 strength ;  
 By thy lost child we saw thee weeping  
 stand,  
 And shadows deep around fell from  
 the Eternal's hand.  
 Then came the noon of glory, which  
 thy dreams  
 Perchance of yore had faintly  
 prophesied ;  
 But what to *thee* the splendour of its  
 beams ?  
 The ice-rock glows not 'midst the  
 summer's pride !  
 Nations leap'd up to joy—as streams  
 that burst,  
 At the warm touch of spring, their  
 frozen chain,  
 And o'er the plains, whose verdure  
 once they nursed,  
 Roll in exulting melody again ;  
 And bright o'er earth the long majes-  
 tic line  
 Of England's triumphs swept, to  
 rouse all hearts—but thine.  
 Oh ! what a dazzling vision, by the  
 veil  
 ; That o'er thy spirit hung, was shut  
 from thee,  
 When sceptred chieftains throng'd  
 with palms to hail  
 The crowning isle, the anointed of  
 the sea !  
 Within thy palaces the lords of  
 earth  
 Met to rejoice—rich pageants  
 glitter'd by,

And stately revels imaged, in their mirth,  
The old magnificence of chivalry.  
They reach'd not thee—amidst them,  
yet alone,  
Stillness and gloom begirt one dim  
and shadowy throne.

Yet there was mercy still—if joy no more  
Within that blasted circle might intrude,

Earth had no grief whose footstep  
might pass o'er

'The silent limits of its solitude !

If all unheard the bridal song awoke  
Our hearts' full echoes, as it swell'd  
on high ;

Alike unheard the sudden dirge,  
that broke

On the glad strain, with dread  
solemnity !

If the land's rose unheeded wore its  
bloom,

Alike unfelt the storm that swept it  
to the tomb.

And she, who, tried through all the  
stormy past,

Severely, deeply proved, in many  
an hour,

Watch'd o'er thee, firm and faithful  
to the last,

Sustain'd, inspired, by strong  
affection's power ;

If to thy soul her voice no music  
bore—

If thy closed eye and wandering  
spirit caught

No light from looks, that fondly  
would explore

Thy mien, for traces of responsive  
thought ;

Oh ! thou wert spared the pang that  
would have thrill'd

Thine inmost heart, when death that  
anxious bosom still'd.

Thy loved ones fell around thee,  
Manhood's prime,

Youth with its glory, in its fulness  
age,

All, at the gates of their eternal  
clime,

Lay down, and closed their mortal  
pilgrimage ;

The land wore ashes for its perish'd  
flowers,

The grave's imperial harvest.  
Thou, meanwhile,

Didst walk unconscious through thy  
royal towers,

The one that wept not in the tear-  
ful isle !

As a tired warrior, on his battle-  
plain,

Breathes deep in dreams amidst the  
mourners and the slain.

And who can tell what visions might  
be thine ?

The stream of thought, though  
broken, still was pure !

Still o'er that wave the stars of heaven  
might shine,

Where earthly image would no more  
endure !

Though many a step, of once familiar  
sound,

Came as a stranger's o'er thy  
closing ear,

And voices breathed forgotten tones  
around,

Which that paternal heart once  
thrill'd to hear ;

The mind hath senses of its own, and  
powers

To people boundless worlds, in its  
most wandering hours.

Nor might the phantoms to thy  
spirit known

Be dark or wild, creations of  
remorse ;

Unstain'd by thee, the blameless past  
had thrown

No fearful shadows o'er the future's  
course :

For thee no cloud, from memory's  
dread abyss,

Might shape such forms as haunt  
the tyrant's eye ;

And, closing up each avenue of bliss,  
Murmur their summons, to "despair  
and die !"

No ! e'en though joy depart, though  
reason cease,

Still virtue's ruin'd home is redolent  
of peace.

They might be with thee still—the  
loved, the tried,

The fair, the lost—they might be  
with thee still !

More softly seen, in radiance purified  
From each dim vapour of terrestrial ill ;

Long after earth received them, and  
the note

Of the last requiem o'er their dust  
was pour'd,

As passing sunbeams o'er thy soul  
might float

Those forms, from us withdrawn—  
to thee restored !

Spirits of holiness, in light reveal'd,  
To commune with a mind whose  
source of tears was seal'd.

Came they with tidings from the  
worlds above,

Those viewless regions where the  
weary rest ?

Sever'd from earth, estranged from  
mortal love,

Was thy mysterious converse with  
the blest ?

Or shone their visionary presence  
bright

With human beauty ?—did their  
smiles renew

Those days of sacred and serene  
delight,

When fairest beings in thy pathway  
grew ?

Oh ! heaven hath balm for every  
wound it makes,

Healing the broken heart ; it smites,  
but ne'er forsakes.

These may be fantasies—and this  
alone,

Of all we picture in our dreams, is  
sure ;

That rest, made perfect, is at length  
thine own,

Rest in thy God immortally  
secure !

Enough for tranquil faith ; released  
from all

The woes that grav'd Heaven's  
lessons on thy brow,

No cloud to dim, no fetter, to en-  
thral,

Haply thine eye is on thy people  
now ;

Whose love around thee still its  
offerings shed,

Though vainly sweet, as flowers,  
grief's tribute to the dead.

But if the ascending, disembodied  
mind,

Borne, on the wings of morning,  
to the skies,

May cast one glance of tenderness  
behind

On scenes once hallow'd by its  
mortal ties,

How much hast thou to gaze on !  
All that lay

By the dark mantle of thy soul  
conceal'd,

The might, the majesty, the proud  
array

Of England's march o'er many  
a noble field,

All spread beneath thee, in a blaze  
of light,

Shine like some glorious land view'd  
from an Alpine height.

Away, presumptuous thought !—De-  
parted saint !

To thy freed vision what can earth  
display

Of pomp, of royalty, that is not faint,  
Seen from the birthplace of celest-  
ial day ?

Oh ! pale and weak the sun's reflected  
rays,

E'en in their fervour of meridian  
heat,

To him, who in the sanctuary may  
gaze

On the bright cloud that fills the  
mercy-seat !

And thou mayst view, from thy  
divine abode,

The dust of empires flit before a  
breath of God.

And yet we mourn thee ! Yes ! thy  
place is void

Within our hearts—there veil'd  
thine image dwelt,

But cherish'd still ; and o'er that tie  
destroy'd,

Though faith rejoice, fond nature  
still must melt.

Beneath the long-loved sceptre of thy  
sway,

Thousands were born, who now in  
dust repose,

<p>And many a head, with years and sorrows grey,  Wore youth's bright tresses when thy star arose ;  And many a glorious mind, since that fair dawn,  Hath fill'd our sphere with light, now to its source withdrawn.  Earthquakes have rock'd the nations :  —things revered,  The ancestral fabrics of the world, went down  In ruins, from whose stones Ambition rear'd  His lonely pyramid of dread renown.  But when the fires that long had slumber'd, pent  Deep in men's bosoms, with volcanic force,  Bursting their prison-house, each bulwark rent,  And swept each holy barrier from their course,  Firm and unmoved, amidst that lava flood,  Still, by thine arm upheld, our ancient landmarks stood.  Be they eternal !—be thy children found  Still to their country's altars true like thee !  And, while " the name of Briton " is a sound</p>	<p>Of rallying music to the brave and free,  With the high feelings at the word which swell,  To make the breast a shrine for Freedom's flame,  Be mingled thoughts of him, who loved so well,  Who left so pure, its heritage of fame !  Let earth with trophies guard the conqueror's dust,  Heaven in our souls embalms the memory of the just.  All else shall pass away—the thrones of kings,  The very traces of their <i>tombs</i> depart ;  But number not with perishable things  The holy records Virtue leaves the heart,  Heirlooms from race to race. And oh ! in days  When, by the yet unborn, thy deeds are blest,  When our sons learn " as household words," thy praise,  Still on thine offspring may thy spirit rest !  And many a name of that imperial line,  Father and patriot ! blend, in England's songs, with thine !</p>
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## TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE

## TO VENUS

OD. LIB. I., 30.

O Venus, Regina Cnidi Paphque,

OH ! leave thine own loved isle,  
Bright Queen of Cyprus and the Paphian shores !

And here in Glycera's fair temple smile,

Where vows and incense lavishly she pours.

Waft here thy glowing son ;  
Bring Hermes ; let the Nymphs thy path surround,

And youth unlovely till thy gifts be won,  
And the light Graces with the zone unbound.

## TO HIS ATTENDANT

OD. LIB. I., 38.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,

I HATE the Persian's costly pride—  
The v. eaths with bands of linden tied—

These, boy, delight me not ;  
Nor where the lingering roses bide,  
Seek thou for me the spot.

For me be nought but myrtle  
 twined—  
 The modest myrtle, sweet to bind  
 Alike thy brows and mine ;  
 While thus I quaff the bowl, reclined  
 Beneath the o'erarching vine.

## TO DELIUS

OD. LIB. II., 3.

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis.*

FIRM be thy soul !—serene in power,  
 When adverse fortune clouds the  
 sky ;  
 Undazzled by the triumph's hour,  
 Since, Delius, thou must die !

Alike, if still to grief resign'd,  
 Or if, through festal days, 'tis thine  
 To quaff, in grassy haunts reclined,  
 The old Falernian wine :

Haunts where the silvery poplar  
 boughs

Love with the pine's to blend on  
 high,  
 And some clear fountain brightly  
 flows

In graceful windings by.

There be the rose with beauty fraught,  
 So soon to fade, so brilliant now,  
 There be the wine, the odours brought,  
 While time and fate allow !

For thou, resigning to thine heir  
 Thy halls, thy bowers, thy trea-  
 sured store,

Must leave that home, those wood-  
 lands fair,

On yellow Tiber's shore.

What then avails it if thou trace  
 From Inachus thy glorious line ?  
 Or, sprung from some ignoble race,  
 If not a roof be thine ?

Since the dread lot for all must leap  
 Forth from the dark revolving urn,  
 And we must tempt the gloomy deep,  
 Whence exiles ne'er return.

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF  
BANDUSIA

OD. LIB. III. 13.

*O fons Bandusiae, splendorum vitro.*

OH ! worthy fragrant gifts of flowers  
 and wine,

Bandusian fount, than crystal far  
 more bright !

To-morrow shall a sportive kid be  
 thine,

Whose forehead swells with horns  
 of infant might :

Ev'n now of love and war he dreams  
 in vain,

Doom'd with his blood thy gelid wave  
 to stain.

Let the red dog-star burn !—his  
 scorching beam,

Fierce in resplendence shall molest  
 not thee !

Still shelter'd from his rays, thy  
 banks, fair stream,

To the wild flock around thee  
 wandering free,

And the tired oxen from the furrow'd  
 field

The genial freshness of their breath  
 shall yield.

And thou, bright fount ! ennobled  
 and renown'd

Shalt by the poet's votive song be  
 made ;

Thou and the oak with deathless  
 verdure crown'd

Whose boughs, a pendent canopy,  
 o'ershade

Those hollow rocks, whence, mur-  
 muring many a tale,

Thy chiming waters pour upon the  
 vale.

## TO FAUNUS

OD. LIB. III., 18

*Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator.*

FAUNUS, who lov'st the flying  
 nymphs to chase,

Oh ! let thy steps with genial in-  
 fluence tread

My sunny fields, and be thy fostering  
 grace,

Soft on my nursling groves and  
 borders, shed.

If, at the mellow closing of the year  
 A tender kid in sacrifice be thine ;

Nor fail the liberal bowls to Venus  
 dear ;

Nor clouds of incense to thine  
 antique shrine.

Joyous each flock in meadow herbage  
 plays,  
 When the December feast returns  
 to thee ;  
 Calmly the ox along the pasture  
 strays,  
 When festal villagers from toil set  
 free,

Then from the wolf no more the lamb,  
 retreat,  
 Then shower the woods to thee their  
 foliage round ;  
 And the glad labourer triumphs that  
 his feet  
 In triple dance have struck the  
 hated ground,

## DARTMOOR

### A PRIZE POEM

Come, bright Improvement ! on the car of Time,  
 And rule the spacious world from clime to clime.  
 Thy handmaid, Art, shall every wild explore,  
 Trace every wave, and culture every shore.

CAMPBELL.

That true succession fail of English hearts,  
 That can perceive, not less than heretofore  
 Our ancestors did feelingly perceive,  
 the charm

Of pious sentiment, diffused afar,  
 And human charity, and social love.

WORDSWORTH.

AMIDST the peopled and the regal Isle,  
 Whose vales, rejoicing in their beauty,  
 smile ;  
 Whose cities, fearless of the spoiler,  
 tower,  
 And send on every breeze a voice of  
 power ;  
 Hath Desolation rear'd herself a  
 throne,  
 And mark'd a pathless region for her  
 own ?  
 Yes ! though thy turf no stain of  
 carnage wore,  
 When bled the noble hearts of many  
 a shore,  
 Though not a hostile step thy heath-  
 flowers bent,  
 When empires totter'd, and the earth  
 was rent ;  
 Yet lone, as if some trampler of man-  
 kind  
 Had still'd life's busy murmurs  
 on the wind,  
 And, flush'd with power in daring  
 pride's excess,  
 Stamp'd on thy soil the curse of bar-  
 renness ;  
 For thee in vain descend the dews of  
 heaven,

In vain the sunbeam and the shower  
 are given ;  
 Wild Dartmoor ! thou that, 'midst  
 thy mountains rude,  
 Hast rob'd thyself with haughty  
 solitude  
 As a dark cloud on summer's clear  
 blue sky,  
 A mourner, circled with festivity !  
 For all beyond is life !—the rolling  
 sea,  
 The rush, the swell, whose echoes  
 reach not thee.  
 Yet who shall find a scene so wild  
 and bare,  
 But man has left his lingering traces  
 there ?  
 E'en on mysterious Afric's boundless  
 plains,  
 Where noon with attributes of mid-  
 night reigns, [found,  
 In gloom and silence, fearfully pro-  
 As of a world unwaked to soul or  
 sound.  
 Though 'he sad wand'rer of the burn-  
 ing zone  
 Feels, as amidst infinity, alone,  
 And naught of life be near ; his  
 camel's tread

Is o'er the prostrate cities of the  
dead!  
Some column, rear'd by long-for-  
gotten hands,  
Just lifts its head above the billowy  
sands—  
Some mouldering shrine still conse-  
crates the scene,  
And tells that glory's footstep there  
hath been.  
There hath the spirit of the mighty  
pass'd,  
Not without record; though the desert  
blast,  
Borne on the wings of Time, hath  
swept away  
The proud creations rear'd to brave  
decay.  
But *thou*, lone region! whose un-  
noticed name  
No lofty deeds have mingled with  
their fame,  
Who shall unfold thine annals?—  
who shall tell  
If on thy soil the sons of heroes fell,  
In those far ages, which have left no  
trace,  
No sunbeam, on the pathway of their  
race?  
Though, haply, in the unrecorded  
days  
Of kings and chiefs who pass'd  
without their praise,  
Thou mightst have rear'd the  
valiant and the free;  
In history's page there is no tale of  
thee.

Yet hast thou thy memorials. On  
the wild  
Still rise the cairns of yore all  
rudely piled,  
But hallow'd by that instinct which  
reverses  
Things fraught with characters of  
elder years.  
And such are these. Long centuries  
are flown,  
Bow'd many a crest, and shatter'd  
many a throne,  
Mingling the urn, the trophy, and  
the bust,  
With what they hide—their shrined  
and treasured dust;  
Men traverse Alps and oceans, to  
behold

Earth's glorious works fast mingling  
with her mould;  
But still these nameless chronicles  
of death,  
'Midst the deep silence of the un-  
peopled heath,  
Stand in primeval artlessness, and  
wear  
The same sepulchral mien, and almost  
share  
The eternity of nature, with the  
forms  
Of the crown'd hills beyond, the  
dwellings of the storms.

Yet what avails it, if each moss-  
grown heap  
Still on the waste its lonely vigils  
keep,  
Guarding the dust which slumbers  
well beneath  
(Nor needs such care) from each cold  
season's breath?  
Where is the voice to tell *their* tale  
who rest,  
Thus rudely pillow'd, on the desert's  
breast?  
Doth the sword sleep beside them?  
Hath there been  
A sound of battle 'midst the silent  
scene  
Where now the flocks repose?—did  
the scythed car  
Here reap its harvest in the ranks  
of war?  
And rise these piles in memory of  
the slain,  
And the red combat of the mountain  
plain?

It may be thus:—the vestiges of  
strife,  
Around yet lingering, mark the steps  
of life,  
And the rude arrow's barb remains  
to tell  
How by its stroke, perchance, the  
mighty fell  
To be forgotten. Vain the warrior's  
pride,  
The chieftain's power—they had no  
bard, and died.  
But other scenes, from their un-  
troubled sphere,  
The eternal stars of night have wit-  
ness'd here.



<p>There stands an altar of unsculptured stone, Far on the moor, a thing of ages gone, Propp'd on its granite pillars, whence the rains And pure bright dews, have laved the crimson stains Left by dark rites of blood : for here, of yore, When the bleak waste a robe of forest wore, And many a crested oak, which now lies low, Waved its wild wreath of sacred mistletoe ; Here, at dead midnight, through the haunted shade, On Druid harps the quivering moon- beam play'd, And spells were breath'd, that fill'd the deepening gloom With the pale, shadowy people of the tomb. Or, haply, torches waving through the night, Bade the red cairn-fires blaze from every height, Like battle-signals, whose unearthly gleams Threw o'er the desert's hundred hills and streams, A savage grandeur ; while the starry skies Rang with the peal of mystic har- monies, As the loud harp its deep-toned hymns sent forth To the storm-ruling powers, the war- gods of the North.</p> <p>But wilder sounds were there : the imploring cry That woke the forest's echo in reply, But not the heart's !—Unmoved, the wizard train Stood round their human victim, and in vain His prayer for mercy rose ; in vain his glance Look'd up, appealing to the blue expanse, Where, in their calm, immortal beauty, shone Heaven's cloudless orbs. With faint and fainter moan,</p>	<p>Bound on the shrine of sacrifice he lay, Till, drop by drop, life's current ebb'd away ; Till rock and turf grew deeply, darkly red, And the pale moon gleam'd paler on the dead. Have such things been, and here ?— where stillness dwells 'Midst the rude barrows and the moor- land swells, Thus undisturb'd ?—Oh ! long the gulf of time Hath closed in darkness o'er those days of crime, And earth no vestige of their path retains, Save such as these, which strew her loneliest plains With records of man's conflicts and his doom, His spirit and his dust—the altar and the tomb. But ages roll'd away : and Eng- land stood, With her proud banner streaming o'er the flood ; And with a lofty calmness in her eye, And regal in collected majesty, To breast the storm of battle. Every breeze Bore sounds of triumph o'er her own blue seas ; And other lands, redeem'd and joy- ous, drank The life-blood of her heroes, as they sank On the red fields they won ; whose wild flowers wave, Now in luxuriant beauty, o'er their grave.</p> <p>'Twas then the captives of Brit- annia's war Here for their lovely Southern climes afar In bondage pined ; the spell-deluded throng Dragg'd at ambition's chariot-wheels so long To die—because a despot could not clasp A sceptre, fitted to his boundless grasp !</p>
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Yes ! they whose march had rock'd  
 the ancient thrones  
 And temples of the world ; the  
 deepening tones  
 Of whose advancing trumpet from  
 repose  
 Had startled nations, wakening to  
 their woes ;  
 Were prisoners here.—And there  
 were some whose dreams  
 Were of sweet homes, by chainless  
 mountain streams,  
 And of the vine-clad hills, and many  
 a strain,  
 And festal melody of Loire or Seine,  
 And of those mothers who had  
 watch'd and wept,  
 When on the field the unshelter'd  
 conscript slept,  
 Bathed with the midnight dews.  
 And some were there  
 Of sterner spirits, harden'd by  
 despair ;  
 Who, in their dark imaginings, again  
 Fired the rich palace and the stately  
 fane,  
 Drank in their victim's shriek, as  
 music's breath,  
 And lived o'er scenes, the festivals  
 of death !

And there was mirth, too !—strange  
 and savage mirth,  
 More fearful far than all the woes of  
 earth !  
 The laughter of cold hearts, and scoffs  
 that spring  
 From minds for which there is no  
 sacred thing,  
 And transient bursts of fierce, exult-  
 ing glee—  
 The lightning's flash upon its blasted  
 tree !

But still, howe'er the soul's dis-  
 guise were worn,  
 If, from wild revelry, or haughty  
 scorn,  
 Or buoyant hope, it won an outward  
 show,  
 Slight was the mask, and all beneath  
 it—woe.

Yet, was this all?—amidst the  
 dungeon-gloom,  
 The void, the stillness of the captive's  
 doom,

Were there no deeper thoughts?—  
 And that dark power  
 To whom guilt owes one late but  
 dreadful hour,  
 The mighty debt through years of  
 crime delay'd,  
 But, as the grave's, inevitably paid ;  
 Came *he* not thither, in his burning  
 force,  
 The lord, the tamer of dark souls—  
 Remorse ?

Yes ! as the night calls forth from  
 sea and sky,  
 From breeze and wood, a solemn  
 harmony,  
 Lost, when the swift, triumphant  
 wheels of day,  
 In light and sound, are hurrying on  
 their way :  
 Thus, from the deep recesses of the  
 heart,  
 The voice which sleeps, but never  
 dies, might start,  
 Call'd up by solitude, each nerve to  
 thrill  
 With accents heard not, save when  
 all is still !

The voice, inaudible when havoc's  
 strain  
 Crush'd the red vintage of devoted  
 Spain ;  
 Mute, when sierras to the war-whoop  
 rung,  
 And the broad light of conflagration  
 sprung  
 From the South's marble cities ;—  
 hush'd 'midst cries  
 That told the heavens of mortal  
 agonies ;  
 But gathering silent strength, to wake  
 at last  
 In concentrated thunders of the past !

And there, perchance, some long-  
 bewilder'd mind,  
 Torn from its lowly sphere, its path  
 confined  
 Of village duties, in the Alpine glen,  
 Where nature cast its lot, 'midst  
 peasant men ;  
 Drawn to that vortex, whose fierce  
 ruler blent  
 The earthquake power of each wild  
 element,

To lend the tide, which bore his  
throne on high,  
One impulse more of desperate  
energy ;  
Might—when the billow's awful rush  
was o'er,  
Which toss'd its wreck upon the  
storm-beat shore,  
Won from its wand'rings past, by  
suffering tried,  
Search'd by remorse, by anguish  
purified—  
Have fix'd, at length, its troubled  
hopes and fears,  
On the far world, seen brightest  
through our tears,  
And, in that hour of triumph or  
despair,  
Whose secrets all must learn—but  
none declare,  
When, of the things to come, a  
deeper sense  
Fills the dim eye of trembling peni-  
tence,  
Have turn'd to Him Whose bow is in  
the cloud,  
Around life's limits gathering as a  
shroud ;—  
The fearful mysteries of the heart  
Who knows,  
And, by the tempest, calls it to  
repose !

Who visited that deathbed ?—Who  
can tell  
Its brief sad tale, on which the soul  
might dwell,  
And learn immortal lessons ?—Who  
beheld  
The struggling hope, by shame, by  
doubt repell'd—  
The agony of prayer—the bursting  
tears—  
The dark remembrances of guilty  
years,  
Crowding upon the spirit in their  
might ?  
He, through the storm Who look'd,  
and there was light !

That scene is closed !—that wild,  
tumultuous breast,  
With all its pangs and passions, is at  
rest !  
He too is fallen, the master-power  
of strife,

Who woke those passions to delirious  
life ;  
And days, prepared a brighter  
course to run,  
Unfold their buoyant pinions to the  
sun !

It is a glorious hour when Spring  
goes forth  
O'er the bleak mountains of the  
shadowy north,  
And with one radiant glance, one  
magic breath,  
Wakes all things lovely from the sleep  
of death ;  
While the glad voices of a thousand  
streams,  
Bursting their bondage, triumph in  
her beams !

But *Peace* hath nobler changes !  
O'er the mind,  
The warm and living spirit of man-  
kind,  
*Her* influence breathes, and bids the  
blighted heart,  
To life and hope from desolation  
start !  
She, with a look, dissolves the cap-  
tive's chain,  
Peopling with beauty widow'd homes  
again ;  
Around the mother, in her closing  
years,  
Gathering her sons once more, and  
from the tears  
Of the dim past, but winning purer  
light,  
To make the present more serenely  
bright.

Nor rests that influence here,  
From clime to clime,  
In silence gliding with the stream of  
time,  
Still doth it spread, borne onwards,  
as a breeze  
With healing on its wings, o'er isles  
and seas :  
And, as Heaven's breath call'd forth,  
with genial power,  
From the dry wand, the almond's  
living flower ;  
So doth its deep-felt charm in secret  
move  
The coldest heart to gentle deeds of  
love .

While round its pathway nature  
softly glows,  
And the wide desert blossoms as the  
rose.

Yes! let the waste lift up the ex-  
ulting voice!  
Let the far-echoing solitude rejoice!  
And thou, lone moor! where no  
blithe reaper's song  
E'er lightly sped the Summer hours  
along,  
Bid thy wild rivers, from each moun-  
tain source  
Rushing in joy, make music on their  
course!  
Thou, whose sole records of existence  
mark  
The scene of barbarous rites in ages  
dark,  
And of some nameless combat;  
hope's bright eye  
Beams o'er thee in the light of pro-  
phesy!  
Yet shalt thou smile, by busy cul-  
ture drest,  
And the rich harvest wave upon thy  
breast!  
Yet shall thy cottage smoke, at dewy  
morn,  
Rise, in blue wreaths, above the  
flowering thorn,  
And, 'midst thy hamlet shades, the  
embosom'd spire  
Catch from deep-kindling heavens  
their earliest fire.

Thee, too, that hour shall bless, the  
balmy close  
Of labour's day, the herald of repose,  
Which gathers hearts in peace;  
while social mirth  
Basks in the blaze of each free village  
hearth;  
While peasantsongs are on the joyous  
gales,  
And merry England's voice floats up  
from all her vales.  
Yet are there sweeter sounds; and  
thou shalt hear  
Such as to Heaven's immortal host  
are dear.  
Oh! if there still be melody on earth,  
Worthy the sacred bowers where man  
drew birth,  
When angel-steps their paths rejoic-  
ing trod,

H.P.

And the air trembled with the breath  
of God;  
It lives in those soft accents, to the  
sky  
Borne from the lips of stainless in-  
fancy,  
When holy strains, from life's pure  
fount which sprung,  
Breathed with deep reverence, falter  
on its tongue.

And such shall be *thy* music, when  
the cells,  
Where Guilt, the child of hopeless  
Misery, dwells  
(And, to wild strength by despera-  
tion wrought,  
In silence broods o'er many a fearful  
thought),  
Resound to pity's voice; and child-  
hood thence,  
Ere the cold blight hath reach'd its  
innocence,  
Ere that soft rose-bloom of the soul be  
fled,  
Which vice but breathes on and its  
hues are dead,  
Shall at the call press forward, to be  
made  
A glorious offering, meet for Him Who  
said,  
"Mercy, not sacrifice!" and when,  
of old,  
Clouds of rich incense from his  
altars roll'd,  
Dispersed the smoke of perfumes,  
and laid bare  
The heart's deep folds, to read its  
homage there!

When some crown'd conqueror,  
o'er a trampled world  
His banner, shadowing nations, hath  
unfurl'd,  
And, like those visitations which  
deform  
Nature for centuries, hath made the  
storm  
His pathway to dominion's lonely  
sphere,  
Silence behind—before him, flight  
and fear;  
When kingdoms rock beneath his  
rushing wheels,  
Till each fair isle the mighty impulse  
feels,

G G

And earth is moulded but by one proud will, And sceptred realms wear fetters, and are still ; Shall the free soul of song bow down to pay, The earthquake homage on its baleful way ? Shall the glad harp send up exulting strains, O'er burning cities and forsaken plains ? And shall no harmony of softer close Attend the stream of mercy as it flows, And, mingling with the murmur of its wave, Bless the green shores its gentle currents lave ?	Beneath the palms of Judah ! Ye whose lays With torrent rapture, from their source on high, Burst in the strength of immortality ! Oh ! not alone, those haunted groves among, Of conquering hosts, of empires crush'd, ye sung, But of that spirit, destined to explore With the bright dayspring every distant shore, To dry the tear, to bind the broken To make the home of peace in hearts that bleed ; With beams of hope to pierce the dungeon's gloom, And pour eternal starlight o'er the tomb.
Oh ! there are loftier themes, for him whose eyes Have search'd the depths of life's realities, Than the red battle, or the trophied car, Wheeling the monarch-victor fast and far ; There are more noble strains than those which swell The triumphs ruin may suffice to tell ! Ye prophet-bards, who sat in elder days	And bless'd and hallow'd be its haunts ! for there Hath man's high soul been rescued from despair ! There hath the immortal spark for Heaven been nursed ; There from the rock the springs of life have burst Quenchless and pure ! and holy thoughts that rise, Warm from the source of human sympathies— Where'er its path of radiance may be traced, [waste, Shall find their temple in the silent

## HYMNS FOR CHILDHOOD

## INTRODUCTORY VERSES

Oh ! blest art thou whose step may rove Through the green paths of vale and grove, Or, leaving all their charms below, Climb the wild mountain's airy brow ;  And gaze afar o'er cultured plains, And cities with their stately fanes, And forests, that beneath thee lie, And ocean mingling with the sky.  For man can show thee naught so fair, As Nature's varied marvels there ;	And if thy pure and artless breast, Can feel their grandeur, thou art blest !  For thee the stream in beauty flows, For thee the gale of summer blows ; And, in deep glen and wood-walk free, Voices of joy still breathe for thee.  But happier far, if then thy soul Can soar to Him Who made the whole. If thy thine eye the simplest flower Portray His bounty and His power :  If, in whate'er is bright or grand, Thy mind can trace His viewless hand,
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If Nature's music bids thee raise  
 Thy song of gratitude and praise ;  
 If heaven and earth, with beauty  
 fraught,  
 Lead to His throne thy raptured  
 thought ;  
 If there thou lov'st *His* love to read ;  
 Then, wand'rer ! thou art blest  
 indeed !

## THE RAINBOW

I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall  
 be for a token of a covenant between me and  
 the earth.—*Genesis ix. 13.*

Soft falls the mild reviving shower  
 From April's changeful skies,  
 And raindrops bend each trembling  
 flower  
 They tinge with richer dyes.

Soon shall their genial influence call  
 A thousand buds to day,  
 Which, waiting but that balmy fall,  
 In hidden beauty lay.

E'en now full many a blossom's bell  
 With fragrance fills the shade ;  
 And verdure clothes each grassy dell,  
 In brighter tints array'd.

But mark ! what arch of varied hue  
 From heaven to earth is bow'd ?  
 Haste, ere it vanish, haste to view  
 The Rainbow in the cloud !

How bright its glory ! there behold  
 The emerald's verdant rays,  
 The topaz blends its hue of gold  
 With the deep ruby's blaze.

Yet not alone to charm thy sight  
 Was given the vision fair—  
 Gaze on that arch of colour'd light,  
 And read God's mercy there.

It tells us that the mighty deep,  
 Fast by the Eternal chain'd,  
 No more o'er earth's domain shall  
 sweep,  
 Awful and unrestrain'd.

It tells that seasons, heat and cold,  
 Fix'd by His sovereign will,  
 Shall, in their course, bid man behold  
 Seed-time and harvest still.

That still the flower shall deck the  
 field,  
 When vernal zephyrs blow ;  
 That still the vine its fruit shall yield,  
 When autumn sunbeams glow.

Then, child of that fair earth ! which  
 yet  
 Smiles with each charm endow'd,  
 Bless thou His name, Whose mercy set  
 The Rainbow in the cloud !

## THE SUN

THE Sun comes forth ;—each moun-  
 tain height  
 Glows with a tinge of rosy light,  
 And flowers, that slumber'd through  
 the night,  
 Their dewy leaves unfold ;  
 A flood of splendour bursts on high,  
 And ocean's breast gives back a sky  
 All steep'd in molten gold.

Oh ! thou art glorious, orb of day ;  
 Exulting nations hail thy ray,  
 Creation swells a choral lay,  
 To welcome thy return ;  
 From thee all nature draws her hues,  
 Thy beams the insect's wing suffuse,  
 And in the diamond burn.

Yet must thou fade ;—when earth  
 and heaven  
 By fire and tempest shall be riven,  
 Thou, from thy sphere of radiance  
 driven,  
 O Sun ! must fall at last ;  
 Another heaven, another earth,  
 New power, new glory shall have  
 birth,  
 When all we see is past.

But He Who gave the word of might,  
 " Let there be light,"—and there *was*  
 light,  
 Who bade thee chase the gloom of  
 night,  
 And beam the world to bless ;—  
 For ever bright, for ever pure,  
 Alone unchanging shall endure,  
 The Sun of Righteousness !

## THE RIVERS

Go ! trace the unnumber'd streams,  
 o'er earth  
 That wind their devious course

That draw from Alpine heights their  
birth,  
Deep vale, or cavern source.

Some by majestic cities glide,  
Proud scenes of man's renown,  
Some lead their solitary tide,  
Where pathless forests frown.

Some calmly roll o'er golden sands,  
Where Afric's deserts lie;  
Or spread, to clothe rejoicing lands  
With rich fertility.

These bear the bark, whose stately sail  
Exulting seems to swell;  
While these, scarce rippled by a gale,  
Sleep in the lonely dell.

Yet on, alike, though swift or slow  
Their various waves may sweep,  
Through cities or through shades  
they flow,  
To the same boundless deep.

Oh! thus, whate'er our path of life,  
Through sunshine or through  
gloom,  
Through scenes of quiet or of strife,  
Its end is still the tomb.

The chief whose mighty deeds we  
hail,  
The monarch throned on high,  
The peasant in his native vale—  
All journey on—to die.

But if *Thy* guardian care, my God!  
The pilgrim's course attend,  
I will not fear the dark abode,  
To which my footsteps bend.

For thence Thine all-redeeming Son,  
Who died the world to save,  
In light, in triumph, rose, and won  
The victory from the grave!

### THE STARS

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the  
firmament sheweth his handywork.—*Psalms*  
*xix. 1.*

No cloud obscures the summer sky,  
The moon in brightness walks on  
high,  
And, set in azure, every star  
Shines, a pure gem of heaven, afar!

Child of the earth! oh! lift thy  
glance

To yon bright firmament's expanse;  
The glories of its realm explore,  
And gaze, and wonder, and adore!

Doth it not speak to every sense,  
The marvels of Omnipotence?  
Seest thou not there the Almighty  
name

Inscribed in characters of flame?

Count o'er these lamps of quenchless  
light,  
That sparkle through the shades of  
night;

Behold them!—can a mortal boast  
To number that celestial host?

Mark well each little star, whose rays  
In distant splendour meet thy gaze:  
Each is a world, by Him sustain'd  
Who from eternity hath reign'd.

Each, kindled not for earth alone,  
Hath circling planets of its own,  
And beings, whose existence springs  
From Him, the all-powerful King of  
Kings.

Haply, those glorious beings know  
No stain of guilt, or tear of woe;  
But, raising still the adoring voice,  
For ever in their God rejoice.

What then art *thou*, O child of clay!  
Amid creation's grandeur, say?  
E'en as an insect on the breeze,  
E'en as a dewdrop, lost in seas!

Yet fear thou not—the sovereign  
hand

Which spread the ocean and the land,  
And hung the rolling spheres in air,  
Hath, e'en for thee, a Father's care!

Be thou at peace!—the all-seeing Eye,  
Pervading earth, and air, and sky—  
The searching glance which none may  
flee,

Is still in mercy turned on thee.

### THE OCEAN

*Thy* that go down to the sea in ships that  
do business in great waters; these see the works  
of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.—  
*Psalms cxi. 23, 24.*

He that in venturous barks hath been  
A wand'rer on the deep,

Can tell of many an awful scene,  
Where storms for ever sweep.

For many a fair, majestic sight  
Hath met his wand'ring eye,  
Beneath the streaming Northern  
Light,  
Or blaze of Indian sky.

Go ! ask him of the whirlpool's roar,  
Whose echoing thunder peals  
Loud, as if rush'd along the shore  
An army's chariot wheels ;

Of icebergs, floating o'er the main,  
Or fix'd upon the coast,  
Like glitt'ring citadel or fane,  
'Mid the bright realms of frost ;

Of coral rocks, from waves below  
In steep ascent that tower,  
And fraught with peril, daily grow,  
Form'd by an insect's power ;

Of sea-fires, which at dead of night  
Shine o'er the tides afar,  
And make the expanse of ocean  
bright,  
As heaven, with many a star.

O God ! Thy name *they* well may  
praise,  
Who to the deep go down,  
And trace the wonders of Thy ways,  
Where rocks and billows frown !

If glorious be that awful deep  
No human power can bind,  
What then art *Thou*, Who bid'st it  
keep  
Within its bounds confined !

Let heaven and earth in praise unite,  
Eternal praise to Thee,  
Whose word can rouse the tempest's  
might,  
Or still the raging sea !

#### THE THUNDER-STORM

DEEP, fiery clouds o'ercast the sky,  
Dead stillness reigns in air,  
There is not e'en a breeze, *Oh* high  
The gossamer to bear.

The woods are hush'd, the waves at  
rest,  
The lake is dark and still,

Reflecting on its shadowy breast  
Each form of rock and hill.

The lime leaf waves not in the grove,  
The rosetree in the bower ;  
The birds have ceased their songs of  
love,  
Awed by the threatening hour.

'Tis noon ;—yet nature's calm pro-  
found  
Seems as at midnight deep ;  
But hark ! what peal of awful sound  
Breaks on creation's sleep ?

The thunder burst !—its rolling might  
Seems the firm hills to shake ;  
And in terrific splendour bright,  
The gather'd lightnings break.

Yet fear not, shrink not thou, my  
child !  
Though by the bolt's descent  
Were the tall cliffs in ruins piled,  
And the wide forests rent.

Doth not thy God behold thee still,  
With all-surveying eye ?  
Doth not His power all nature fill,  
Around, beneath, on high ?

Know, hadst thou eagle-pinions free,  
To track the realms of air,  
Thou couldst not reach a spot where  
He  
Would not be with thee there !

In the wide city's peopled towers,  
On the vast ocean's plains,  
'Midst the deep woodland's loneliest  
bowers,  
Alike the Almighty reigns !

Then fear not, though the angry sky  
A thousand darts should cast ;  
Why should we tremble, e'en to die,  
And be with *Him* at last ?

#### THE BIRDS

Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings,  
and not one of them is forgotten before God ?  
—*St Luke xii. 6.*

TRIBES of the air ! whose favour'd  
race  
May wander through the realms of  
space,



Free guests of earth and sky ;  
In form, in plumage, and in song,  
What gifts of nature mark your  
    through  
With bright variety !

Nor differ less your forms, your flight,  
Your dwellings hid from hostile sight,  
    And the wild haunts ye love ;  
Birds of the gentle beak ! how dear  
Your wood-note to the wand'rer's ear,  
In shadowy vale or grove !

Far other scenes, remote, sublime,  
Where swain or hunter may not  
    climb,

The mountain-eagle seeks ;  
Alone he reigns a monarch there,  
Scarce will the chamois' footstep dare  
    Ascend his Alpine peaks.

Others there are, that make their  
    home

Where the white billows roar and  
    foam,

Around the o'erhanging rock ;  
Fearless they skim the angry wave,  
Or shelter'd in their sea-beat cave,  
    The tempest's fury mock.

Where Afric's burning realm expands,  
The ostrich haunts the desert sands,  
    Parch'd by the blaze of day ;  
The swan, where northern rivers glide,  
Through the tall reeds that fringe  
    their tide

Floats graceful on her way.

The condor, where the Andes tower,  
Spreads his broad wing of pride and  
    power,

And many a storm defies ;  
Bright in the orient realms of morn,  
All beauty's richest hues adorn  
    The bird of paradise.

Some, amidst India's groves of palm,  
And spicy forests breathing balm,  
    Weave soft their pendent nest ;  
Some deep in Western wilds, display  
Their fairy form and plumage gay,  
    In rainbow colours drest.

Others no varied song may pour,  
May boast no eagle plume to soar,  
    No tints of light may wear ;  
Yet, know, our Heavenly Father  
    guides

The least of these, and well provides  
    For each, with tenderest care.

Shall He not then *thy* guardian be ?  
Will not His aid extend to *thee* ?

Oh ! safely may'st thou rest !—  
Trust in His love, and e'en should  
    pain,  
Should sorrow tempt thee to com-  
    plain,  
    Know what He wills is best !

### THE SKY-LARK

#### CHILD'S MORNING HYMN

THE sky-lark, when the dews of morn  
Hang tremulous on flower and thorn,  
And violets round his nest exhale  
Their fragrance on the early gale,  
To the first sunbeam spreads his  
    wings,  
Buoyant with joy, and soars and  
    sings.

He rests not on the leafy spray,  
To warble his exulting lay ;  
But high above the morning cloud  
Mounts in triumphant freedom proud,  
And swells, when nearest to the sky,  
His notes of sweetest ecstasy.

Thus, my Creator ! thus the more  
My spirit's wing to Thee can soar,  
The more she triumphs to behold  
Thy love in all Thy works unfold,  
And bids her hymns of rapture be,  
Most glad, when rising most to  
    Thee !

### THE NIGHTINGALE

#### CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

WHEN twilight's grey and pensive  
    hour

Brings the low breeze, and shuts the  
    flower,

And bids the solitary star  
Shine in pale beauty from afar.

When gathering shades the landscape  
    veil,

And peasants seek their village-dale,  
And mists from river-wave arise,  
And dew in every blossom lies.

When evening's primrose opens to shed  
Soft fragrance round her grassy bed ;

When glow-worms in the wood-walk  
light  
Their lamp, to cheer the traveller's  
sight ;

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,  
Awakes the lonely nightingale ;  
And from a hermitage of shade  
Fills with her voice the forest glade ;

And sweeter far that melting voice  
Than all which through the day  
rejoice ;

And still shall bard and wand'rer love  
The twilight music of the grove.

Father in heaven ! oh ! thus when  
day

With all its cares hath pass'd away,  
And silent hours waft peace on earth,  
And hush the louder strains of mirth ;

Thus may sweet songs of praise and  
prayer

To Thee my spirit's offering bear ;  
Yon star, my signal, set on high,  
For vesper hymns of piety.

So may Thy mercy and Thy power  
Protect me through the midnight  
hour ;

And balmy sleep and visions blest  
Smile on Thy servant's bed of rest.

### THE NORTHERN SPRING

WHEN the soft breath of Spring goes  
forth

Far o'er the mountains of the North,  
How soon those wastes of dazzling  
snow

With life, and bloom, and beauty  
glow !

Then bursts the verdure of the plains,  
Then break the streams from icy  
chains ;

And the glad reindeer seeks no more  
Amidst deep snows his mossy store.

Then the dark pine wood's boughs  
are seen

Fringed tenderly with living green ;  
And roses, in their brightest dyes,  
By Lapland's founts and lakes arise.

Thus, in a moment, from the gloom  
And the cold fetters of the tomb,

Thus shall the blest Redeemer's voice  
Call forth His servants to rejoice.

For He Whose word is truth hath  
said,

His power to life shall wake the dead,  
And summon those He loves on high,  
To " put on immortality ! "

Then, all its transient sufferings o'er,  
On wings of light the soul shall soar,  
Exulting, to that blest abode,  
Where tears of sorrow never flow'd.

### PARAPHRASE OF PSALM CXLVIII

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from  
the heavens : praise him in the heights.

PRAISE ye the Lord ! on every height  
Songs to His glory raise !

Ye angel hosts, ye stars of night,  
Join in immortal praise !

O heaven of heavens ! let praise far-  
swelling

From all thine orbs be sent !  
Join in the strain, ye waters, dwelling  
Above the firmament !

For His the word which gave you  
birth,

And majesty and might ;  
Praise to the Highest from the earth,  
And let the deeps unite !

O fire and vapour, hail and snow !  
Ye servants of His will !

O stormy winds, that only blow  
His mandates to fulfil ;

Mountains and rocks, to heaven that  
rise ;

Fair cedars of the wood ;  
Creatures of life that wing the skies,  
Or track the plains for food ;

Judges of nations ! kings, whose  
hand

Waves the proud sceptre high !  
O youths and virgins of the land,  
O age and infancy !

Praise ye His name, to Whom alone  
All homage should be given ;  
Whose glory from the eternal throne  
Spreads wide o'er earth and  
heaven !

## JUVENILE POEMS

## ON MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF EIGHT

CLAD in all their brightest green,  
This day the verdant fields are seen ;  
The tuneful birds begin their lay,  
To celebrate thy natal day.

The breeze is still, the sea is calm,  
And the whole scene combines to  
charm ;  
The flowers revive, this charming  
May,  
Because it is thy natal day.

The sky is blue, the day serene,  
And only pleasure now is seen ;  
The rose, the pink, the tulip gay,  
Combine to bless thy natal day.

## A PRAYER

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF NINE

O God ! my Father and my Friend,  
Ever Thy blessings to me send ;  
Let me have Virtue for my guide,  
And Wisdom always at my side.  
Thus cheerfully through life I'll go,  
Nor ever feel the sting of woe ;  
Contented with the humblest lot—  
Happy, though in the meanest cot.

## ADDRESS TO THE DEITY

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN

THE infant muse, Jehovah ! would  
aspire  
To swell the adoration of the lyre :  
Source of all good ! oh, teach my  
voice to sing  
Thee, from Whom Nature's genuine  
beauties spring ;  
Thee, God of truth, omnipotent and  
wise,  
Who saidst to Chaos, " let the earth  
arise."  
O Author of the rich luxuriant year !  
Love, Truth, and Mercy in Thy works  
appear :  
Within their orbs the planets dost  
Thou keep,

And e'en hast limited the mighty  
deep.

Oh ! could I number Thy inspiring  
ways,  
And wake the voice of animated  
praise !

Ah, no ! the theme shall swell a  
cherub's note ;

To Thee celestial hymns of rapture  
float.

'Tis not for me in lowly strains to sing  
Thee, God of mercy,—heaven's im-  
mortal King !

Yet to that happiness I'd fain aspire—  
Oh ! fill my heart with elevated  
fire :

With angel songs an artless voice  
shall blend,

The grateful offering shall to Thee  
ascend.

Yes ! Thou wilt breathe a spirit o'er  
my lyre,

And " fill my beating heart with  
sacred fire ! "

And when to Thee my youth, my  
life, I've given,

Raise me to join Eliza, blest in  
Heaven.

## SONNET TO MY MOTHER

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF TWELVE

To thee, maternal guardian of my  
youth,

I pour the genuine numbers free  
from art—

The lays inspired by gratitude and  
truth ;

For thou wilt prize the effusion  
of the heart.

Oh ! be it mine, with sweet and  
pious care,

To calm thy bosom in the hour of  
grief ;

With soothing tenderness to chase  
the tear,

With fond endearments to impart  
relief :

Be mine thy warm affection to repay  
With dutious love in thy delcining  
hours ;

My filial hand shall strew unfading  
flowers,  
Perennial roses, to adorn thy way :  
Still may thy grateful children round  
thee smile—  
Their pleasing care affliction shall  
beguile.

## SONNET

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN  
'Tis sweet to think the spirits of the  
blest

May hover round the virtuous man's  
repose ;  
And oft in visions animate his breast,  
And scenes of bright beatitude  
disclose.

The ministers of Heaven, with pure  
control,  
May bid his sorrow and emotion  
cease,  
Inspire the pious fervour of his soul,  
And whisper to his bosom hallow'd  
peace.

Ah, tender thought ! that oft with  
sweet relief  
May charm the bosom of a weeping  
friend,

Beguile with magic power the tear of  
grief,  
And pensive pleasure with devo-  
tion blend ;

While oft he fancies music, sweetly  
faint,  
The airy lay of some departed saint.

## RURAL WALKS

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN  
OH ! may I ever pass my happy hours  
In Cambrian valleys and romantic  
bowers ;

For every spot in sylvan beauty drest,  
And every landscape, charms my  
youthful breast.

And much I love to hail the vernal  
morn,

When flowers of spring the mossy  
seat adorn ;

And sometimes through the lonely  
wood I stray,

To cull the tender rosebuds in my  
way ;

And seek in every wild secluded dell,

The weeping cowslip and the azure  
bell ;

With all the blossoms, fairer in the  
dew,

To form the gay festoon of varied hue.  
And oft I seek the cultivated green,  
The fertile meadow, and the village  
scene ;

Where rosy children sport around the  
cot,

Or gather woodbine from the garden  
spot.

And there I wander by the cheerful  
rill,

That murmurs near the osiers and the  
mill ;

To view the smiling peasants turn the  
hay,

And listen to their pleasing festive lay.  
I love to loiter in the spreading grove,

Or in the mountain scenery to rove,  
Where summits rise in awful grace  
around,

With hoary moss and tufted verdure  
crown'd ;

Where cliffs in solemn majesty are  
piled,

" And frown upon the vale " with  
grandeur wild :

And there I view the mouldering  
tower sublime,

Array'd in all the blending shades of  
Time.

The airy upland and the woodland  
green,

The valley, and romantic mountain  
scene ;

The lowly hermitage, or fair domain,  
The dell retired, or willow-shaded  
lane

And every spot in sylvan beauty  
drest,

And every landscape, charms my  
youthful breast.

## SONNET

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN  
I LOVE to hail the mild and balmy  
hour

When evening spreads around her  
twilight veil ;

When dews descend on every languid  
flower,

And sweet and tranquil is the summer gale.  
 Then let me wander by the peaceful tide,  
 While o'er the wave the breezes lightly play;  
 To hear the waters murmur as they glide,  
 To mark the fading smile of closing day.  
 There let me linger, blest in visions dear,  
 Till the soft moonbeams tremble on the seas;  
 While melting sounds decay on fancy's ear,  
 Of airy music floating on the breeze.  
 For still when evening sheds the genial dews,  
 That pensive hour is sacred to the muse.

#### ENGLAND AND SPAIN; OR, VALOUR AND PATRIOTISM

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN

—His sword the brave man draws,  
 And asks no omen but his country's cause.  
 POPE.

Too long have Tyranny and Power combined  
 To sway, with iron sceptre, o'er mankind;  
 Long has Oppression worn the imperial robe,  
 And Rapine's sword has wasted half the globe!  
 O'er Europe's cultured realms, and climes afar,  
 Triumphant Gaul has poured the tide of war:  
 To her fair Austria veil'd the standard bright;  
 Ausonia's lovely plains have own'd her might;  
 While Prussia's eagle, never taught to yield,  
 Forsook her tow'ring height on Jena's field!

O gallant Frederic! could thy parted shade  
 Have seen thy country vanquish'd and betray'd,  
 How had thy soul indignant mourn'd her shame,

Her sullied trophies, and her tarnish'd fame!  
 When Valour wept lamented BRUNSWICK'S doom,  
 And nursed with tears the laurels on his tomb;  
 When Prussia, drooping o'er her hero's grave,  
 Invoked his spirit to descend and save;  
 Then set her glories—then expir'd her sun,  
 And fraud achiev'd e'en more than conquest won!

O'er peaceful realms that smiled with plenty gay,  
 Has desolation spread her ample sway;  
 Thy blast, O Ruin! on tremendous wings,  
 Has proudly swept o'er empires, nations, kings!  
 Thus the wild hurricane's impetuous force  
 With dark destruction marks its whelming course,  
 Despoils the woodland's pomp, the blooming plain,  
 Death on its pinion, vengeance in its train!  
 —Rise, Freedom, rise! and, breaking from thy trance,  
 Wave the dread banner, seize the glitt'ring lance!  
 With arm of might assert thy sacred cause,  
 And call thy champions to defend thy laws!  
 How long shall tyrant power her throne maintain?  
 How long shall despots and usurpers reign?  
 Is honour's lofty soul for ever fled?  
 Is virtue lost? is martial ardour dead?  
 Is there no heart where worth and valour dwell,  
 No patriot WALLACE, no undaunted TELL?  
 Yes, Freedom, yes! thy sons, a noble band,  
 Around thy banner, firm, exulting stand;  
 Once more, 'tis thine, invincible, to wield

The beamy spear and adamantine  
shield ?

Again thy cheek with proud resent-  
ment glows,

Again thy lion-glance appals thy  
foes ;

Thy kindling eyebeam darts uncon-  
quer'd fires,

Thy look sublime the warrior's heart  
inspires ;

And, while to guard thy standard  
and thy right,

Castilians rush, intrepid, to the  
fight,

Lo ! Britain's gen'rous host their aid  
supply,

Resolved for thee to triumph or to  
die !

And Glory smiles to see Iberia's  
name

Enroll'd with Albion's in the book  
of fame !

Illustrious names ! still, still united  
beam,

Be still the hero's boast, the poet's  
theme :

So, when two radiant gems together  
shine,

And in one wreath their lucid light  
combine ;

Each, as it sparkles with transcen-  
dant rays,

Adds to the lustre of its kindred  
blaze,

Descend, O Genius ! from thy orb  
descend !

Thy glowing thought, thy kindling  
spirit lend !

As Memnon's harp (so ancient fables  
say)

With sweet vibration meets the  
morning ray,

So let the chords thy heavenly pre-  
sence own,

And swell a louder note, a nobler  
tone ;

Call from the sun, her burning throne  
on high,

The seraph Ecstasy, with lightning  
eye,

Steal from the source of day empy-  
real fire,

And breathe the soul of rapture o'er  
the lyre !

Hail, Albion ! hail, thou land of  
freedom's birth !

Pride of the main, and Phoenix of  
the earth !

Thou second Rome, where mercy,  
justice, dwell,

Whose sons in wisdom as in arms  
excel !

Thine are the dauntless bands, like  
Spartans brave,

Bold in the field, triumphant on the  
wave ;

In classic elegance and arts divin',  
To rival Athens' fairest palm is  
thine ;

For taste and fancy from Hymettus  
fly,

And richer bloom beneath thy vary-  
ing sky,

Where Science mounts in radiant car  
sublime

To other worlds beyond the sphere  
of time !

Hail, Albion, hail ! to thee has fate  
denied

Peruvian mines and rich Hindostan's  
pride,

The gems that Ormuz and Golconda  
boast,

And all the wealth of Montezuma's  
coast :

For thee no Parian marbles brightly  
shine ;

No glowing suns mature the blush-  
[ing vine ;

No light Arabian gales their wings  
expand,

To waft Sabæan incense o'er the  
land ;

No graceful cedars crown thy lofty  
hills,

No trickling myrrh for thee its balm  
distils ;

Not from thy trees the lucid amber  
flows,

And far from thee the scented cassia  
blows :

Yet fearless Commerce, pillar of  
thy throne,

Makes all the wealth of foreign  
climes thy own ;

From Lapland's shore to Afric's  
fervid reign,

She bids thy ensigns float above the  
main ;

Unfurls her streamers to the fav'ring  
gale,

And shows to other worlds her  
daring sail :  
Then wafts their gold, their varied  
stores to thee,  
Queen of the trident ! empress of the  
sea !

For this thy noble sons have  
spread alarms,  
And bade the zones resound with  
Britain's arms !  
Calpè's proud rock, and Syria's  
palmy shore,  
Have heard and trembled at their  
battle's roar ;  
The sacred waves of fertilizing Nile  
Have seen the triumphs of the con-  
quering isle ;  
For this, for this, the Samiel-blast  
of war  
Has roll'd o'er Vincent's Cape and  
Trafalgar !  
Victorious RODNEY spread thy thun-  
der's sound,  
And NELSON fell, with fame immortal  
crown'd ;  
Blest if their perils and their blood  
could gain,  
To grace thy hand, the sceptre of the  
main !  
The milder emblems of the virtues  
calm,  
The poet's verdant bay, the sage's  
palm ;  
These in thy laurel's blooming foliage  
twine,  
And round thy brows a deathless  
wreath combine :  
Not Mincio's banks, nor Meles' classic  
tide,  
Are hallow'd more than Avon's  
haunted side ;  
Nor is thy Thames a less inspiring  
theme  
Than pure Ilissus, or than Tiber's  
stream.

Bright in the annals of the impar-  
tial page,  
Britannia's heroes live from age to  
age !  
From ancient days, when dwelt her  
savage race,  
Her painted natives, foremost in the  
chase,  
Free from all cares for luxury or  
gain,

Lords of the wood and monarchs of  
the plain ;  
To these Augustan days, when social  
arts  
Refine and meliorate her manly  
hearts ;  
From doubtful Arthur, hero of  
romance,  
King of the circled board, the spear,  
the lance ;  
To those whose recent trophies grace  
her shield,  
The gallant victors of Vimeira's field ;  
Still have her warriors borne th' un-  
fading crown,  
And made the British flag the ensign  
of renown.

Spirit of ALFRED ! patriot soul sub-  
lime !  
Thou morning-star of error's darkest  
time !  
Prince of the lion-heart ! whose arm  
in fight,  
On Syria's plains repell'd Saladin's  
might !  
EDWARD ! for bright heroic deeds  
revered,  
By Cressy's fame to Britain still en-  
dear'd !  
Triumphant HENRY ! thou, whose  
valour proud,  
The lofty plume of crested Gallia  
bow'd !  
Look down, look down, exalted  
shades ! and view  
Your Albion still to freedom's banner  
true !  
Behold the land, ennobled by your  
fame,  
Supreme in glory, and of spotless  
name :  
And, as the Pyramid indignant rears  
Its awful head, and mocks the waste  
of years ;  
See her, secure in pride of virtue, tower,  
While prostrate nations kiss the rod  
of power !

Lo ! where her pennons, waving  
high, aspire,  
Bold Vi 'tory hovers near, " with eyes  
of fire ! "  
While Lusitania hails, with just  
applause,  
The brave defenders of her injured  
cause ;

Bids the full song, the note of triumph  
rise,  
And swells the exulting pæan to the  
skies !

And they, who late with anguish,  
hard to tell,  
Breathed to their cherish'd realms a  
sad farewell !

Who, as the vessel bore them o'er the  
tide,

Still fondly linger'd on its deck, and  
sigh'd ;

Gazed on the shore, till tears obscured  
their sight,

And the blue distance melted into  
light ;

The Royal exiles, forced by Gallia's  
hate

To fly for refuge in a foreign state :  
They, soon returning o'er the western  
main,

Ere long may view their clime be-  
loved again ;

And, as the blazing pillar led the host  
Of faithful Israel o'er the desert  
coast ;

So may Britannia guide the noble  
band,

O'er the wild ocean, to their native  
land.

O, glorious isle !—O, sov'reign of  
the waves !

Thine are the sons who never " will be  
slaves ! "

See them once more, with ardent  
hearts advance,

And rend the laurels of insulting  
France ;

To brave Castile their potent aid  
supply,

And wave, O Freedom ! wave thy  
sword on high !

Is there no bard of heavenly power  
possess'd

To thrill, to rouse, to animate the  
breast ?

Like Shakespeare o'er the secret  
mind to sway,

And call each wayward passion to  
obey ?

Is there no bard, imbued with hallow'd  
fire,

To wake the chords of Ossian's magic  
lyre ;

Whose numbers breathing all his  
flame divine,

The patriot's name to ages might con-  
sign ?

Rise ! Inspiration ! rise ! be this thy  
theme,

And mount, like Uriel, on the golden  
beam !

Oh ! could my muse on seraph  
pinion spring,

And sweep with rapture's hand the  
trembling string !

Could she the bosom energies con-  
trol,

And pour impassion'd fervour o'er  
the soul !

Oh ! could she strike the harp to Milton  
given,

Brought by a cherub from the empy-  
rean heaven !

Ah, fruitless wish ! ah, prayer pre-  
ferr'd in vain !

For her—the humblest of the wood-  
land train ;

Yet shall her feeble voice essay to  
raise

The hymn of liberty, the song of  
praise !

Iberian bands ! whose noble ar-  
dour glows

To pour confusion on oppressive foes ;  
Intrepid spirits, hail ! 'tis yours to  
feel

The hero's fire, the freeman's godlike  
zeal !

Not to secure dominion's boundless  
reign,

Ye wave the flag of conquest o'er the  
slain ;

No cruel rapine leads you to the war,  
Nor mad ambition, whirl'd in crimson  
car.

No, brave Castilians ! yours a nobler  
end,

Your land, your laws, your monarch  
to defend !

For these, for these, your valiant  
legions rear

The floating standard, and the lofty  
spear !

The fearless lover wields the conquer-  
ing sword,

Fired by the image of the maid  
adored !



His best beloved, his fondest ties, to  
aid,  
The father's hand unsheathes the  
glitt'ring blade !  
For each, for all, for every sacred  
right,  
The daring patriot mingles in the  
fight !  
And e'en if love or friendship fail  
to warm,  
His country's name alone can nerve  
his dauntless arm !

He bleeds ! he falls ! his deathbed  
is the field !  
His dirge the trumpet, and his bier the  
shield !  
His closing eyes the beam of valour  
speak,  
The flush of ardour lingers on his  
cheek ;  
Serene he lifts to heaven those closing  
eyes,  
Then for his country breathes a  
prayer—and dies !  
Oh ! ever hallow'd be his verdant  
grave,  
There let the laurel spread, the cy-  
press wave !  
Thou, lovely Spring ! bestow, to  
grace his tomb,  
Thy sweetest fragrance, and thy  
earliest bloom ;  
There let the tears of heaven descend  
in balm,  
There let the poet consecrate his  
palm !  
Let honour, pity, bless the holy  
ground,  
And shades of sainted heroes watch  
around !  
'Twas thus, while Glory rung his  
thrilling knell,  
Thy chief, O Thebes ! at Mantinea  
fell ;  
Smiled undismay'd within the arms  
of death,  
While Victory, weeping nigh, re-  
ceived his breath ! -

O thou, the sovereign of the noble  
soul !  
Thou source of energies beyond con-  
trol !  
Queen of the lofty thought, the  
gen'rous deed,

Whose sons unconquer'd fight, un-  
daunted bleed,—  
Inspiring Liberty ! thy worshipp'd  
name  
The warm enthusiast kindles to a  
flame ;  
Thy charms inspire him to achieve-  
ments high,  
Thy look of heaven, thy voice of  
harmony ;  
More blest, with thee to tread peren-  
nial snows,  
Where ne'er a flower expands, a  
zephyr blows ;  
Where Winter, binding nature in his  
chain,  
In frost-work palace holds perpetual  
reign ;  
Than, far from thee, with frolic step  
to rove  
The green savannas and the spicy  
grove ;  
Scent the rich balm of India's per-  
fumed gales,  
In citron woods and aromatic vales :  
For, oh ! fair Liberty, when thou art  
near,  
Elysium blossoms in the desert  
drear !

Where'er thy smile its magic power  
bestows,  
There arts and taste expand, there  
fancy glows ;  
The sacred lyre its wild enchantment  
gives,  
And every chord to swelling trans-  
port lives ;  
There ardent Genius bids the pencil  
trace  
The soul of beauty, and the lines of  
grace ;  
With bold Promethean hand, the  
canvas warms,  
And calls from stone expression's  
breathing forms.  
Thus, where the fruitful Nile o'er-  
flows its bound,  
Its genial waves diffuse abundance  
round,  
Bid Cere laugh o'er waste and sterile  
sands,  
And rich profusion clothe deserted  
lands.

Immortal Freedom ! daughter of  
the skies !

To thee shall Britain's grateful incense  
rise.

Ne'er, goddess! ne'er forsake thy  
fav'rite isle,

Still be thy Albion brighten'd with  
thy smile!

Long had thy spirit slept in dead  
repose,

While proudly triumph'd thine in-  
sulting foes;

Yet, though a cloud may veil Apollo's  
light,

Soon, with celestial beam, he breaks  
to sight:

Once more we see thy kindling soul  
return,

Thy vestal flame with added radiance  
burn;

Lo! in Iberian hearts thine ardour  
lives,

Lo! in Iberian hearts thy spark  
revives!

Proceed, proceed, ye firm, un-  
daunted band!

Still sure to conquer, if combined ye  
stand!

Though myriads flashing in the eye  
of day,

Stream'd o'er the smiling land in long  
array;

Though tyrant Asia pour'd un-  
number'd foes,

Triumphant still the arm of Greece  
arose:

For every state in sacred union stood,  
Strong to repel invasion's whelming  
flood;

Each heart was glowing in the general  
cause,

Each hand prepared to guard their  
hallow'd laws;

Athenian valour join'd Laconia's  
might,

And but contended to be first in  
fight;

From rank to rank the warm con-  
tagion ran,

And Hope and Freedom led the  
flaming van.

Then Persia's monarch mourn'd his  
glories lost,

As wild confusion wing'd his flying  
host;

Then Attic bards the hymn of victory  
sung,

The Grecian harp to notes exulting  
rung!

Then Sculpture bade the Parian stone  
record

The high achievements of the con-  
quering sword.

Thus, brave Castilians! thus may  
bright renown

And fair success your valiant efforts  
crown!

Genius of chivalry! whose early  
days

Tradition still recounts in artless lays;  
Whose faded splendours fancy oft

recalls,

The floating banners, and the lofty  
halls;

The gallant feats thy festivals dis-  
play'd,

The tilt, the tournament, the long  
crusade;

Whose ancient pride Romance de-  
lights to hail,

In fabling numbers, or heroic tale:  
Those times are fled, when stern thy

castles frown'd,

Their stately towers with feudal  
grandeur crown'd;

Those times are fled, when fair Iberia's  
clime

Beheld thy Gothic reign, thy pomp  
sublime;

And all thy glories, all thy deeds of  
yore,

Live but in legends wild, and poet's  
lore.

Lo! where thy silent harp neglected  
lies,

Light o'er its chords the murm'ring  
zephyr sighs;

Thy solemn courts, where once the  
minstrel sung,

The choral voice of mirth and music  
rung;

Now, with the ivy clad, forsaken,  
lone,

Hear but the breeze and echo to its  
moan:

Thy lonely towers deserted fall away,  
Thy broken shield is mould'ring in

decay.

Yet, though thy transient pagean-  
tries are gone,

Like fairy visions, bright, yet swiftly  
flown;

Genius of chivalry ! thy noble train,  
Thy firm, exalted virtues yet remain !

Fair truth, array'd in robes of spotless white,

Her eye a sunbeam, and her zone of light ;

Warm emulation, with aspiring aim,  
Still darting forward to the wreath of fame ;

And purest love, that waves his torch divine,

At awful honour's consecrated shrine ;  
Ardour, with eagle-wing and fiery glance ;

And gen'rous courage, resting on his lance ;

And loyalty, by perils unsubdued ;  
Untainted faith, unshaken fortitude ;

And patriot energy, with heart of flame—

These, in Iberia's sons are yet the same !

These from remotest days their souls have fired,

"Nerved every arm," and every breast inspired !

When Moorish bands their suffering land possess'd,

And fierce oppression rear'd her giant crest,

The wealthy caliphs on Cordova's throne,

In Eastern gems and purple splendour shone ;

Theirs was the proud magnificence that vied

With stately Bagdat's Oriental pride ;  
Theirs were the courts in regal pomp array'd,

Where arts and luxury their charms display'd ;

'Twas theirs to rear the Zehrar's costly towers, [bowers ;

Its fairy-palace and enchanted

There all Arabian fiction e'er could tell

Of potent genii or of wizard spell ;  
All that a poet's dream could picture bright,

One sweet Elysium, charm'd the wond'ring sight !

Too fair, too rich, for work of mortal hand,

It seem'd an Eden from Armida's wand !

Yet vain their pride, their wealth, and radiant state,

When freedom waved on high the sword of fate !

When brave Ramiro bade the despots fear,

Stern retribution frowning on his spear ;

And fierce Almanzor, after many a fight,

O'erwhelm'd with shame, confess'd the Christian's might.

In later times the gallant Cid arose,

Burning with zeal against his country's foes ;

His victor-arm Alphonso's throne maintain'd,

His laureate brows the wreath of conquest gain'd ;

And still his deeds Castilian bards rehearse,

Inspiring theme of patriotic verse !  
High in the temple of recording fame,

Iberia points to great Gonsalvo's name ;

Victorious chief ! whose valour still defied

The arms of Gaul, and bow'd her crested pride ;

With splendid trophies graced his sov'reign's throne,

And bade Granada's realms his prowess own.

Nor were his deeds thy only boast, O Spain !

In mighty FERDINAND's illustrious reign ;

'Twas then thy glorious Pilot spread the sail,

Unfurl'd his flag before the eastern gale ;

Bold, sanguine, fearless, ventured to explore

Seas unexplored, and worlds unknown before.

Fair science guided o'er the liquid realm,

Sweet hope, exulting, steer'd the dari'g helm ;

While on the mast, with ardour-flashing eye,

Courageous enterprise still hover'd nigh : [main

The hoary genius of the Atlantic

Saw man invade his wide majestic  
 reign ;  
 His empire, yet by mortal unsub-  
 dued,  
 The throne, the world of awful soli-  
 tude !  
 And e'en when shipwreck seem'd to  
 rear his form,  
 And dark destruction menaced in the  
 storm ;  
 In every shape, when giant peril rose,  
 To daunt his spirit and his course  
 oppose ;  
 O'er every heart when terror sway'd  
 alone,  
 And hope forsook each bosom, but  
 his own :  
 Moved by no dangers, by no fears  
 repell'd,  
 His glorious track the gallant sailor  
 held ;  
 Attentive still to mark the sea-birds  
 lave,  
 Or high in air their snowy pinions  
 wave.  
 Thus princely Jason, launching from  
 the steep,  
 With dauntless prow explored the  
 untravell'd deep ;  
 Thus, at the helm, Ulysses' watchful  
 sight  
 View'd every star and planetary  
 light.  
 Sublime COLUMBUS ! when, at length,  
 descried,  
 The long-sought land arose above the  
 tide :  
 How every heart with exultation  
 glow'd,  
 How from each eye the tear of  
 transport flow'd !  
 Not wilder joy the sons of Israel knew,  
 When Canaan's fertile plains appear'd  
 in view.  
 Then rose the choral anthem on the  
 breeze,  
 Then martial music floated o'er the  
 seas ;  
 Their waving streamers to the sun  
 display'd,  
 In all the pride of warlike pomp  
 array'd ;  
 Advancing nearer still, the ardent  
 band  
 Hail'd the glad shore, and bless'd  
 the stranger land ;

H.P.

Admired its palmy groves and pros-  
 pects fair,  
 With rapture breathed its pure  
 ambrosial air .  
 Then crowded round its free and  
 simple race,  
 Amazement pictured wild on every  
 face ;  
 Who deem'd that beings of celestial  
 birth,  
 Sprung from the sun, descended to  
 the earth—  
 Then first another world, another sky,  
 Beheld Iberia's banner blaze on high !

Still prouder glories beam on  
 history's page,  
 Imperial CHARLES ! to mark thy  
 prosperous age :  
 Those golden days of arts and fancy  
 bright,  
 When Science pour'd her mild, re-  
 fulgent light :  
 When Painting bade the glowing  
 canvas breathe,  
 Creative Sculpture claim'd the living  
 wreath :  
 When roved the Muses in Ausonian  
 bowers,  
 Weaving immortal crowns of fairest  
 flowers ;  
 When angel-truth dispersed, with  
 beam divine,  
 The clouds that veil'd religion's  
 hallow'd shrine ;  
 Those golden days beheld Iberia  
 tower  
 High on the pyramid of fame and  
 power ;  
 Vain all the efforts of her numerous  
 foes,  
 Her might, superior still, triumphant  
 rose.  
 Thus, on proud Lebanon's exalted  
 brow,  
 The cedar, frowning o'er the plains  
 below,  
 Though storms assail, its regal pomp  
 to rend,  
 Majestic, still aspires, disdaining  
 e'er to bend !

When Gallia pour'd to Pavia's  
 trophied plain,  
 Her youthful knights, a bold, im-  
 petuous train ;

H H

When, after many a toil and danger  
 past,  
 The fatal morn of conflict rose at  
 last ;  
 That morning saw her glittering host  
 combine,  
 And form in close array the threat-  
 'ning line ;  
 Fire in each eye, and force in every  
 arm,  
 With hope exulting, and with ardour  
 warm ;  
 Saw to the gale their streaming  
 ensigns play,  
 Their armour flashing to the beam of  
 day ;  
 Their gen'rous chargers panting,  
 spurn the ground,  
 Roused by the trumpet's animating  
 sound ;  
 And heard in air their warlike music  
 float,  
 The martial pipe, the drum's inspiring  
 note !

Pale set the sun—the shades of  
 evening fell,  
 The mournful night-wind rung their  
 funeral knell ;  
 And the same day beheld their  
 warriors dead,  
 Their sovereign captive, and their  
 glories fled !  
 Fled, like the lightning's evanescent  
 fire,  
 Bright, blazing, dreadful—only to  
 expire !  
 Then, then, while prostrate Gaul  
 confess'd her might,  
 Iberia's planet shed meridian's light !  
 Nor less, on famed St. Quintin's death-  
 ful day,  
 Castilian spirit bore the prize away ;  
 Laurels that still their verdure shall  
 retain,  
 And trophies beaming high in glory's  
 fané !  
 And lo ! her heroes, warm with  
 kindred flame,  
 Still proudly emulate their fathers'  
 fame ;  
 Still with the soul of patriot-valour  
 glow,  
 Still rush impetuous to repel the foe ;  
 Wave the bright falchion, lift the  
 beamy spear,

And bid oppressive Gallia learn to  
 fear !  
 Be theirs, be theirs, unfading honour's  
 crown,  
 The living amaranths of bright re-  
 nown !  
 Be theirs the inspiring tribute of  
 applause,  
 Due to the champions of their coun-  
 try's cause !  
 Be theirs the purest bliss that virtue  
 loves ;  
 The joy when conscience whispers  
 and approves !  
 When every heart is fired, each pulse  
 beats high,  
 To fight, to bleed, to fall, for liberty ;  
 When every hand is dauntless and  
 prepared  
 The sacred charter of mankind to  
 guard ;  
 When Britain's valiant sons their  
 aid unite,  
 Fervent and glowing still for freedom's  
 right,  
 Bid ancient enmities for ever cease,  
 And ancient wrongs forgotten sleep  
 in peace ;  
 When, firmly leagued, they join the  
 patriot band,  
 Can venal slaves their conquering  
 arms withstand ?  
 Can fame refuse their gallant deeds  
 to bless ?  
 Can victory fail to crown them with  
 success ?  
 Look down, O Heaven ! the right-  
 eous cause maintain,  
 Defend the injured, and avenge the  
 slain !  
 Despot of France ! destroyer of man-  
 kind !  
 What spectre-cares must haunt thy  
 sleepless mind !  
 Oh ! if at midnight round thy regal  
 bed,  
 When soothing visions fly thine  
 aching head ;  
 When sleep denies thy anxious cares  
 to calm,  
 And lull thy senses in his opiate  
 balm ;  
 Invoked by guilt, if airy phantoms  
 rise,  
 And murder'd victims bleed before  
 thine eyes ;

Loud let them thunder in thy troubled ear,  
 "Tyrant! the hour, the avenging hour is near!"  
 It is, it is! thy star withdraws its ray,  
 Soon will its parting lustre fade away;  
 Soon will Cimmerian shades obscure its light,  
 And veil thy splendours in eternal night!  
 Oh! when accusing conscience wakes thy soul,  
 With awful terrors and with dread control,  
 Bids threat'ning forms, appalling, round thee stand,  
 And summons all her visionary band;  
 Calls up the parted shadows of the dead,  
 And whispers peace and happiness are fled;  
 E'en at the time of silence and of rest,  
 Paints the dire poniard menacing thy breast;  
 Is then thy cheek with guilt and horror pale?  
 Then dost thou tremble, does thy spirit fail?  
 And wouldst thou yet by added crimes provoke  
 The bolt of heaven to launch the fatal stroke?  
 Bereave a nation of its rights revered,  
 Of all to morals sacred and endear'd?  
 And shall they tamely liberty resign,  
 The soul of life, the source of bliss divine?  
 Canst thou, supreme destroyer? hope to bind,  
 In chains of adamant, the noble mind?  
 Go, bid the rolling orbs thy mandate hear,  
 Go, stay the lightning in its wing'd career!  
 No, tyrant! no, thy utmost force is vain,  
 The patriot-arm of freedom to restrain:  
 Then bid thy subject-bands in armour shine,  
 Then bid thy legions all their power combine!  
 Yet couldst thou summon myriads at command,

Did boundless realms obey thy scepter'd hand,  
 E'en then her soul thy lawless might would spurn,  
 E'en then, with kindling fire, with indignation burn!

Ye sons of Albion! first in danger's field,  
 The sword of Britain and of truth to wield!  
 Still prompt the injured to defend and save,  
 Appal the despot, and assist the brave;  
 Who now intrepid lift the gen'rous blade,  
 The cause of Justice and Castile to aid!  
 Ye sons of Albion! by your country's name,  
 Her crown of glory, her unsullied fame;  
 Oh! by the shades of Cressy's martial dead,  
 By warrior-bands, at Agincourt who bled;  
 By honours gain'd on Blenheim's fatal plain,  
 By those in Victory's arms at Minden slain;  
 By the bright laurels WOLFE immortal won, [son!  
 Undaunted spirit! valour's fav'rite  
 By Albion's thousand, thousand deeds sublime,  
 Renown'd from zone to zone, from clime to clime;  
 Ye British heroes! may your trophies raise  
 A deathless monument to future days!  
 Oh! may your courage still triumphant rise,  
 Exalt the "lion banner" to the skies!  
 Transcend the fairest names in hist'ry's page,  
 The brightest actions of a former age;  
 The reign of Freedom let your arms restore,  
 And bid oppression fall—to rise no more!  
 Then soon returning to your native isle,  
 May love and beauty hail you with their smile;

For you may conquest weave the  
 undying wreath,  
 And fame and glory's voice the song  
 of rapture breathe !

Ah ! when shall mad ambition  
 cease to rage ?  
 Ah ! when shall war his demon-wrath  
 assuage ?  
 When, when, supplanting discord's  
 iron reign,  
 Shall mercy wave her olive wand  
 again ?  
 Not till the despot's dread career is  
 closed,  
 And might restrain'd and tyranny  
 deposed !

Return, sweet Peace, ethereal form  
 benign !  
 Fair blue-ey'd seraph ! balmy power  
 divine !  
 Descend once more ! thy hallow'd  
 blessings bring,  
 Wave thy bright locks, and spread  
 thy downy wing !  
 Luxuriant plenty, laughing in thy  
 train,  
 Shall crown with glowing stores the  
 desert-plain ;  
 Young smiling Hope, attendant on  
 thy way,  
 Shall gild thy path with mild  
 celestial ray,  
 Descend once more, thou daughter of  
 the sky !  
 Cheer every heart, and brighten every  
 eye ;  
 Justice, thy harbinger, before thee  
 send,  
 Thy myrtle-sceptre o'er the globe  
 extend :  
 Thy cherub look again shall soothe  
 mankind,  
 Thy cherub hand the wounds of  
 discord bind,  
 Thy smile of heaven shall every muse  
 inspire,  
 To thee the bard shall strike the  
 silver lyre.  
 Descend once more ! to bid the world  
 rejoice—  
 Let nations hail thee with exulting  
 voice ;  
 Around thy shrine with purest  
 incense throng,

Weave the fresh palm, and swell the  
 choral song !  
 Then shall the shepherd's flute, the  
 woodland reed,  
 The martial clarion and the drum  
 succeed ;  
 Again shall bloom Arcadia's fairest  
 flowers,  
 And music warble in Idalian bowers.  
 Where war and carnage blew the blast  
 of death,  
 The gale shall whisper with Favonian  
 breath ;  
 And golden Ceres bless the festive  
 swain,  
 Where the wild combat redden'd o'er  
 the plain.  
 These are thy blessings, fair benig-  
 nant maid !  
 Return, return, in vest of light  
 array'd !  
 Let angel forms and floating sylphids  
 bear  
 Thy car of sapphire through the  
 realms of air :  
 With accents milder than Æolian  
 lays,  
 When o'er the harp the fanning  
 zephyr plays,  
 Be thine to charm the raging world  
 to rest,  
 Diffusing round the heaven—that  
 glows within thy breast !

O Thou ! whose fiat lulls the storm  
 asleep !  
 Thou, at whose nod subsides the  
 rolling deep !  
 Whose awful word restrains the  
 whirlwind's force,  
 And stays the thunder in its vengeful  
 course ;  
 Fountain of life ! Omnipotent  
 Supreme !  
 Robed in perfection ! crown'd with  
 glory's beam !  
 Oh ! send on earth thy consecrated  
 dove,  
 To bear the sacred olive from above ;  
 Restore again the blest, the halcyon  
 time  
 The festal harmony of nature's prime !  
 Bid truth and justice once again  
 appear,  
 And spread their sunshine o'er this  
 mundane sphere ;

Bright in their path, let wreaths unfading bloom,  
 Transcendent light their hallow'd fane illumine;  
 Bid war and anarchy for ever cease,  
 And kindred seraphs rear the shrine of Peace;

Brothers once more, let men her empire own,  
 And realms and monarchs bend before the throne;  
 While circling rays of angel-mercy shed  
 Eternal haloes round her sainted head!

## THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS, AND OTHER POEMS

### THE SILVER LOCKS

#### ADDRESSED TO AN AGED FRIEND

THOUGH youth may boast the curls that flow  
 In sunny waves of auburn glow;  
*As* graceful on thy hoary head.  
 Has Time the robe of honour spread,  
 And there, oh! softly, *softly* shed  
 His wreath of snow!

As frost-work on the trees display'd  
 When weeping Flora leaves the shade,  
 E'en more than Flora, charms the sight;  
 E'en so thy locks of purest white  
 Survive, in age's frost-work bright,  
 Youth's vernal rose decay'd!

To grace the nymph whose tresses play  
 Light on the sportive breeze of May,  
 Let other bards the garland twine,  
 Where sweets of every hue combine;  
 Those locks revered, that silvery shine,  
 Invite my lay!

Less white the summer cloud sublime,  
 Less white the winter's fringing rime;  
 Nor do Belinda's lovelier seem  
 (A Poet's blest immortal theme)  
 Than thine, which wear the moonlight beam  
 Of reverend Time!

Long may the graceful honours smile,  
 Like moss on some declining pile;  
 O much revered! may filial care  
 Around thee, duteous, long repair,

Thy joys with tender bliss to share,  
 Thy pains beguile!

Long, long, ye snowy ringlets, wave!  
 Long, long, your much-loved beauty save!  
 May bliss your latest evening crown,  
 Disarm life's winter of its frown,  
 And soft, ye hoary hairs, go down  
 In gladness to the grave!

And as the parting beams of day  
 On mountain snows reflected play,  
 And tints of roscate lustre shed;  
 Thus, on the snow that crowns thy head,  
 May joy, with evening planet, shed  
 His mildest ray!

### TO MY MOTHER

If e'er from human bliss or woe  
 I feel the sympathetic glow;  
 If e'er my heart has learn'd to know

The generous wish or prayer;  
 Who sow'd the germ with tender hand?

Who mark'd its infant leaves expand?—

My mother's fostering care.  
 And if *one* flower of charms refined  
 May grace the garden of my mind,  
 'Twas she who nursed it there:  
 She loved to cherish and adorn  
 Each blossom of the soil;  
 To banish every weed and thorn  
 That oft opposed her toil!

And oh! if e'er I sigh'd to claim  
 The palm, the living palm of fame,



The glowing wreath of praise ;  
If e'er I wished the glittering stores  
That Fortune on her favourite  
pours ;

'Twas but that wealth and fame,  
if mine,

Round *thee* with streaming rays  
might shine,

And gild thy sunbright days !

Yet not that splendour, pomp, and  
power

Might then irradiate every hour ;

For these, my mother ! well I know,

On thee no raptures could bestow ;—

But could thy bounty, warm, and  
kind,

Be, like thy wishes, *unconfined*,

And fall as manna from the skies,

And bid a train of blessings rise,

Diffusing joy and peace ;

The teardrop, grateful, pure, and  
bright,

For thee would beam with softer  
light

Than all the diamond's crystal  
rays,

Than all the emerald's lucid blaze ;

And joys of heaven would thrill thy  
heart

To bid one bosom-grief depart,

One tear, one sorrow cease !

Then, oh ! may Heaven, that loves  
to bless,

Bestow the power to cheer distress ;

Make *thee* its minister below,

To light the cloudy path of woe ,

To visit the deserted cell,

Where indigence is doom'd to  
dwell ;

To raise, where drooping to the  
earth,

The blossoms of neglected worth ;

And round, with liberal hand, dis-  
pense

The sunshine of beneficence !

But ah ! if Fate should still deny

Delights like these, too rich and  
high ;

If grief and pain thy steps assail,

In life's remote and wintry vale ;

Then, as the wild Æolian lyre

Complains with soft entrancing  
number,

When the lone storm awakes the  
wire,

And bids enchantment cease to  
slumber ;

So filial love, with soothing voice,  
E'en then shall teach thee to re-  
joice ;

E'en *then* shall sweeter, milder  
sound,

When sorrow's tempest raves  
around ;

While dark misfortune's gales  
destroy,

The frail mimosa-buds of hope and  
joy !

### TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER

ON HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN, AFTER  
THE FATAL RETREAT UNDER SIR  
JOHN MOORE, AND THE BATTLE OF  
CORUNNA

THOUGH dark are the prospects and  
heavy the hours,

Though life is a desert, and cheer-  
less the way ;

Yet still shall affection adorn it with  
flowers,

Whose fragrance shall never decay !

And lo ! to embrace thee, my Bro-  
ther ! she flies,

With artless delight, that no words  
can bespeak ;

With a sunbeam of transport illum-  
ing her eyes,

With a smile and a glow on her  
cheek !

From the trophies of war, from the  
spear and the shield,

From scenes of destruction, from  
perils unblest ;

Oh ! welcome again, to the grove and  
the field,

To the vale of retirement and rest.

Then warble, sweet muse ! with the  
lyre and the voice,

Oh ! gay be the measure and  
sportive the strain ;

For ligh<sup>t</sup> is my heart, and my spirits  
rejoice

To meet thee, my Brother ! again.

When the heroes of Albion, still val-  
iant and true,

Were bleeding, were falling, with  
victory crown'd,

How often would fancy present to my  
view

The horrors that waited thee round !

How constant, how fervent, how  
pure was my prayer,

That Heaven would protect thee  
from danger and harm ;

That angels of mercy would shield  
thee with care,

In the heat of the combat's alarm !

How sad and how often descended  
the tear,

(Ah, long shall remembrance the  
image retain !)

How mournful the sigh, when I  
trembled with fear

I might never behold thee again !

But the prayer was accepted, the  
sorrow is o'er,

And the teardrop is fled, like the  
dew on the rose ;

Thy dangers, our tears, have endear'd  
thee the more,

And my bosom with tenderness  
glows.

And oh ! when the dreams, the en-  
chantments of youth,

Bright and transient, have fled like  
the rainbow away ;

My affection for thee, still unfading in  
truth,

Shall never, oh ! never decay !

No time can impair it, no change can  
destroy,

Whate'er be the lot I am destined  
to share ;

It will smile in the sunshine of hope  
and of joy,

And beam through the cloud of des-  
pair !

## TO MY ELDEST BROTHER

(WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN  
PORTUGAL)

How many a day, in various hues  
array'd,

Bright with gay sunshine, or eclipsed  
with shade,

How many an hour, on silent wing is  
past,

O my loved Brother ! since we saw  
thee last !

Since *then* has childhood ripen'd into  
youth,

And fancy's dreams have fled from  
sober truth ;

Her splendid fabrics melting into air,  
As sage experience waved the wand  
of care !

Yet *still* thine absence wakes the  
tender sigh,

And the tear trembles in affection's  
eye !

When shall we meet again ?—with  
glowing ray,

Heart-soothing hope illumines some  
future day ;

Checks the sad thought, beguiles the  
starting tear,

And sings benignly still *that* day is  
near !

She, with bright eye, and soul-be-  
witching voice,

Wins us to smile, inspires us to re-  
joice ;

Tells that the hour approaches, to  
restore

Our cherish'd wanderer to his home  
once more ;

Where sacred ties his manly worth  
endear,

To faith still true, affection still  
sincere !

Then the past woes, the future's  
dubious lot,

In that blest meeting shall be all for-  
got !

And joy's full radiance gild that  
sunbright hour,

Though all around the impending  
storm should lower.

Now distant far, amidst the in-  
trepid host,

Albion's firm sons, on Lusitania's  
coast

(That gallant band, in countless dan-  
gers tried,

Where glory's pole-star beams their  
constant guide),

Say, do thy thoughts, my Brother,  
fondly stray

To Cambria's vales and mountains  
far away ?

Does fancy oft in busy day-dreams  
roam,

And paint the greeting that awaits at home ?  
 Does memory's pencil oft, in mellowing hue,  
 Dear social scenes, departed joys renew ;  
 In softer tints delighting to retrace  
 Each tender image and each well-known face ?  
 Yes, wanderer ! yes ! thy spirit flies to those  
 Whose love, unalter'd, warm and faithful glows.

Oh ! could that love, through life's eventful hours,  
 Illume thy scenes and strew thy path with flowers !  
 Perennial joy should harmonise thy breast,  
 No struggle rend thee, and no cares molest !  
 But though our tenderness can but bestow  
 The wish, the hope, the prayer, averting woe,  
 Still shall it live, with pure, unclouded flame,  
 In storms, in sunshine, far and near—the same !  
 Still dwell enthroned within the unvarying heart,  
 And, firm and *vital*, but with life depart !

Bronwyflla, February 8, 1811.

### LINES

WRITTEN IN THE "MEMOIRS OF  
 ELIZABETH SMITH"

O thou ! whose pure, exalted mind,  
 Lives in this record, fair and bright,  
 O thou ! whose blameless life combined  
 Soft female charms, and grace refined,  
 With science and with light !  
 Celestial maid ! whose spirit soar'd  
 Beyond this vale of tears—  
 Whose clear, enlighten'd eye explored  
 The lore of years !

Daughter of Heaven ! if here, e'en *here*,  
 The wing of towering thought was thine ;

If, on this dim and mundane sphere,  
 Fair truth illumed thy bright career,  
 With morning-star divine ;  
 How must thy bless'd ethereal soul  
 Now kindle in his noontide ray,  
 And hail, unfetter'd by control,  
 The Fount of Day !

E'en *now*, perhaps, thy seraph eyes,  
 Undimm'd by doubt, nor veil'd by fear,

Behold a chain of wonders rise—  
 Gaze on the noon-beam of the skies,  
 Transcendent pure, and clear !

E'en *now*, the fair, the good, the true,  
 From mortal sight conceal'd,  
 Bless in one blaze thy raptur'd view,  
 In light reveal'd !

If *here* the lore of distant time,  
 And learning's flowers, were all thine own ;

How must thy mind ascend sublime,  
 Matured in heaven's empyreal clime,  
 To light's unclouded throne !  
 Perhaps e'en *now* thy kindling glance  
 Each orb of living fire explores,  
 Darts o'er creation's wide expanse,  
 Admires—adores !

Oh ! if that lightning-eye surveys  
 This dark and sublunary plain ;  
 How must the wreath of human praise

Fade, wither, vanish, in thy gaze,  
 So dim, so pale, so vain !  
 How, like a faint and shadowy dream,  
 Must quiver learning's brightest ray ;

While on thine eyes, with lucid stream,  
 The sun of glory pours his beam,  
 Perfection's day !

### THE RUIN AND ITS FLOWERS

SWEETS of the wild ! that breathe  
 and bloom

On this lone tower, this ivied wall,  
 Lend to the gale a rich perfume,  
 And grace the ruin in its fall.  
 Though doom'd, remote from careless eye,

To smile, to flourish, and to die  
 In solitude sublime,  
 Oh! ever may the spring renew,  
 Your balmy scent and glowing hue,  
 To deck the robe of time!

Breathe, fragrance! breathe! enrich the air,  
 Though wasted on its wing unknown!

Blow, flowerets! blow! though vainly fair,

Neglected and alone!  
 These flowers that long withstood the blast,

These mossy towers, are mouldering fast,

While Flora's children stay—  
 To mantle o'er the lonely pile,  
 To gild Destruction with a smile,  
 And beautify Decay!

Sweets of the wild! uncultured blowing,

Neglected in luxuriance glowing;  
 From the dark ruins frowning near,  
 Your charms in brighter tints appear,  
 And richer blush assume;  
 You smile with softer beauty crown'd,  
 Whilst all is desolate around,  
 Like sunshine on a tomb!

Thou hoary pile, majestic still,  
 Memento of departed fame!  
 While roving o'er the moss-clad hill,  
 I ponder on thine ancient name!

Here Grandeur, Beauty, Valour sleep,  
 That here, so oft, have shone supreme;

While Glory, Honour, Fancy, weep  
 That vanish'd is the golden dream!

Where are the banners, waving proud,

To kiss the summer gale of even—  
 All purple as the morning cloud,  
 All streaming to the winds of heaven?

Where is the harp, by rapture strung  
 To melting song or martial story?  
 Where are the lays the minstrel sung  
 To loveliness or glory?

Lorn Echo of these mouldering walls,  
 To thee no festal measure calls;

No music through the desert halls,  
 Awakes thee to rejoice!  
 How still thy sleep! as death profound—

As if, within this lonely round,  
 A step—a note—a *whisper'd sound*  
 Had ne'er aroused thy voice!

Thou hear'st the zephyr murmuring,  
 dying,

Thou hear'st the foliage waving,  
 sighing;

But ne'er again shall harp or song,  
 These dark deserted courts along,  
 Disturb thy calm repose.

The harp is broke, the song is fled,  
 The voice is hush'd, the bard is dead;  
 And never shall thy tones repeat  
 Or lofty strain or carol sweet  
 With plaintive close!

Proud Castle! though the days are flown

Whence once thy towers in glory shone;

When music through thy turrets rung,  
 When banners o'er thy ramparts hung,

Though 'midst thine arches, frowning lone,

Stern Desolation rear his throne;  
 And Silence, deep and awful, reign  
 Where echo'd once the choral strain;  
 Yet oft, dark ruin! lingering here,  
 The Muse will hail thee with a tear;  
 Here when the moonlight, quivering, beams,

And through the fringing ivy streams,  
 And softens every shade sublime,

And mellows every tint of Time—  
 Oh! here shall Contemplation love,  
 Unseen and undisturb'd, to rove;  
 And bending o'er some mossy tomb,  
 Where Valour sleeps or Beauties bloom,

Shall weep for Glory's transient day  
 And Grandeur's evanescent ray;  
 And listening to the swelling blast,  
 Shall wake the Spirit of the Past—  
 Call up the forms of ages fled,  
 Of warriors and of minstrels dead,  
 Who sought the field, who struck the lyre,

With all Ambition's kindling fire!

Nor wilt thou, Spring! refuse to breathe

Soft odours on this desert air ;  
 Refuse to twine thine earliest wreath,  
 And fringe those towers with gar-  
 lands fair !

Sweets of the wild, oh ! ever bloom  
 Unheeded on this ivied wall !  
 Lend to the gale a rich perfume,  
 And grace the ruin in its fall !

Thus round Misfortune's holy head,  
 Would Pity wreaths of honour  
 spread ;  
 Like, you, thus blooming on this  
 lonely pile,  
 She seeks Despair, with heart-reviv-  
 ing smile !

### CHRISTMAS CAROL

FAIR Gratitude ! in strain sublime,  
 Swell high to heaven thy tuneful  
 zeal ;  
 And, hailing this auspicious time,  
 Kneel, Adoration ! kneel !

### CHORUS

For lo ! the day, the immortal day,  
 When Mercy's full, benignant ray  
 Chased every gathering cloud away,  
 And pour'd the noon of light !  
 Rapture ! be kindling, mounting,  
 glowing,  
 While from thine eye the tear is flow-  
 ing,  
 Pure, warm, and bright !

'Twas on this day—oh, love divine !—  
 The Orient Star's effulgence rose ;  
 Then waked the Morn, whose eye be-  
 nign  
 Shall never, never close !

### CHORUS

Messiah ! be Thy name adored,  
 Eternal, high, redeeming Lord !  
 By grateful worlds be anthems  
 pour'd—  
 Emanuel ! Prince of Peace !  
 This day, from heaven's empyreal  
 dwelling,  
 Harp, lyre, and voice, in concert  
 swelling,  
 Bade discord cease !

Wake the loud pæan, tune the voice,  
 Children of heaven and sons of  
 earth !

Seraphs and men ! exult, rejoice,  
 To bless the Saviour's birth !

### CHORUS

Devotion ! light thy purest fire !  
 Transport ! on cherub wing aspire !  
 Praise ! wake to Him thy golden lyre,  
 Strike every thrilling chord !  
 While, at the Ark of Mercy kneeling,  
 We own Thy grace, reviving, healing,  
 Redeemer ! Lord !

### THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS

WHENCE are those tranquil joys in  
 mercy given,  
 To light the wilderness with beams of  
 heaven ?  
 To soothe our cares, and through the  
 cloud diffuse  
 Their temper'd sunshine and celestial  
 hues ?  
 Those pure delights, ordain'd on life  
 to throw  
 Gleams of the bliss ethereal natures  
 know ?  
 Say, do they grace Ambition's regal  
 throne,  
 When kneeling myriads call the world  
 his own ?  
 Or dwell with Luxury, in the en-  
 chanted bowers  
 Where taste and wealth exert *creative*  
 powers ?

Favour'd of Heaven ! O Genius !  
 are they thine,  
 When round thy brow the wreaths of  
 glory shine ;  
 While rapture gazes on thy radiant  
 way,  
 'Midst the bright realms of clear and  
 mental day ?  
 No ! sacred joys ! 'tis yours to dwell  
 enshrined,  
 Most fondly cherish'd, in the purest  
 mind ;  
 To twine with flowers those loved,  
 endearing ties,  
 On earth so sweet—so perfect in the  
 skies !

Nursed in the lap of solitude and  
 shade,  
 The violet smiles, embosom'd in the  
 glade

There sheds her spirit on the lonely  
gale,  
Gem of seclusion ! treasure of the  
vale !  
Thus, far retired from life's tumult-  
uous road,  
Domestic Bliss has fixed her calm  
abode,  
Where hallow'd Innocence and sweet  
Repose  
May strew her shadowy path with  
many a rose.  
As, when dread thunder shakes the  
troubled sky,  
The cherub, Infancy, can close its eye,  
And sweetly smile, unconscious of a  
tear,  
While viewless angels wave their  
pinions near ;  
Thus, while around the storms of  
Discord roll,  
Borne on resistless wing from pole to  
pole,  
While War's red lightnings desolate  
the ball,  
And thrones and empires in destruc-  
tion fall ;  
Then calm as evening on the silvery  
wave,  
When the wind slumbers in the ocean  
cave,  
She dwells unruffled, in her bower  
of rest,  
*Her* empire Home—her throne, Affec-  
tion's breast !

For her, sweet Nature wears her  
loveliest blooms,  
And softer sunshine every scene  
illumes.  
When Spring awakes the spirit of the  
breeze,  
Whose light wing undulates the  
sleeping seas ;  
When Summer, waving her creative  
wand,  
Bids verdure smile, and glowing life  
expand ;  
Or Autumn's pencil sheds, with magic  
trace,  
O'er fading loveliness, a moonlight  
grace ;  
Oh ! still for her, through Nature's  
boundless reign,  
No charm is lost, no beauty blooms  
in vain ;

While mental peace, o'er every pros-  
pect bright,  
Throws mellowing tints and harmon-  
ising light !  
Lo ! borne on clouds, in rushing  
might sublime,  
Stern Winter, bursting from the  
polar clime,  
Triumphant waves his signal-torch  
on high,  
The blood-red meteor of the northern  
sky !  
And high through darkness rears  
his giant form,  
His throne the billow, and his flag the  
storm !  
Yet then, when bloom and sunshine  
are no more  
And the wild surges foam along the  
shore,  
Domestic Bliss, *thy* heaven is still  
serene,  
Thy star unclouded, and thy myrtle  
green !  
Thy fane of rest no raging storms  
invade—  
Sweet peace is thine, the seraph of the  
shade !  
Clear through the day, her light  
around thee glows,  
And gilds the midnight of thy deep  
repose !  
—Hail, sacred Home ! where soft  
Affection's hand  
With flowers of Eden twines her  
magic band !  
Where pure and bright the social  
ardours rise,  
Concentring all their holiest en-  
ergies !—  
When wasting toil has dimm'd the  
vital flame,  
And every power deserts the sink-  
ing frame,  
Exhausted nature still from sleep  
implores  
The charm that lulls, the manna that  
restores !  
Thus, when oppress'd with rude,  
tumultuous cares,  
To thee, sweet Home ! the fainting  
mind repairs ;  
Still to thy breast, a wearied pilgrim,  
flies,  
Her ark of refuge from uncertain  
skies !

Bower of repose ! when, torn from  
all we love,  
Through toil we struggle, or through  
distance rove ;  
To *thee* we turn, still faithful, from  
afar—  
Thee, our bright vista ! thee, our  
magnet-star !  
And from the martial field, the  
troubled sea,  
Unfetter'd thought still roves to  
bliss and thee !

When ocean-sounds in awful slum-  
ber die,  
No wave to murmur, and no gale to  
sigh ;  
Wide o'er the world when Peace and  
Midnight reign,  
And the moon trembles on the sleep-  
ing main ;  
At that still hour the sailor wakes to  
keep,  
Midst the dead calm, the vigil of the  
deep !  
No gleaming shores his dim horizon  
bound,  
All heaven—and sea—and solitude—  
around !  
Then, from the lonely deck, the silent  
helm,  
From the wide grandeur of the  
shadowy realm,  
Still homeward borne, his fancy un-  
confined,  
Leaving the worlds of ocean far  
behind,  
Wings like a meteor-flash her swift  
career,  
To the loved scenes, so distant, and  
so dear !

Lo ! the rude whirlwind rushes  
from its cave,  
And Danger frowns—the monarch  
of the wave !  
Lo ! rocks and storms the striving  
bark repel,  
And Death and Shipwreck ride the  
foaming swell !

Child of the ocean ! is thy bier the  
surge,  
The grave the billow, and the wind  
thy dirge ?  
Yes ! thy long toil, thy weary con-  
flict o'er,

No storm shall wake, no perils rouse  
thee more !  
Yet, in that solemn hour, that awful  
strife,  
The struggling agony for death or  
life,  
E'en *then* thy mind, embittering  
every pain,  
Retraced the image so beloved—in  
vain !  
Still to sweet Home thy last regrets  
were true,  
Life's parting sigh—the murmur of  
adieu !

Can war's dread scenes the hallow'd  
ties efface,  
Each tender thought, each fond  
remembrance chase ?  
Can fields of carnage, days of toil,  
destroy  
The loved impression of domestic  
joy ?

Ye daylight dreams ! that cheer  
the soldier's breast,  
In hostile climes, with spells benign  
and blest,  
Soothe his brave heart, and shed your  
glowing ray  
O'er the long march through Desola-  
tion's way ;  
Oh ! still ye bear him from the en-  
sanguined plain,  
Armour's bright flash, and Victory's  
choral strain,  
To that loved Home where pure  
affection glows,  
That shrine of bliss ! asylum of re-  
pose !  
When all is hush'd—the rage of com-  
bat past,  
And no dread war-note swells the  
moaning blast ;  
When the warm throb of many a  
heart is o'er,  
And many an eye is closed to wake no  
more ;  
Lull'd by the night-wind, pillow'd on  
the ground  
(The new deathbed of his comrades,  
round) !  
While o'er the slain the tears of mid-  
night weep,  
Faint with fatigue, he sinks in slum-  
bers deep !

E'en then, soft visions, hovering  
 round, portray  
 The cherish'd forms that o'er his  
 bosom sway ;  
 He sees fond transport light each  
 beaming face,  
 Meets the warm teardrop and the  
 long embrace !  
 While the sweet welcome vibrates  
 through his heart,  
 " Hail, weary soldier !—never more  
 to part ! "

And lo ! at last released from  
 every toil,  
 He comes !—the wanderer views his  
 native soil !  
 Then the bright raptures words can  
 never speak  
 Flash in his eye and mantle o'er his  
 cheek !  
 Then Love and Friendship, whose  
 unceasing prayer  
 Implored for him each guardian-  
 spirit's care ;  
 Who, for his fate, through sorrow's  
 lingering year,  
 Had proved each thrilling pulse of  
 hope and fear ;  
 In that blest moment, all the past  
 forget—  
 Hours of suspense and vigils of  
 regret !

And oh ! for him, the child of rude  
 alarms,  
 Rear'd by stern danger in the school  
 of arms !  
 How sweet to change the war-song's  
 pealing note  
 For woodland sounds in summer air  
 that float !  
 Through vales of peace, o'er moun-  
 tain wilds to roam,  
 And breathe his native gales, that  
 whisper—" Home ! "

Hail, sweet endearments of domes-  
 tic ties,  
 Charms of existence ! angel sympa-  
 thies !  
 Though Pleasure smile, a soft Cir-  
 cassian queen !  
 And guide her votaries through a  
 fairy scene,  
 Where sylphid forms beguile their  
 vernal hours

With mirth and music in Arcadian  
 bowers ;  
 Though gazing nations hail the fiery  
 car  
 That bears the Son of Conquest  
 from afar,  
 While Fame's loud pæan bids his  
 heart rejoice,  
 And every life-pulse vibrates to her  
 voice ;—  
 Yet from your source *alone*, in mazes  
 bright,  
 Flows the full current of serene  
 delight !

On Freedom's wing, that every  
 wild explores,  
 Through realms of space, the aspir-  
 ing eagle soars !  
 Dart o'er the clouds, exulting to  
 admire,  
 Meridian glory—on her throne of  
 fire !  
 Bird of the Sun ! his keen unwearied  
 gaze  
 Hails the full noon, and triumphs in  
 the blaze ;  
 But soon, descending from his height  
 sublime,  
 Day's burning fount, and light's  
 empyreal clime,  
 Once more he speeds to joys more  
 calmly blest,  
 'Midst the dear inmates of his lonely  
 nest !

Thus Genius, mounting on his  
 bright career  
 Through the wide regions of the  
 mental sphere,  
 And proudly waving in his gifted  
 hand,  
 O'er Fancy's worlds, Invention's  
 plastic wand.  
 Fearless and firm, with lightning-eye  
 surveys  
 The clearest heaven of intellectual  
 rays !  
 Yet, on his course though loftiest  
 hopes attend,  
 And kindling raptures aid him to  
 ascend  
 (While in his mind, with high-born  
 grandeur fraught,  
 Dilate the noblest energies of  
 thought),



Still, from the bliss, ethereal and refined,  
Which crowns the soarings of triumphant mind,  
At length he flies, to that serene retreat,  
Where calm and pure the mild affections meet ;  
Embosom'd there, to feel and to impart  
The softer pleasures of the social heart !

Ah ! weep for those, deserted and forlorn,  
From every tie by fate relentless torn ;  
See, on the barren coast, the lonely isle,  
Mark'd with no step, uncheer'd by human smile,  
Heartsick and faint the shipwreck'd wanderer stand,  
Raise the dim eye, and lift the suppliant hand !  
Explore with fruitless gaze the billowy main,  
And weep—and pray—and linger—but in vain !

Thence, roving wild through many a depth of shade,  
Where voice ne'er echo'd, footstep never stray'd,  
He fondly seeks, o'er cliffs and deserts rude,  
Haunts of mankind 'midst realms of solitude !  
And pauses oft, and sadly hears alone  
The wood's deep sigh, the surge's distant moan !  
All else is hush'd ! so silent, so profound,  
As if some viewless power, presiding round,  
With mystic spell, unbroken by a breath,  
Had spread for ages the repose of death !  
Ah ! still the wanderer, by the boundless deep,  
Lives but to watch—and watches but to weep !  
He sees no sail in faint perspective rise,

His the dread loneliness of sea and skies !  
Far from his cherish'd friends, his native shore,  
Banish'd from being—to return no more ;  
There must he die !—within that circling wave,  
That lonely isle—that prison and his grave !

Lo ! through the waste, the wilderness of snows,  
With fainting step, Siberia's exile goes !  
Homeless and sad, o'er many a Polar wild,  
Where beam, or flower, or verdure never smiled ;  
Where frost and silence hold their despot reign,  
And bind existence in eternal chain !  
Child of the desert ! pilgrim of the gloom !  
Dark is the path which leads thee to the tomb !  
While on thy faded cheek the Arctic air  
Congeals the bitter teardrop of despair !  
Yet not that fate condemns thy closing day [ray ;  
In that stern clime to shed its parting  
Not that fair nature's loveliness and light  
No more shall beam enchantment on thy sight ;  
Ah ! not for *this*—far, far beyond relief,  
Deep in thy bosom dwells the hopeless grief ;  
But that no friend of kindred heart is there,  
Thy woes to mitigate, thy toils to share ;  
That no mild soother fondly shall assuage  
The stormy trials of thy lingering age ;  
No smile of tenderness, with angel power,  
Lull the dread pangs of dissolution's hour ;  
For this alone, despair, a withering guest,  
Sits on thy brow, and cankers in thy breast !

Yes! there, e'en there, in that tremendous lime,  
 Where desert grandeur frowns in pomp sublime;  
 Where winter triumphs, through the Polar night,  
 In all his wild magnificence of might;  
 E'en *there*, affection's hallow'd spell might pour  
 The light of heaven around the inclement shore!  
 And, like the vales with gloom and sunshine graced,  
 That smile, by circling Pyrenees embraced,  
 Teach the pure heart with vital fires to glow,  
 E'en 'midst the world of solitude and snow!  
 The halcyon's charm, thus dreaming fictions feign,  
 With mystic power could tranquillise the main;  
 Bid the loud wind, the mountain billow sleep,  
 And peace and silence brood upon the deep!

And thus, Affection, can *thy* voice compose  
 The stormy tide of passions and of woes;  
 Bid every throb of wild emotion cease,  
 And lull misfortune in the arms of peace!

Oh! mark yon drooping form, of aged mien,  
 Wan, yet resign'd, and hopeless, yet serene!  
 Long ere victorious time had sought to chase  
 The bloom, the smile, that once illumed his face,  
 That faded eye was dimm'd with many a care,  
 Those waving locks were silver'd by despair!  
 Yet filial love can pour the sovereign balm,  
 Assuage his pangs, his wounded spirit calm!  
 He, a sad emigrant! condemn'd to roam  
 In life's pale autumn from his ruin'd home,

Has borne the shock of Peril's darkest wave,  
 Where joy—and hope—and fortune—found a grave!  
 'Twas his to see Destruction's fiercest band  
 Rush, like a Typhon, on his native land,  
 And roll triumphant on their blasted way,  
 In fire and blood, the deluge of dismay!  
 Unequal combat raged on many a plain,  
 And patriot valour waved the sword in vain! [bled,  
 Ah! gallant exile! nobly, long, he  
 Long braved the tempest gathering o'er his head!  
 Till all was lost! and horror's darken'd eye  
 Roused the stern spirit of despair to die!

Ah! gallant exile! in the storm that roll'd  
 Far o'er his country, rushing uncontroll'd,  
 The flowers that graced his path with loveliest bloom,  
 Torn by the blast, were scatter'd on the tomb!  
 When carnage burst, exulting in the strife,  
 The bosom ties that bound his soul to life,  
 Yet one was spared! and she, whose filial smile  
 Can soothe his wanderings and his tears beguile,  
 E'en *then* could temper, with divine relief,  
 The wild delirium of unbounded grief;  
 And, whispering peace, conceal with duteous art,  
 Her own deep sorrows in her inmost heart!  
 And now, though time, subduing every trace,  
 Has *mellow'd* all, he *never* can *erase*;  
 Oft will the wanderer's tears in silence flow,  
 Still sadly faithful to remember'd woe!  
 Then she, who feels a father's pang alone

(Still fondly struggling to suppress her  
own),  
With anxious tenderness is ever nigh,  
To chase the image that awakes the  
sigh !  
Her angel voice his fainting soul can  
raise  
To brighter visions of celestial days !  
And speak of realms, where Virtue's  
wing shall soar  
On eagle-plume—to wonder and  
adore ;  
And friends, divided here, shall meet  
at last,  
Unite their kindred souls—and smile  
on all the past !

Yes ! we may hope that nature's  
deathless ties,  
Renew'd, refined, shall triumph in the  
skies !  
Heart-soothing thought ! whose loved,  
consoling powers  
With seraph dreams can gild reflec-  
tion's hours,  
Oh ! still be near, and brightening  
through the gloom,  
Beam and ascend ! the day-star of the  
tomb !  
And smile for those, in sternest or-  
deals proved,  
Those lonely hearts, bereft of all they  
loved.

Lo ! by the couch where pain and  
chill disease  
In every vein the ebbing life-blood  
freeze ;  
Where youth is taught, by stealing,  
slow decay,  
Life's closing lesson—in its dawning  
day ;  
Where beauty's rose is withering ere  
its prime,  
Unchanged by sorrow and unsoil'd by  
time ;  
There, bending still, with fix'd and  
sleepless eye,  
There, from her child, the mother  
learns to die ;  
Explores, with fearful gaze, each  
mournful trace  
Of lingering sickness in the faded face ;  
Through the sad night, when every  
hope is fled,  
Keeps her lone vigil by the sufferer's  
bed ;

And starts each morn, as deeper  
marks declare  
The spoiler's hand—the blight of  
death is there !  
He comes ! now feebly in the ex-  
hausted frame,  
Slow, languid, quivering, burns the  
vital flame ;  
From the glazed eyeball sheds its  
parting ray—  
Dim, transient spark, that fluttering  
fades away !  
Faint beats the hovering pulse, the  
trembling heart ;  
Yet fond existence lingers ere she  
part !

'Tis past ! the struggle and the  
pang are o'er,  
And life shall throb with agony no  
more ;  
While o'er the wasted form, the fea-  
tures pale,  
Death's awful shadows throw their  
silvery veil.  
Departed spirit ! on this earthly  
sphere  
Though poignant suffering mark'd  
thy short career,  
Still could maternal love beguile thy  
woes,  
And hush thy sighs—an angel of  
repose !

But who may charm *her* sleepless  
pang to rest,  
Or draw the thorn that rankles in her  
breast ?  
And, while she bends in silence o'er  
thy bier,  
Assuage the grief, too heartsick for a  
tear ?  
Visions of hope in loveliest hues  
array'd,  
Fair scenes of bliss by fancy's hand  
portray'd !  
And were ye doom'd with false,  
illusive smile,  
With flattering promise, to enchant  
awhile ?  
And a eye vanish'd, never to return,  
Set in the darkness of the mouldering  
urn ?  
Will no bright hour departed joys  
restore ?  
Shall the sad parent meet her child  
no more ?

Behold no more the soul-illuminated  
face,  
The expressive smile, the animated  
grace !  
Must the fair blossom, wither'd in the  
tomb,  
Revive no more in loveliness and  
bloom ?  
Descend, blest faith ! dispel the  
hopeless care,  
And chase the gathering phantoms of  
despair ;  
Tell that the flower, transplanted  
in its morn,  
Enjoys bright Eden, freed from every  
thorn ;  
Expands to milder suns, and softer  
dews,  
The full perfection of immortal hues ;  
Tell, that when mounting to her  
native skies,  
By death released, the parent spirit  
flies ;  
There shall the child, in anguish  
mourn'd so long,  
With rapture hail her 'midst the  
cherub throng,  
And guide her pinion on exulting  
flight,  
Through glory's boundless realms,  
and worlds of living light.

Ye gentle spirits of departed  
friends !  
If e'er on earth your buoyant wing  
descends ;  
If, with benignant care, ye linger  
near,  
To guard the objects in existence  
dear ;  
If, hovering o'er, ethereal band ! ye  
view  
The tender sorrows, to *your* memory  
true ;  
Oh ! in the musing hour, at midnight  
deep,  
While for your loss affection wakes  
to weep ;  
While every sound in hallow'd still-  
ness lies,  
But the low murmur of her p'aintive  
sighs ;  
Oh ! then, amidst that holy calm be  
near,  
Breathe your light whisper softly in  
her ear ;

With secret spells her wounded mind  
compose.  
And chase the faithful tear—for you  
that flows :  
Be near—when moonlight spreads  
the charm you loved  
O'er scenes where once your *earthly*  
footstep roved.  
Then, while she wanders o'er the  
sparkling dew,  
Through glens and wood-paths, once  
endear'd by you,  
And fondly lingers in your favourite  
bowers,  
And pauses oft, recalling former  
hours ;  
Then wave your pinion o'er each  
well-known vale,  
Float in the moonbeam, sigh upon  
the gale ;  
Bid your wild symphonies remotely  
swell,  
Borne by the summer wind from grot  
and dell ;  
And touch your viewless harps, and  
soothe her soul  
With soft enchantments and divine  
control !  
Be near, sweet guardians ! watch her  
sacred rest,  
When Slumber folds her in his magic  
vest ;  
Around her, smiling, let your forms  
arise,  
Return'd in dreams, to bless her  
mental eyes ;  
Efface the memory of your last  
farewell—  
Of glowing joys, of radiant prospects  
tell ;  
The sweet communion of the past  
renew,  
Reviving former scenes, array'd in  
softer hue.

Be near when death, in virtue's  
brightest hour,  
Calls up each pang, and summons  
all his power ;  
Oh ! then, transcending Fancy's  
loveliest dream,  
Then let your forms unveil'd around  
her beam ;  
Then waft the vision of unclouded  
light,  
A burst of glory, on her closing sight ;

Wake from the harp of heaven the immortal strain, To hush the final agonies of pain ; With rapture's flame the parting soul illumine, And smile triumphant through the shadowy gloom ! [day Oh ! still be near, when, darting into The exulting spirit leaves her bonds of clay ; Be yours to guide her fluttering wings on high [sky ; O'er many a world, ascending to the There let your presence, once her earthly joy, Though dimm'd with tears and clouded with alloy, [shore Now form her bliss on that celestial Where death shall sever kindred hearts no more.	Yes ! in the noon of that Elysian clime, Beyond the sphere of anguish, death, or time ; Where mind's bright eye, with reno- vated fire, Shall beam on glories never to ex- pire ; Oh ! there the illumined soul may fondly trust, More pure, more perfect, rising from the dust, Those mild affections, whose consol- ing light Sheds the soft moonbeam on terres- trial night, Sublimed, ennobled, shall for ever glow, Exalting rapture—not assuaging woe !
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## SCENES AND HYMNS OF LIFE

TO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.,

IN TOKEN OF DEEP RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER, AND FERVENT GRATITUDE  
FOR MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL BENEFIT DERIVED FROM REVEREN-  
TIAL COMMUNION WITH THE SPIRIT OF HIS POETRY, THIS  
VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY

FELICIA HEMANS

PREFACE.—I trust I shall not be accused of presumption for the endeavour which I have here made to enlarge, in some degree, the sphere of religious poetry, by associating with its themes more of the emotions, the affections, and even the purer imaginative enjoyments of daily life, than may have been hitherto admitted within the hallowed circle.

It has been my wish to portray the religious spirit, not alone in its meditative joys and solitary aspirations (the poetic embodying of which seems to require from the reader a state of mind already separated and exalted), but likewise in those active influences upon human life, so often called into victorious energy by trial and conflict, though too often also, like the upward, striving flame of a mountain watchfire borne down by tempest showers, or swayed by the current of opposing winds.

I have sought to represent that spirit as penetrating the gloom of the prison and the deathbed, bearing "healing on its wings" to the agony of parting love—strengthening the heart of the wayfarer for "perils in the wilderness"—gladdening the domestic walk through field and woodland—and springing to life in the soul of childhood, along with its earliest rejoicing perceptions of natural beauty.

Circumstances not altogether under my own control have, for the present,

interfered to prevent the fuller development of a plan which I yet hope more worthily to mature ; and I lay this little volume before the public with that deep sense of deficiency which cannot be more impressively taught to human powers than by their reverential application to things divine.—FELICIA HEMANS.

1834.

## THE ENGLISH MARTYRS

## A SCENE OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY

Thy face  
Is all at once spread over with a calm  
More beautiful than sleep, or mirth, or joy !  
I am no more disconsolate.—WILSON.

## SCENE I.—A Prison

EDITH alone

*Edith.* Morn once again ! Morn in  
the lone, dim cell,  
The cavern of the prisoner's fever-  
dream ;  
And morn on all the green, rejoicing  
hills,  
And the bright waters round the pris-  
oner's home,  
Far, far away ! Now wakes the  
early bird,  
That in the lime's transparent foliage  
sings,  
Close to my cottage-lattice—he  
awakes,  
To stir the young leaves with his gush-  
ing soul,  
And to call forth rich answers of de-  
light  
From voices buried in a thousand  
trees  
Through the dim, starry hours. Now  
doth the lake .  
Darken and flash in rapid inter-  
change  
Unto the matin breeze ; and the blue  
mist  
Rolls, like a furling banner, from the  
brows  
Of the forth-gleaming hills and woods  
that rise  
As if new-born. Bright world ! and  
I am here !  
And thou, O thou ! the awakening  
thought of whom  
Was more than dayspring, dearer  
than the sun,  
Herbert ! the very glance of whose  
clear eye  
Made my soul melt away to one pure  
fount

Of living, bounding gladness !—where  
art thou ?

My friend ! my only and my blessed  
love !

Herbert, my soul's companion !

*Gomez, a Spanish Priest, enters*

*Gom.* Daughter, hail !

I bring thee tidings.

*Ed.* Heaven will aid my soul

Calmly to meet whate'er thy lips  
announce.

*Gom.* Nay, lift a song of thanks-  
giving to heaven,

And bow thy knee down for deliver-  
ance won !

Hast thou not pray'd for life, and  
wouldst thou not

Once more be free ?

*Ed.* Have I not pray'd for life ?

I, that am so beloved ! that love again  
With such a heart of tendrils ? Hea-  
ven ! thou know'st

The gushings of my prayer ! And  
would I not

Once more be free ? I that have been  
a child

Of breezy hills, a playmate of the  
fawn

In ancient woodlands from mine in-  
fancy !

A watcher of the clouds and of the  
stars,

Beneath the adoring silence of the  
night ;

And a glad wanderer with the happy  
streams,

Whose laughter fills the mountains !  
Oh ! to hear

Their blessed sounds again !

*Gom.* Rejoice, rejoice !

Our queen hath pity, maiden ! on thy  
youth ;

She wills not thou shouldst perish. I  
am come

To loose thy bonds.

*Ed.* And shall I see his face,

And shall I listen to his voice again,  
And lay my head upon his faithful  
breast,

Weeping there in my gladness ?

*Will this be ?*

Blessings upon thee, father ! my quick heart

Hath deem'd thee stern—say, wilt thou not forgive

The wayward child, too long in sunshine rear'd—

Too long unused to chastening ? Wilt thou not ?

But Herbert, Herbert ! Oh, my soul hath rush'd

On a swift gust of sudden joy away, Forgetting all beside ! Speak,

father ! speak !

Herbert—is he, too, free ?

*Gom.* His freedom lies

In his own choice—a boon like thine.

*Ed.* Thy words

Fall changed and cold upon my bod- ing heart.

Leave not this dim suspense o'er- shadowing me ;

Let all be told.

*Gom.* The monarchs of the earth

Shower not their mighty gifts without a claim

Unto some token of true vassalage, Some mark of homage.

*Ed.* Oh ! unlike to *Him*

Who freely pours the joy of sun- shine forth,

And the bright, quickening rain, on those who serve

And those who heed Him not !

*Gom.* (*laying a paper before her.*)

Is it so much

That thine own hand should set the crowning seal

To thy deliverance ? Look, thy task is here ! [life.]

Sign but these words for liberty and

*Ed.* (*examining and then throwing it from her.* Sign but these words ! and wherefore saidst

thou not

—“ Be but a traitor to God's light within ? ”

Cruel, oh cruel ! thy dark sport hath been

With a young bosom's hope ! Fare- well, glad life !

Bright opening path to love and home, farewell !

And thou—now leave me with my God alone !

*Gom.* Dost thou reject heaven's mercy ?

*Ed.* Heaven's ! doth *heaven*

Woo the free spirit for dishonour'd breath

To sell its birthright ?—doth *heaven* set a price

On the clear jewel of unsullied faith, And the bright calm of conscience ?

Priest, away !

God hath been with me 'midst the holiness

Of England's mountains. Not in sport alone

I trod their heath-flowers ; but high thoughts rose up

From the broad shadow of the endur- ing rocks,

And wander'd with me into solemn glens, [word.]

Where my soul felt the beauty of His I have heard voices of immortal

truth,

Blent with the everlasting torrent- sounds

That make the deep hills tremble.— Shall I quail ?

Shall England's daughter sink ? No ! He who there

Spoke to my heart in silence and in storm,

Will not forsake His child !

*Gom.* (*turning from her.*) Then perish ! lost

In thine own blindness !

*Ed.* (*suddenly throwing herself at his feet.*) Father ! hear me yet !

Oh ! if the kindly touch of human love

Hath ever warm'd thy breast—

*Gom.* Away—away !

I know not love.

*Ed.* Yet hear ! if thou hast known

The tender sweetness of a mother's voice—

If the true vigil of affection's eye

Hath watch'd thy childhood—if fond tears have e'er

Been shower'd upon thy head—if parting words

E'er pierced thy spirit with their ten- derness— [more,

Let me but look upon *his* face on c

Let me but say, 'Farewell, my soul's beloved !

And I will bless thee still !

*Gom. (aside.)* Her soul may yield,  
Beholding him in fetters; woman's  
faith

Will bend to woman's love.

Thy prayer is heard;  
Follow, and I will guide thee to his  
cell.

*Ed.* O stormy hour of agony and  
joy!

But I shall see him—I shall hear his  
voice! [They go out.

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Prison*

HERBERT, EDITH

*Ed.* Herbert! my Herbert! is it  
thus we meet?

*Her.* The voice of my own Edith!  
Can such joy

Light up this place of death! And  
do I feel

Thy breath of love once more upon  
my cheek,

And the soft floating of thy gleamy  
hair,

My blessed Edith! Oh, so pale! so  
changed!

My flower, my blighted flower! thou  
that wert made

For the kind fostering of sweet,  
summer airs,

How hath the storm been with thee?  
Lay thy head

On this true breast again, my gentle  
one!

And tell me all.

*Ed.* Yes! take me to thy heart,  
For I am weary, weary! Oh! that  
heart!

The kind, the brave, the tender!—  
how my soul

Hath sicken'd in vain yearnings for  
the balm

Of rest on that warm heart!—full,  
deep repose!

One draught of dewy stillness after  
storm!

And God hath pitied me, and I am  
here—

Yet once before I die.

*Her.* They cannot slay  
One young, and meek, and beautiful  
as thou,

My broken lily! Surely the long  
days

Of the dark cell have been enough for  
thee!

Oh! thou shalt live, and raise thy  
gracious head

Yet in calm sunshine.

*Ed.* Herbert! I have cast

The snare of proffer'd mercy from my  
soul

This very hour. God to the weak  
hath given

Victory o'er life and death. The  
tempter's price [die.

Hath been rejected—Herbert, I must  
*Her.* O Edith! Edith! I, that led

thee first

From the old path wherein thy  
fathers trod—

I, that received it as an angel's task,  
To pour the fresh light on thine ar-  
dent soul,

Which drank it as a sunflower—I  
have been

Thy guide to death.

*Ed.* To heaven! my guide to  
heaven,

My noble and my blessed! Oh!  
look up,

Be strong, rejoice, my Herbert! But  
for thee, [to God

How could my spirit have sprung up  
Through the dark cloud which o'er  
its vision hung,

The night of fear and error?—thy  
dear hand

First raised that veil, and show'd the  
glorious world

My heritage beyond. Friend! love,  
and friend!

It was as if thou gavest me mine own  
soul

In those bright days! Yes! a new  
earth and heaven,

And a new sense for all their splen-  
dours born—

These were thy gifts; and shall I not  
rejoice

To die, upholding their immortal  
worth,

Even for thy sake? Yes! fill'd with  
nobler life

By thy pure love, made holy to the  
truth,

Lay me upon the altar of thy God,  
The first fruits of thy ministry be-

low—

Thy work, thine own!



*Her.* My love, my sainted love !  
 Oh ! I can almost yield thee unto  
     heaven ;  
 Earth would but sully thee ! Thou  
     must depart,  
 With the rich crown of thy celestial  
     gifts  
 Untainted by a breath. And yet,  
     alas !  
 Edith ! what dreams of holy happi-  
     ness,  
 Even for *this* world, were ours !—the  
     low sweet home,  
 The pastoral dwelling, with its ivied  
     porch,  
 And lattice gleaming through the  
     leaves—and thou  
 My life's companion ! Thou, beside  
     my hearth,  
 Sitting with thy meek eyes, or greet-  
     ing me  
 Back from brief absence with thy  
     bounding step,  
 In the green meadow-path, or by my  
     side  
 Kneeling—thy calm uplifted face to  
     mine,  
 In the sweet hush of prayer ! And  
     now—oh, now !—  
 How have we loved—how fervently !  
     how long !  
 And *this* to be the close !  
*Ed.* Oh ! bear me up  
 Against the unutterable tenderness  
 Of earthly love, my God !—in the sick  
     hour  
 Of dying human hope, forsake me  
     not !  
 Herbert, my Herbert ! even from  
     that sweet home  
 Where it had been too much of  
     Paradise  
 To dwell with thee—even thence the  
     oppressor's hand  
 Might soon have torn us ; or the  
     touch of death  
 Might one day there have left a  
     widow'd heart,  
 Pining alone. We will go hence,  
     beloved !  
 To the bright country where the  
     wicked cease  
 From troubling, where the spoiler  
     hath no sway ;  
 Where no harsh voice of worldliness  
     disturbs

The Sabbath peace of love. We will  
     go hence, [heaven :  
 Together with our wedded souls, to  
 No solitary lingering, no cold void,  
 No dying of the heart ! Our lives  
     have been  
 Lovely through faithful love, and in  
     our deaths  
 We will not be divided.  
*Her.* Oh ! the peace  
 Of God is lying far within thine eyes,  
 Far underneath the mist of human  
     tears  
 Lighting those blue, still depths, and  
     sinking thence  
 On my worn heart. Now am I girt  
     with strength,  
 Now I can bless thee, my true bride  
     for heaven !  
*Ed.* And let me bless thee, Her-  
     bert !—in this hour  
 Let my soul bless thee with prevailing  
     might !  
 Oh ! thou hast loved me nobly ! thou  
     didst take  
 An orphan to thy heart—a thing un-  
     prized  
 And desolate ; and thou didst guard  
     her there,  
 That lone and lowly creature, as a  
     pearl  
 Of richest price ; and thou didst fill  
     her soul  
 With the high gifts of an immortal  
     wealth.  
 I bless, I bless thee ! Never did  
     thine eye  
 Look on me but in glistening tender-  
     ness,  
 My gentle Herbert ! Never did thy  
     voice [speak  
 But in affection's deepest music  
 To thy poor Edith ! Never was thy  
     heart  
 Aught but the kindest sheltering  
     home to mine,  
 My faithful, generous Herbert !  
     Woman's peace  
 Ne'er on a breast so tender and so true  
 Reposed before. Alas ! thy shower-  
     ing 'ears  
 Fall fast upon my cheek—forgive,  
     forgive !  
 I should not melt thy noble strength  
     away .  
 In such an hour.

*Her.* Sweet Edith, no ! my heart  
Will fril no more. God bears me up  
through thee,  
And by thy words, and by thy  
heavenly light  
Shining around thee, through thy  
very tears,  
Will yet sustain me ! Let us call on  
Him !

Let us kneel down, as we have knelt  
so oft,

Thy pure cheek touching mine, and  
call on Him,

The all-pitying One, to aid,  
[*They kneel.*

Oh, look on us,  
Father above !—in tender mercy look  
On us, Thy children !—through the  
o'ershadowing cloud

Of sorrow and mortality, send aid—  
Save, or we perish ! We would pour  
our lives

Forth as a joyous offering to Thy  
truth ;

But we are weak—we, the bruised  
reeds of earth,

Are sway'd by every gust. Forgive,  
O God !

The blindness of our passionate  
desires,

The fainting of our hearts, the linger-  
ing thoughts

Which cleave to dust ! Forgive the  
strife ; accept

The sacrifice, though dim with mortal  
tears,

From mortal pangs wrung forth !  
• And if our souls,

In all the fervent dreams, the fond  
excess,

Of their long-clasping love, have  
wander'd not,

Holiest ! from Thee—oh ! take them  
to Thyself,

After the fiery trial—take them  
home

To dwell, in that imperishable bond  
Before Thee link'd, for ever. Hear !

—thro' Him

Who meekly drank the cup of agony,  
Who pass'd through death to victory,  
hear and save !

Pity us, Father ! we are girt with  
snares :

Father in Heaven ! we have no help  
but Thee. [*They rise.*

Is thy soul strengthen'd, my beloved  
one ?

O Edith ! couldst thou lift up thy  
sweet voice,

And sing me that old solemn-breath-  
ing hymn

We loved in happier days—the strain  
which tells

Of the dread conflict in the olive  
shade ?

EDITH sings

He knelt, the Saviour knelt and  
pray'd,

When but His Father's eye  
Look'd through the lonely garden's  
shade

On that dread agony ;  
The Lord of all above, beneath,  
Was bow'd with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour,  
The stars might well grow dim,

When this mortality had power  
So to o'ershadow HIM !

That He Who gave man's breath,  
might know

The very depths of human woe.

He proved them all !—the doubt,  
the strife,

The faint perplexing dread,  
The mists that hang o'er parting  
life,

All gather'd round his head ;  
And the Deliverer knelt to pray—  
Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away !

It pass'd not—though the stormy  
wave

Had sunk beneath His tread  
It pass'd not—though to Him the  
grave

Had yielded up its dead.  
But there was sent Him from on  
High

A gift of strength for man to die.

And was the Sinless thus beset  
With anguish and dismay ?

How may *we* meet our conflict yet,  
In the dark, narrow way ?

Through Him—through Him that  
path Who trod.

—Save, or we perish, Son of God !

Hark, hark ! the parting signal.  
*[Prison attendants enter.*  
 Fare thee well !  
 O thou unutterably loved, farewell !  
 Let our hearts bow to God !  
*Her.* One last embrace—  
 On earth the last ! We have eternity  
 For love's communion yet ! Fare-  
 well !—farewell ! *[She is led out.*  
 'Tis o'er !—the bitterness of death is  
 past !

### FLOWERS AND MUSIC IN A ROOM OF SICKNESS

Once when I look'd along the laughing earth,  
 Up the blue heavens and through the middle  
 air,  
 Joyfully ringing with the skylark's song,  
 I wept ! and thought how sad for one so young  
 To bid farewell to so much happiness.  
 But Christ bath call'd me from this lower world,  
 Delightful though it be.—*WILSON.*

*Apartment in an English country-  
 house.—LILIAN reclining, as sleep-  
 ing on a couch. Her mother watch-  
 ing beside her. Her sister enters with  
 flowers.*

*Mother.* Hush ! lightly tread !  
 Still tranquilly she sleeps,  
 As when a babe I rock'd her on my  
 heart.  
 I've watch'd, suspending e'en my  
 breath, in fear  
 To break the heavenly spell. Move  
 silently !  
 And oh ! those flowers ! Dear Jessy !  
 bear them hence—  
 Dost thou forget the passion of quick  
 tears  
 That shook her trembling frame, when  
 last we brought  
 The roses to her couch ? Dost thou  
 not know  
 What sudden longings for the woods  
 and hills,  
 Where once her free steps moved so  
 buoyantly,  
 These leaves and odours with strange  
 influence wake  
 In her fast-kindled soul ?  
*Jessy.* Oh ! she would pine,  
 Were the wild scents and glowing  
 hues withheld,  
 Mother ! far more than now her spirit  
 yearns

For the blue sky, the singing birds  
 and brooks,  
 And swell of breathing turf, whose  
 lightsome spring  
 Their blooms recall.  
*Lilian. (raising herself.)* Is that my  
 Jessy's voice ?  
 It woke me not, sweet mother ! I  
 had lain  
 Silently, visited by waking dreams,  
 Yet conscious of thy brooding watch-  
 fulness,  
 Long ere I heard the sound. Hath  
 she brought flowers ?  
 Nay, fear not now thy fond child's  
 waywardness,  
 My thoughtful mother !—in her  
 chasten'd soul  
 The passion-colour'd images of life,  
 Which, with their sudden, startling  
 flush, awoke  
 So oft those burning tears, have died  
 away ;  
 And night is there—still, solemn, holy  
 night !  
 With all her stars, and with the gentle  
 tune  
 Of many fountains, low and musical,  
 By day unheard.  
*Mother.* And wherefore *night*, my  
 child ? *[dawn,*  
 Thou art a creature all of life and  
 And from thy couch of sickness yet  
 shalt rise.  
 And walk forth with the dayspring.  
*Lilian.* Hope it not !  
 Dream it no more, my mother !—  
 there are things  
 Known but to God, and to the part-  
 ing soul,  
 Which feels His thrilling summons.  
 But my words  
 Too much o'ershadow those kind,  
 loving eyes.  
 Bring me thy flowers, dear Jessy !  
 Ah ! thy step,  
 Well do I see, hath not alone explored  
 The garden bowers, but freely visited  
 Our wilder haunts. This foamlike  
 meadowsweet  
 Is from the cool, green, shadowy river-  
 nook,  
 Where the stream chimes around the  
 old mossy stones  
 With sounds like childhood's laughter.  
 Is that spot

Lovely as when our glad eyes hail'd  
it first?

Still doth the golden willow bend,  
and sweep

The clear brown wave with every  
passing wind?

And through the shallower waters,  
where they lie

Dimpling in light, do the vein'd  
pebbles gleam

Like bedded gems? And the white  
butterflies,

From shade to sun-streak are they  
glancing still

Among the poplar boughs?

*Jessy.* All, all is there

Which glad midsummer's wealthiest  
hours can bring;

All, save the *soul* of all, thy lightning-  
smile!

Therefore I stood in sadness 'midst  
the leaves,

And caught an under-music of lament  
In the stream's voice. But Nature

waits thee still,

And for thy coming piles a fairy  
throne

Of richest moss.

*Lilian.* Alas! it may not be!

My soul hath sent her farewell voice-  
lessly

To all these blessed haunts of song  
and thought;

Yet not the less I love to look on these,  
Their dear memorials,—strew them

o'er my couch

Till it grow like a forest-bank in  
spring,

All flush'd with violets and anemones.

Ah! the pale brier-rose! touch'd so  
tenderly,

As a pure ocean-shell, with faintest  
red,

Melting away to pearliness! I know  
How its long, light festoons o'erarch-

ing hung

From the grey rock that rises altar-  
like,

With its high, waving crown of  
mountain ash,

'Midst the lone grassy dell. And this  
rich bough

Of honey'd woodbine tells me of the  
oak,

Whose deep, midsummer gloom sleeps  
heavily,

Shedding a verdurous twilight o'er  
the face

Of the glade's pool. Methinks I see  
it now;

I look up through the stirring of its  
leaves

Unto the intense blue, crystal firma-  
ment.

The ringdove's wing is fitting o'er my  
head,

Casting at times a silvery shadow  
down

'Midst the large water-lilies. Beauti-  
ful!

How beautiful is all this fair, free  
world

Under God's open sky!

*Mother.* Thou art o'erwrought

Once more, my child! The dewy,  
trembling light

Presaging tears, again is in thine eye.  
Oh, hush, dear Lilian! turn thee to

repose.

*Lilian.* Mother! I cannot. In  
my soul the thoughts

Burn with too subtle and too swift  
a fire;

Unfortunately to my lips they throng,  
And with their earthly kindred seek

to blend

Ere the veil drop between. When I  
am gone—

(For I *must* go)—then the remember'd  
words

Wherein these wild imaginings flow  
forth,

Will to thy fond heart be as amulets  
Held there, with life and love. And

weep not thus,

Mother! dear sister!—kindest,  
gentlest ones!

Be comforted that now I weep no  
more

For the glad earth and all the golden  
light

Whence I depart.

No! God hath purified my spirit's  
eye,

And in the folds of this consummate  
rose

I read bright prophecies. I see not  
there,

Dimly and mournfully, the word  
"farewell"

On the rich petals traced. No—in  
soft veins

And characters of beauty, I can read  
—"Look up, look heavenward!"

Blessed God of Love!  
I thank Thee for these gifts, the  
precious links

Whereby my spirit unto Thee is  
drawn!

I think Thee that the loveliness of  
earth

Higher than earth can raise me!  
Are not these

But germs of things unperishing, that  
bloom

Beside the immortal streams. Shall  
I not find

The lily of the field, the Saviour's  
flower,

In the serene and never-moaning air,  
And the clear starry light of angel  
eyes,

A thousandfold more glorious?  
Richer far

Will not the violet's dusky purple  
glow,

When it hath ne'er been press'd to  
broken hearts,

A record of lost love?  
*Mother.* My Lilian! thou

Surely in *thy* bright life hast little  
known

Of lost things or of changed!  
*Lilian.* Oh! little yet,

For *thou* hast been my shield! But  
had it been

My lot on this world's billows to be  
thrown

Without thy love, O mother! there  
are hearts

So perilously fashion'd, that for them  
God's touch alone hath gentleness  
enough

To waken, and not break, their  
thrilling strings!—

We will not speak of this!  
By what strange spell

Is it, that ever, when I gaze on flowers,  
I dream of music? Something in  
their hues,

All melting into colour'd harmonies,  
Wafts a swift thought of interwoven  
chords,

Of blended singing-tones, that swell  
and die

In tenderest falls away. Oh, bring  
thy harp,

Sister! A gentle heaviness at last

Hath touch'd mine eyelids; sing to  
me, and sleep

Will come again.

*Jessy.* What wouldst thou hear?  
the Italian peasant's lay,

Which makes the desolate Campagna  
ring

With "*Roma! Roma?*" or the  
madrigal

Warbled on moonlight seas of Sicily?  
Or the old ditty left by troubadours

To girls of Languedoc?  
*Lilian.* Oh, no! not these.

*Jessy.* What then?—the Moorish  
melody still known

Within the Alhambra city? or those  
notes

Born of the Alps, which pierce the  
exile's heart

Even unto death?  
*Lilian.* No, sister! nor yet these—

Too much of dreamy love, of faint  
regret,

Of passionately fond remembrance,  
breathes

In the caressing sweetness of their  
tones,

For one who dies. They would but  
woo me back

To glowing life with those Arcadian  
sounds—

And vainly, vainly. No! a loftier  
strain,

A deeper music!—something that  
may bear

The spirit upon slow yet mighty  
wings,

Unsway'd by gusts of earth; some-  
thing all fill'd

With solemn adoration, tearful  
prayer,

Sing me that antique strain which  
once I deem'd

Almost too sternly simple, too austere  
In its grave majesty! I love it now—

Now it seems fraught with holiest  
power to hush

All billows of the soul, e'en like His  
voice

That said of old—"Be still!" Sing  
me that strain,

"The Saviour's dying hour."

*Jessy sings to the Harp*

O Son of Man!

In Thy last mortal hour

Shadows of earth closed round Thee  
fearfully !

Al! that on us is laid,  
All the deep gloom,  
The desolation and the abandon-  
ment,  
The dark amaze of death—  
All upon *Thee*, too, fell,  
Redeemer ! Son of Man !

But the keen pang  
Wherewith the silver cord  
Of earth's affection from the soul  
is wrung ;  
The uptearing of those tendrils which  
have grown  
Into the quick, strong heart ;  
This, *this*—the passion and the  
agony  
Of battling love and death,  
Surely was not for *Thee*,  
Holy One ! Son of God !

Yes, my Redeemer !  
E'en this cup was Thine !  
Fond, wailing voices call'd Thy  
spirit back :  
E'en' midst the mighty  
thoughts  
Of that last crowning hour—  
E'en on Thine awful way to  
victory,  
Wildly they call'd Thee back !  
And weeping eyes of love  
Unto thy heart's deep core  
Pierced through the folds of death's  
mysterious veil.  
Suffer ! Thou Son of Man !

Mother-tears were mingled  
With thy costly-blood-drops,  
In the shadow of the atoning  
cross ;  
And the friend, the faithful,  
He that on Thy bosom  
Thence imbibing heavenly love,  
had lain—  
He, a pale sad watcher,  
Met with looks of anguish  
All the anguish in *Thy* last meek  
glance—  
Dying Son of Man !

Oh ! therefore unto Thee,  
Thou that hast known all woes  
Bound in the girdle of mortality !

Thou that wilt lift the reed  
Which storms have bruised,  
To Thee may sorrow through each  
conflict cry,  
And, in that tempest-hour, when  
love and life  
Mysteriously must part,  
When tearful eyes  
Are passionately bent  
To drink earth's last fond meaning  
from our gaze,  
Then, then forsake us not  
Shed on our spirits then  
The faith and deep submissiveness  
of Thine !  
Thou that didst love  
Thou that didst weep and die—  
Thou that didst rise a victor  
glorified ;  
Conqueror ! Thou Son of God !

## CATHEDRAL HYMN

They dreamt not of a perishable home  
Who thus could build. Be mune in hours of  
fear  
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here.  
WORDSWORTH.

A DIM and mighty minster of old  
time !  
A temple shadowy with remem-  
brances  
Of the majestic past ! The very  
light  
Streams with a colouring of heroic  
days  
In every ray, which leads through  
arch and aisle  
A path of dreamy lustre, wandering  
back  
To other years !—and the rich fretted  
roof,  
And the wrought coronals of summer  
leaves,  
Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured  
rose—  
The tenderest image of mortality—  
Binding the slender columns, whose  
light shafts  
Cluster like stems in corn-sheaves ;—  
all these things  
Tell of a race that nobly, fearlessly,  
On their heart's worship pour'd a  
wealth of love !  
Honour be with the dead ! The  
people kneel

Under the helms of antique chivalry, And in the crimson gloom from banners thrown, And 'midst the forms, in pale, proud slumber carved, Of warriors on their tombs. The people kneel Where mail-clad chiefs have knelt ; where jewell'd crowns On the flush'd brows of conquerors have been set ; Where the high anthems of old vic- tories Have made the dust give echoes. Hence, vain thoughts ! Memories of power and pride, which long ago, Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk In twilight-depths away. Return, my soul ! The Cross recalls thee. Lo ! the blessed Cross ! High o'er the banners and the crests of earth, Fix'd in its meek and still supremacy ! And lo ! the throng of beating human hearts, With all their secret scrolls of buried grief, All their full treasures of immortal hope, Gather'd before their God ! Hark ! how the flood Of the rich organ-harmony bears up Their voice on its high waves !—a mighty burst ! A forest-sounding music ! Every tone Which the blasts call forth with their harping wings From gulfs of tossing foliage, there is blent : And the old minster—forest-like itself— With its long avenues of pillar'd shade, Seems quivering all with spirit, as that strain O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not One tomb unthrill'd by the strong sympathy Answering the electric notes. Join, join, my soul ! In thine own lowly, trembling con- sciousness,	And thine own solitude, the glorious hymn.  Rise like an altar-fire ! In solemn joy aspire, Deepening thy passion still, O choral strain ! On thy strong rushing wind Bear up from humankind Thanks and implorings—be they not in vain !  Father, Which art on high ! Weak is the melody Of harp or song to reach Thine awful ear, Unless the heart be there, Winging the words of prayer With its own fervent faith or suppli- ant fear.  Let, then, Thy Spirit brood Over the multitude— Be Thou amidst them, through that heavenly Guest ! So shall their cry have power To win from Thee a shower Of healing gifts for every wounded breast.  What griefs that make no sign, That ask no aid but Thine, Father of mercies ! here before Thee swell ! As to the open sky, All their dark waters lie To Thee reveal'd, in each close bosom- cell.  The sorrow for the dead, Mantling its lonely head From the world's glare, is, in Thy sight, set free ; And the fond, aching love, Thy minister to move All the wrung spirit, softening it for Thee.  And doth not Thy dread eye Behold the agony In thine most hidden chamber of the heart, Where darkly sits remorse, Beside the secret source Of fearful visions, keeping watch apart ?
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Yes! here before Thy throne  
 Mary—yet each alone—  
 To Thee art terrible unveiling make:  
 And still, small whispers clear  
 Are startling many an ear,  
 As if a trumpet bade the dead awake.

How dreadful is this place!  
 The glory of Thy face  
 Fills it too searchingly for mortal  
 sight.  
 Where shall the guilty flee?  
 Over what far-off sea?  
 What hills, what woods, may shroud  
 him from that light?

Not to the cedar shade  
 Let his vain flight be made;  
 Nor the old mountains, nor the desert  
 sea;  
 What, but the Cross, can yield  
 The hope—the stay—the shield?  
 Thence may the Atoner lead him up  
 to Thee!

Be Thou, be Thou his aid!  
 Oh, let Thy love pervade  
 The haunted caves of self-accusing  
 thought!  
 There let the living stone  
 Be cleft—the seed be sown—  
 The song of fountains from the silence  
 brought!

So shall Thy breath once more  
 Within the soul restore  
 Thine own first image—Holiest and  
 Most High!  
 As a clear lake is fill'd  
 With hues of heaven, instill'd.  
 Down to the depths of its calm purity.

And if, amidst the throng  
 Link'd by the ascending song,  
 There are whose thoughts in trembling  
 rapture soar;  
 Thanks, Father! that the power  
 Of joy, man's early dower,  
 Thus, e'en 'midst tears, can fervently  
 adore!

Thanks for each gift divine!  
 Eternal praise be Thine,  
 Blessing and love, O Thou that  
 hearest prayer!  
 Let the hymn pierce the sky,  
 And let the tombs reply!

For seed, that waits the harvest-time,  
 is there.

WOOD-WALK AND HYMN<sup>1</sup>

Move along these shades  
 In gentleness of heart: with gentle hand  
 Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.  
 WORDSWORTH.

## FATHER—CHILD

*Child.* There are the aspens, with  
 their silvery leaves  
 Trembling, for ever trembling;  
 though the lime  
 And chestnut boughs, and those long  
 arching sprays  
 Of eglantine, hang still, as if the wood  
 Were all one picture!

*Father.* Hast thou heard, my boy,  
 The peasant's legend of that quiver-  
 ing tree?

*Child.* No, father: doth he say  
 the fairies dance  
 Amidst the branches?

*Father.* Oh! a cause more deep,  
 More solemn far, the rustic doth  
 assign

To the strange restlessness of those  
 wan leaves!

The Cross he deems, the blessed Cross,  
 whereon

The meek Redeemer bow'd His head  
 to death,

Was framed of aspen wood; and  
 since that hour,

Through all its race the pale tree hath  
 sent down

A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,  
 Making them tremulous, when not a  
 breeze

Disturbs the airy thistledown, or  
 shakes

The light lines of the shining gossamer.

<sup>1</sup> "It is not often we find the superstitions of dark and ignorant ages dealt with in so gentle and agreeable a manner as by Mrs. Hemans. She seizes, in common with others, the poetic aspect these present, but diffuses over them, at the same time, a refinement of sentiment gathered entirely from her own feelings. A subject which, from another pencil, would have been disagreeable and offensive to us, is made by her graceful touches to win upon our imagination. Witness the poem called 'The Wood-Walk and Hymn'; we will quote the commencement of it—  
 'There are the aspens with their silvery leaves,'"  
 etc.



<i>Child.</i> (after a pause.) Dost thou believe it, father?	Lower'd in his true heart's reverent earnestness)
<i>Father.</i> Nay, my child, We walk in clearer light. But yet, even now,	Are the flower's portion from the atoning blood
With something of a lingering love, I read	On Calvary shed. Beneath the Cross it grew;
The characters, by that mysterious hour,	And, in the vase-like hollow of its leaf,
Stamp'd on the reverential soul of man	Catching from that dread shower of agony
In visionary days; and thence thrown back	A few mysterious drops, transmitted thus
On the fair forms of nature. Many a sign	Unto the groves and hills, their sealing stains,
Of the great sacrifice which won us heaven,	A heritage, for storm or vernal wind
The woodman and the mountaineer can trace	Never to wait away!
On rock, on herb, and flower. And be it so!	And hast thou seen
<i>They</i> do not wisely that, with hurried hand,	The passion-flower? It grows not in the woods,
Would pluck these salutary fancies forth	But 'midst the bright things brought from other climes.
From their strong soil within the peasant's breast,	<i>Child.</i> What! the pale star-shaped flower, with purple streaks,
And scatter them—far, far too fast!—away	And light green tendrils?
As worthless weeds. Oh! little do we know	<i>Father.</i> Thou hast mark'd it well.
When they have soothed, when saved!	Yes! a pale, starry, dreamy-looking flower,
But come, dear boy!	As from a land of spirits! To mine eye
My words grow tinged with thought too deep for thee.	Those faint, wan petals—colourless, and yet
Come—let us search for violets.	Not white, but shadowy—with the mystic lines
<i>Child.</i> Know you not	(As letters of some wizard language gone)
More of the legends which the woodmen tell	Into their vapourlike transference wrought,
Amidst the trees and flowers?	Bear something of a strange solemnity,
<i>Father.</i> Wilt thou know more?	Awfully lovely!—and the Christian's thought
Bring then the folding leaf, with dark-brown stains	Loves, in their cloudy pencilling, to find
There—by the mossy roots of yon old beech,	Dread symbols of his Lord's last mortal pangs
'Midst the rich tuft of cowslips—seest thou not?	Set by God's hand—the coronal of thorns—
There is a spray of woodbine from the tree	The Cross, the wounds—with other meanings deep
Just bending o'er it with a wild bee's weight.	Which I will teach thee when we meet again
<i>Child.</i> The Arum leaf?	That flower, the chosen for the martyr's wreath,
<i>Father.</i> Yes. These deep inwrought marks,	The Saviour's holy flower.
The villager will tell thee (and with voice	But let us pause:

Now have we reach'd the very inmost  
 hea t  
 Of the old wood. How the green  
 shadows close  
 Into a rich, clear, summer darkness  
 round,  
 A luxury of gloom ! Scarce doth one  
 ray,  
 Even when a soft wind parts the  
 foliage, steal  
 O'er the bronzed pillars of these deep  
 arcades ;  
 Or if it doth, 'tis with a mellow'd hue  
 Of glowworm-colour'd light.

Here, in the days  
 Of pagan visions, would have been a  
 place  
 For worship of the wood nymphs !  
 Through these oaks  
 A small, fair gleaming temple might  
 have thrown  
 The quivering image of its Dorian  
 shafts  
 On the stream's bosom, or a sculp-  
 tured form,  
 Dryad, or fountain goddess of the  
 gloom,  
 Have bow'd its head o'er that dark  
 crystal down,  
 Drooping with beauty, as a lily  
 droops  
 Under bright rain. But *we*, my child,  
 are here  
 With God, our God, a Spirit, Who  
 requires  
 Heart-worship, given in spirit and in  
 truth ;  
 And this high knowledge—deep, rich,  
 vast enough  
 To fill and hallow all the solitude—  
 Makes consecrated earth where'er we  
 move,  
 Without the aid of shrines.

What ! dost thou feel  
 The solemn whispering influence of  
 the scene  
 Oppressing thy young heart, that thou  
 dost draw  
 More closely to my side, and clasp  
 my hand  
 Faster in thine ? Nay, fear not,  
 gentle child !  
 'Tis love, not fear, whose vernal  
 breath pervades  
 The stillness round. Come, sit beside  
 me here,

Where brooding violets mantle this  
 green slope  
 With dark exuberance ; and beneath  
 these plumes  
 Of wavy fern, look where the cup-  
 moss holds  
 In its pure, crimson goblets, fresh and  
 bright,  
 The starry dew of morning. Rest  
 awhile,  
 And let me hear once more the wood-  
 land verse  
 I taught thee late—'twas made for  
 such a scene.  
*Child speaks.*

## WOOD HYMN

Broods there some spirit here ?  
 The summer leaves hang silent as a  
 cloud ;  
 And o'er the pools, all still and darkly  
 clear,  
 The wild wood-hyacinth with awe  
 seems bow'd ;  
 And something of a tender cloistral  
 gloom  
 Deepens the violet's bloom.

The very light that streams  
 Through the dim, dewy veil of foliage  
 round  
 Comes tremulous with emerald-  
 tinted gleams—  
 As if it knew the place were holy  
 ground ;  
 And would not startle, with too  
 bright a burst,  
 Flowers, all divinely nursed.

*Wakes* there some spirit here ?  
 A swift wind, fraught with change,  
 comes rushing by ;  
 And leaves and waters, in its wild  
 career,  
 Shed forth sweet voices—each a  
 mystery !  
 Surely some awful influence must  
 pervade  
 These depths of trembling shade !

Yes ! lightly, softly move !  
 There is a power, a presence in the  
 woods ;  
 A viewless being that, with life and  
 love,  
 Informs the reverential solitudes :

The rich air knows it, and the mossy  
sod—  
Thou—*Thou* art here, my God !

And if with awe we tread  
The minster-floor, beneath the storied  
pane,  
And, 'midst the mouldering banners  
of the dead,  
Shall the green, voiceful wild seem  
*less* Thy fane,  
Where Thou alone hast built?—where  
arch and roof  
Are of Thy living woof ?

The silence and the sound,  
In the lone places, breathe alike of  
Thee ;  
The temple-twilight of the gloom  
profound,  
The dew-cup of the frail anemone,  
The reed by every wandering whisper  
thrill'd—  
All, all with Thee are fill'd !

Oh ! purify mine eyes,  
More and yet more, by love and lowly  
thought,  
Thy presence, holiest One ! to re-  
cognise  
In these majestic aisles which Thou  
hast wrought  
And, 'midst their seallike murmurs,  
teach mine ear  
Ever Thy voice to hear !

And sanctify my heart  
To meet the awful sweetness of that  
tone  
With no faint thrill or self-accusing  
start,  
But a deep joy the heavenly guest to  
own—  
Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious  
bowers  
Ere sin had dimm'd the flowers.

Let me not know the change  
O'er nature thrown by guilt !—the  
boding sky,  
The hollow leaf-sounds ominous and  
strange,  
The weight wherewith the dark tree-  
shadows lie !  
Father ! oh ! keep my footsteps pure  
and free,  
To walk the woods with Thee !

## PRAYER OF THE LONELY STUDENT

Soul of our souls ! and safeguard of the world  
Sustain—Thou only canst—the sick at heart ;  
Restore their languid spirits, and recall  
Their lost affections unto thee and thine.  
WORDSWORTH.

NIGHT—holy night—the time  
For mind's free breathings in a purer  
clime !

Night !—when in happier hour the  
unveiling sky  
Woke all my kindled soul  
To meet its revelations, clear and  
high,  
With the strong joy of immortality !  
Now hath strange sadness wrapp'd  
me, strange and deep—  
And my thoughts faint, and shadows  
o'er them roll,  
E'en when I deem'd them seraph-  
plumed, to sweep  
Far beyond earth's control.

Wherefore is this ? I see the stars  
returning,  
Fire after fire in heaven's rich temple  
burning :  
Fast shine they forth—my spirit-  
friends, my guides,  
Bright rulers of my being's inmost  
tides ;  
They shine—but faintly, through a  
quivering haze :  
Oh ! is the dimness *mine* which clouds  
those rays ?  
They from whose glance my child-  
hood drank delight !  
A joy unquestioning—a love intense—  
They that, unfolding to more thought-  
ful sight  
The harmony of their magnificence,  
Drew silently the worship of my  
youth  
To the grave sweetness on the brow  
of truth ;  
Shall they shower blessing, with their  
beams divine,  
Down to the watcher on the stormy  
sea,  
And to the pilgrim toiling for his  
shrine  
Through some wild pass of rocky  
Apennine,  
And to the wanderer lone

On wastes of Afric thrown,  
And not to *me* ?  
An: I a thing forsaken ?  
And is the gladness taken  
From the bright-pinion'd nature  
which hath soar'd  
Through realms by royal eagle ne'er  
explored,  
And, bathing there in streams of fiery  
light,  
Found strength to gaze upon the  
Infinite ?

And now an alien ! Wherefore must  
this be ?  
How shall I rend the chain ?  
How drink rich life again  
From those pure urns of radiance,  
welling free ?  
—Father of Spirits ! let me turn to  
Thee !

Oh ! if too much exulting in her  
dower,  
My soul, not yet to lowly thought  
subdued,  
Hath stood without Thee on her hill  
of power—  
A fearful and a dazzling solitude !  
And therefore from that haughty  
summit's crown  
To dim desertion is by Thee cast  
down ;  
Behold ! Thy child submissively hath  
bow'd—  
Shine on him through the cloud !

Let the now darken'd earth and  
curtain'd heaven  
Back to his vision with Thy face be  
given !  
Bear him on high once more,  
But in Thy strength to soar,  
And wrapt and still'd by that o'er-  
shadowing might,  
Forth on the empyreal blaze to look  
with chasten'd sight.

Or if it be that, like the ark's lone  
dove,  
My thoughts go forth, and find no  
resting-place,  
No sheltering home of sympathy and  
love  
In the responsive bosoms of my race,  
And back return, a darkness and a  
weight,

Till my unanswer'd heart grows  
desolate—  
Yet, yet sustain me, Holiest !—I am  
vow'd  
To solemn service high ;  
And shall the spirit, for Thy tasks  
endow'd,  
Sink on the threshold of the sanctu-  
ary,  
Fainting beneath the burden of the  
day,  
Because no human tone  
Unto the altar-stone  
Of that pure spousal fane inviolate,  
Where it should make eternal truth  
its mate,  
May cheer the sacred, solitary way ?

Oh ! be the whisper of Thy voice  
within  
Enough to strengthen ! Be the hope  
to win  
A more deep-seeing homage for Thy  
name,  
Far, far beyond the burning dream  
of fame !  
Make me Thine only !—Let me add  
but one  
To those refulgent steps all undefiled,  
Which glorious minds have piled  
Through bright self-offering, earnest,  
childlike, lone  
For mounting to Thy throne !  
And let my soul, upborne  
On wings of inner morn,  
Find, in illumined secrecy, the sense  
Of that bless'd work, its own high  
recompense.

The dimness melts away  
That on your glory lay,  
O ye majestic watchers of the skies !  
Through the dissolving veil,  
Which, made each aspect pale,  
Your gladdening fires once more I  
recognise ;  
And once again a shower  
Of hope, and joy, and power,  
Streams on my soul from your im-  
mortal eyes.  
And if that splendour to my sober'd  
sight  
Come tremulous, with more of pensive  
light—  
Something, though beautiful, yet  
deeply fraught

With more that pierces through each  
 fold of thought  
 Than I was wont to trace  
 On heaven's unshadow'd face—  
 Be it e'en so!—be mine, though set  
 apart  
 Unto a radiant ministry, yet still  
 A lowly, fearful, self-distrusting  
 heart,  
 Bow'd before Thee, O Mightiest!  
 Whose bless'd will  
 All the pure stars rejoicingly fulfil.<sup>1</sup>

### THE TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG

FATHER! guide me! Day declines,  
 Hollow winds are in the pines;  
 Darkly waves each giant bough  
 O'er the sky's last crimson glow:  
 Hush'd is now the convent's bell,  
 Which erewhile with breezy swell  
 From the purple mountains bore  
 Greeting to the sunset-shore.  
 Now the sailor's vesper hymn  
 Dies away.  
 Father! in the forest dim,  
 Be my stay!

In the low and shivering thrill  
 Of the leaves that late hung still;  
 In the dull and muffled tone  
 Of the sea-waves' distant moan;  
 In the deep tints of the sky,  
 There are signs of tempests nigh.  
 Ominous, with sullen sound,  
 Falls the closing dusk around.  
 Father! through the storm and shade,  
 O'er the wild,  
 Oh! be *Thou* the lone one's aid—  
 Save Thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume  
 Homewards, through the boding  
 gloom,  
 O'er my way hath flitted fast  
 Since the farewell sunbeam pass'd  
 From the chestnut's ruddy bark,  
 And the pools, now lone and dark,  
 Where the wakening night-winds sigh  
 Through the long reeds mournfully.

<sup>1</sup> Written after hearing the introductory  
 Lecture on Astronomy delivered in Trinity  
 College, Dublin, by Sir William Hamilton, As-  
 tronomer Royal for Ireland, on the 8th November,  
 1832.

Homeward, homeward, all things  
 haste—  
 God of might!  
 Shield the homeless 'midst the waste!  
 Be his light!

In his distant cradle-nest,  
 Now my babe is laid to rest;  
 Beautiful its slumber seems  
 With a glow of heavenly dreams—  
 Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,  
 Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,  
 Where his mother bends to pray  
 For the loved and far away.  
 Father! guard that household bower,  
 Hear that prayer!  
 Back, through Thine all-guiding  
 power,  
 Lead me there!

Darker, wilder grows the night;  
 Not a star sends quivering light  
 Through the massy arch of shade  
 By the stern, old forest made.  
 Thou! to Whose unslumbering eyes  
 All my pathway open lies,  
 By Thy Son Who knew distress  
 In the lonely wilderness,  
 Where no roof to that bless'd Head  
 Shelter gave—  
 Father! through the time of dread,  
 Save—oh, save!

### BURIAL OF AN EMIGRANT'S CHILD IN THE FORESTS

SCENE.—*The banks of a solitary river  
 in an American forest. A tent  
 under pine trees in the foreground.  
 Agnes sitting before the tent, with  
 a child in her arms apparently  
 sleeping.*

Agnes. Surely 'tis all a dream—a  
 fever-dream!  
 The desolation and the agony—  
 The strange, red sunrise, and the  
 gloomy woods, [boughs,  
 So terrible with their dark giant  
 And the broad, lonely river!—all a  
 dream!  
 And my boy's voice will wake me,  
 with its clear,  
 Wild singing tones, as they were wont  
 to come  
 Through the wreath'd sweetbrier at  
 my lattice panes

In happy, happy England! Speak  
to me!

Speak, O thy mother, bright one!  
she hath watch'd

All the dread night beside thee, till  
her brain

Is darken'd by swift waves of fan-  
tasies,

And her soul faint with longing for  
thy voice.

Oh! I *must* wake him with one gentle  
kiss

On his fair brow!  
(*Shudderingly.*) The strange, damp,  
thrilling touch!

The marble chill! Now, now it  
rushes back—

Now I know all!—dead—dead!—a  
fearful word!

My boy hath left me in the wilderness,  
To journey on without the blessed  
light

In his deep, loving eyes. He's gone!  
—he's gone!

*Her HUSBAND enters*

*Husband.* Agnes! my Agnes!  
hast thou look'd thy last

On our sweet slumberer's face! The  
hour is come—

The couch made ready for his last  
repose.

*Agnes.* Not yet! thou canst not  
take him from me yet!

If he but left me for a few short days,  
This were too brief a gazing time to  
draw

His angel image into my fond heart,  
And fix its beauty there. And now

—oh! now,  
Never again the laughter of his eye

Shall send its gladdening summer  
through my soul

—Never on earth again. Yet, yet  
delay!

Thou canst not take him from me,  
*Husband.* My beloved!

Is it not God hath taken him? the  
God

That took our first-born, o'er whose  
early grave

Thou didst bow down thy saintlike  
head, and say,

"His will be done!"  
*Agnes.* Oh! that near household  
grave

Under the turf of England, seem'd  
not half—

Not half so much to part me from my  
child

As these dark woods. It lay beside  
our home,

And I could watch the sunshine,  
through all hours,

Loving and clinging to the grassy  
spot;

And I could dress its greensward with  
fresh flowers,

Familiar meadow flowers. O'er *thee*,  
my babe!

The primrose will not blossom! Oh!  
that now,

Together, by thy fair young sister's  
side,

We lay 'midst England's valleys!  
*Husband.* Dost thou grieve,

Agnes! that thou hast follow'd o'er  
the deep

An exile's fortunes? If it *thus* can be,  
Then, after many a conflict cheerily

met,  
My spirit sinks at last.

*Agnes.* Forgive! forgive!

My Edmund, pardon me! Oh,  
grief is wild—

Forget its words, quick spray-drops  
from a fount

Of unknown bitterness! Thou art  
my home!

Mine only and my blessed one!  
Where'er

Thy warm heart beats in its true  
nobleness,

*There* is my country! *there* my head  
shall rest,

And throb no more! Oh! still, by  
thy strong love,

Bear up the feeble reed!  
(*Kneeling with the child in her arms.*)

And thou, my God!  
Hear my soul's cry from this dread

wilderness!  
Oh! hear, and pardon me! If I

have made  
This treasure, sent from Thee, too

much the ark  
Fraught with mine earthward-cling-  
ing happiness,

Forgetting Him Who gave, and might  
resume,

Oh, pardon me!  
If nature hath rebell'd,

And from Thy light turn'd wilfully  
 away,  
 Making a midnight of her agony,  
 When the despairing passion of her  
 clasp  
 Was from its idol stricken at one touch  
 Of Thine Almighty hand—oh, pardon  
 me!  
 By Thy Son's anguish, pardon! In  
 the soul &  
 The tempests and the waves will know  
 Thy voice—  
 Father! say, "Peace, be still!"  
*(Giving the child to her husband.)*  
 Farewell, my babe!  
 Go from my bosom now to other rest!  
 With this last kiss on thine unsullied  
 brow,  
 And on thy pale, calm cheek these  
 contrite tears,  
 I yield thee to thy Maker!  
*Husband.* Now, my wife!  
 Thine own meek holiness beams forth  
 once more  
 A light upon my path. Now shall I  
 bear,  
 From thy dear arms, the slumberer  
 to repose—  
 With a calm, trustful heart.  
*Agnes.* My Edmund! where—  
 Where wilt thou lay him?  
*Husband.* Seest thou where the  
 spire [sun  
 Of yon dark cypress reddens in the  
 To burning gold?—there—o'er yon  
 willow-tuft?  
 Under that native desert monument  
 Lies his lone bed. Our Hubert, since  
 the dawn,  
 With the grey mosses of the wilder-  
 ness  
 Hath lined it closely through; and  
 there breathed forth,  
 E'en from the fullness of his own pure  
 heart,  
 A wild, sad forest hymn—a song of  
 tears,  
 Which thou wilt learn to love. I  
 heard the boy  
 Chanting it o'er his solitary task,  
 As wails a wood-bird to the thrilling  
 leaves,  
 Perchance unconsciously.  
*Agnes.* My gentle son!  
 The affectionate, the gifted! With  
 what joy—

Edmund, rememberest thou?—with  
 what bright joy  
 His baby brother ever to his arms  
 Would spring from rosy sleep, and  
 playfully  
 Hide the rich clusters of his gleaming  
 hair  
 In that kind, useful breast! Oh!  
 now no more!  
 But strengthen me, my God! and  
 melt my heart,  
 Even to a well-spring of adoring tears,  
 For many a blessing left.  
*(Bending over the child.)* Once more,  
 farewell!  
 Oh, the pale, piercing sweetness of  
 that look!  
 How can it be sustain'd? Away,  
 away!  
*(After a short pause.)*  
 Edmund! my woman's nature still  
 is weak—  
 I cannot see thee render dust to dust!  
 Go thou, my husband! to thy solemn  
 task;  
 I will rest here, and still my soul with  
 prayer  
 Till thy return,  
*Husband.* Then strength be with  
 thy prayer!  
 Peace on thy bosom! Faith and  
 heavenly hope  
 Unto thy spirit! Fare thee well a  
 while!  
 We must be pilgrims of the woods  
 again,  
 After this mournful hour.

*(He goes out with the child.—AGNES  
 kneels in prayer.—After a time,  
 voices without are heard singing.)*

#### FUNERAL HYMN

Where the long reeds quiver,  
 Where the pines make moan,  
 By the forest river,  
 Sleeps our babe alone.  
 England's field-flowers may not deck  
 his grave,  
 Cypress shadows o'er him darkly  
 wave.

Woods unknown receive him,  
 'Midst the mighty wild;  
 Yet with God we leave him,  
 Blessed, blessed child!

And our tears gush o'er his lovely  
dust  
Mour'fully, yet still from hearts of  
trust.

Though his eye hath brighten'd  
Oft our weary way,  
And his clear laugh lighten'd  
Half our hearts' dismay ;  
Still in hope we give back what was  
given,  
Yielding up the beautiful to heaven.

And to her who bore him,  
Her who long must weep,  
Yet shall heaven restore him  
From his pale, sweet sleep !  
Those blue eyes of love and peace  
again  
Through her soul will shine, undimm'd  
by pain.

Where the long reeds quiver,  
Where the pines make moan,  
Leave we by the river  
Earth to earth alone !  
God and Father ! may our journey-  
ings on  
Lead to where the blessed boy is  
gone !

From the exile's sorrow,  
From the wanderer's dread  
Of the night and morrow,  
Early, brightly fled ;  
Thou hast call'd him to a sweeter  
home  
Than our lost one o'er the ocean's  
foam.

Now let thought behold him,  
With his angel look,  
Where those arms enfold him,  
Which benignly took  
Israel's babes to their Good Shep-  
herd's breast  
When His voice their tender meekness  
blest.

Turn thee, now, fond mother !  
From, thy dead, oh turn !  
Linger not, young brother,  
Here to dream and mourn :  
Only kneel once more around the sod,  
Kneel, and bow submitted hearts to  
God !

# EASTER-DAY IN A MOUNTAIN CHURCHYARD

THERE is a wakening on the mighty  
hills,  
A kindling with the spirit of the  
morn !  
Bright gleams are scatter'd from the  
thousand rills,  
And a soft visionary hue is born  
On the young foliage, worn  
By all the embosom'd woods—a  
silvery green,  
Made up of spring and dew, harmoni-  
ously serene.

And lo ! where, floating through a  
glory, sings  
The lark, alone amidst a crystal sky !  
Lo ! where the darkness of his buoy-  
ant wings,  
Against a soft and rosy cloud on high,  
Trembles with melody !  
While the far-echoing solitudes re-  
joice  
To the rich laugh of music in that  
voice,

But purer light than of the early sun  
Is on you cast, O mountains of the  
earth !  
And for your dwellers nobler joy is  
won  
Than the sweet echoes of the sky-  
lark's mirth,  
By this glad morning's birth !  
And gifts more precious by its breath  
are shed  
Than music on the breeze, dew on  
the violet's head.

Gifts for the *soul*, from whose illu-  
minated eye  
O'er nature's face the colouring glory  
flows ;  
Gifts from the fount of immortality,  
Which, fill'd with balm, unknown to  
human woes,  
Lay hush'd in dark repose,  
Till thou, bright dayspring ! madest  
its waves our own,  
By Thine unsealing of the burial  
stone.

Sing, then, with all your choral  
strains, ye hills !  
And let a full victorious tone be given,



By rock and cavern, to the wind  
 which fills  
 Your urn-like depths with sound !  
 The tomb is riven,  
 The radiant gate of heaven  
 Unfolded—and the stern, dark shadow cast  
 By death's o'ersweeping wing, from  
 the earth's bosom past.

And you, ye graves ! upon whose turf  
 I stand,  
 Girt with the slumber of the hamlet's  
 dead,  
 Time, with a soft and reconciling  
 hand,  
 The covering mantle of bright moss  
 hath spread  
 O'er every narrow bed :  
 But not by time, and not by nature  
 sown  
 Was the celestial seed, whence round  
 you peace hath grown.

Christ hath arisen ! Oh ! not one  
 cherish'd head  
 Hath, 'midst the flowery sods, been  
 pillow'd here  
 Without a hope (howe'er the heart  
 hath bled  
 In its vain yearnings o'er the uncon-  
 scious bier),  
 A hope, upspringing clear  
 From those majestic tidings of the  
 morn,  
 Which lit the living way to all of  
 woman born.

Thou hast wept mournfully, O human  
 love !  
 E'en on this greensward : night  
 hath heard thy cry,  
 Heart-stricken one ! thy precious  
 dust above—  
 Night, and the hills, which sent forth  
 no reply  
 Unto thine agony !  
 But He Who wept like thee, thy Lord,  
 thy guide,  
 Christ hath arisen, O love ! thy tears  
 shall all be dried.

Dark must have been the gushing of  
 those tears,  
 Heavy the unsleeping phantom of  
 the tomb

On thine impassion'd soul, in elder  
 years,  
 When, burden'd with the mystery of  
 its doom,  
 Mortality's thick gloom  
 Hung o'er the sunny world, and with  
 the breath  
 Of the triumphant rose came blending  
 thoughts of death.

By thee, sad Love ! and by thy sister,  
 Fear,  
 Then was the ideal robe of beauty  
 wrought  
 To veil that haunting shadow, still  
 too near,  
 Still ruling secretly the conqueror's  
 thought,  
 And where the board was fraught  
 With wine and myrtles in the summer  
 bower,  
 Felt, e'en when disavow'd, a presence  
 and a power.

But that dark night is closed : and  
 o'er the dead,  
 Here, where the gleamy primrose-  
 tufts have blown,  
 And where the mountain-heath a  
 couch has spread,  
 And, settling off on some grey,  
 letter'd stone,  
 The redbreast warbles lone ;  
 And the wild-bee's deep drowsy  
 murmurs pass,  
 Like a low thrill of harp-strings,  
 through the grass :

Here, 'midst the chambers of the  
 Christian's sleep,  
 We o'er death's gulf may look with  
 trusting eye ;  
 For Hope sits, dovelike, on the gloomy  
 deep,  
 And the green hills wherein these  
 valleys lie  
 Seem all one sanctuary  
 Of holiest thought—nor needs their  
 fresh, bright sod,  
 Urn, wreath, or shrine, for tombs all  
 dedicate to God.

Christ hath arisen ! O mountain-  
 peaks ! attest—  
 Witness, resounding glen and torrent-  
 wave !

The immortal courage in the human  
breast

Sprung from that victory—tell how  
oft the brave

To camp 'midst rock and cave,  
Nerved by those words, their strug-  
gling faith have borne,  
Planting the Cross on high above the  
clouds of morn !

The Alps have heard sweet hymnings  
for to-day—

Ay, and wild sounds of sterner, deeper  
tone

Have thrill'd their pines, when those  
that knelt to pray

Rose up to arm ! The pure, high  
snows have known

A colouring not their own,  
But from true hearts, which, by that  
crimson stain,

Gave token of a trust that call'd no  
suffering vain.

Those days are past—the mountains  
wear no more

The solemn splendour of the martyr's  
blood ;

And may that awful record, as of  
yore,

Never again be known to field or  
flood !

E'en though the faithful stood,  
A noble army, in the exulting sight  
Of earth and heaven, which bless'd  
their battle for the right !

But many a martyrdom by hearts  
unshaken

Is yet borne silently in homes obscure ;  
And many a bitter cup is meekly  
taken ;

And, for the strength whereby the  
just and pure

Thus steadfastly endure,  
Glory to Him Whose victory won that  
dower !

Him from Whose rising stream'd that  
robe of spirit-power.

Glory to Him ! Hope to the suffer-  
ing breast !

Light to the nations ! He hath  
roll'd away

The mists which, gathering into  
deathlike rest,

Between the soul and heaven's calm  
ether lay—

His love hath made it day  
With those that sat in darkness.

Earth and sea !  
Lift up glad strains for man by truth  
divine made free !

## THE CHILD READING THE BIBLE

A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, to waylay.

A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller between life and death.  
WORDSWORTH.

I saw him at his sport erewhile,  
The bright, exulting boy !

Like summer's lightning came the  
smile

Of his young spirit's joy—  
A flash that, wheresoe'er it broke,  
To life undreamt-of beauty woke.

His fair locks waved in sunny play,  
By a clear fountain's side,

Where jewel-colour'd pebbles lay  
Beneath the shallow tide ;

And pearly spray at times would  
meet

The glancing of his fairy feet.

He twined him wreaths of all spring-  
flowers,

Which drank that streamlet's dew ;  
He flung them o'er the wave in  
showers,

Till, gazing, scarce I knew  
Which seem'd more pure, or bright,

or wild,  
The singing fount or laughing child.

To look on all that joy and bloom  
Made earth one festal scene,

Where the dull shadow of the tomb  
Seem'd as it ne'er had been.

How could one image of decay  
Steal o'er the dawn of such clear day ?

I saw once more that aspect bright—  
The boy's meek head was bow'd

In silence o'er the Book of Light,  
And, like a golden cloud—

The still cloud of a pictured sky—  
His locks droop'd round it lovingly.

And if my heart had deem'd him fair,  
When, in the fountain-glade,  
A creature of the sky and air,  
Almost on wings he play'd ;  
Oh ! how much holier beauty now  
Lit the young human being's brow !

The being born to toil, to die,  
To break forth from the tomb  
Unto far nobler destiny  
Than waits the skylark's plume !  
I saw him, in that thoughtful hour,  
Win the first knowledge of his dower.

The *soul*, the awakening *soul* I saw—  
My watching eye could trace  
The shadows of its new-born awe  
Sweeping o'er that fair face :  
As o'er a flower might pass the shade  
By some dread angel's pinion made !

The *soul*, the mother of deep fears,  
Of high hopes infinite,  
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears,  
Of sleepless inner sight ;  
Lovely, but solemn, it arose,  
Unfolding what no more might close.

The red-leaved tablets,<sup>1</sup> undefiled,  
As yet, by evil thought—  
Oh ! little dream'd the brooding  
child  
Of what within me wrought,  
While *his* young heart first burn'd  
and stirr'd,  
And quiver'd to the eternal Word.

And reverently my spirit caught  
The reverence of *his* gaze—  
A sight with dew of blessing fraught  
To hallow after-days ;  
To make the proud heart meekly wise,  
By the sweet faith in those calm eyes.

It seem'd as if a temple rose  
Before me brightly there ;  
And in the depths of its repose,  
My soul o'erflow'd with prayer,  
Feeling a solemn presence nigh—  
The power of infant sanctity !

O Father ! mould my heart once  
more  
By Thy prevailing breath !

Teach me ! oh teach me to adore  
E'en with that pure one's faith—  
A faith, all made of love and 'ght,  
Child-like, and therefore full of  
might !

### A POET'S DYING HYMN

Be mute who will, who can,  
Yet I will praise Thee with impassion'd voice !  
Me didst Thou constitute a priest of Thine  
In such a temple as we now behold,  
Rear'd for Thy presence ; therefore am I bound  
To worship, here and everywhere.

WORDSWORTH.

THE blue, deep, glorious heavens !—  
I lift mine eye,  
And bless Thee, O my God ! that I  
have met  
And own'd Thine image in the ma-  
jesty  
Of their calm temple still !—that,  
never yet,  
There hath Thy face been shrouded  
from my sight  
By noontide blaze, or sweeping storm  
of night :  
I bless Thee, O my God !

That now still clearer, from their pure  
expanse,  
I see the mercy of Thine aspect  
shine,  
Touching death's features with a  
lovely glance  
Of light, serenely, solemnly divine,  
And lending to each holy star a ray  
As of kind eyes, that woo my soul  
away :  
I bless Thee, O my God !

That I have heard Thy voice nor been  
afraid,  
In the earth's garden—'midst the  
mountains old,  
And the low thrillings of the forest-  
shade,  
And the wild sound of waters un-  
controll'd—  
And upon many a desert plain and  
shore—  
No solitude—for there I felt *Thee* more :  
I bless Thee, O my God !

And if Thy spirit on Thy child hath  
shed  
The gift, the vision of the unseal'd  
eye,

<sup>1</sup> " All this, and more than this, is now en-  
graved upon the red-leaved tablets of my heart."—  
HAYWOOD.

To pierce the mist o'er life's deep meanings spread, To reach the hidden fountains that lie Far in man's heart—if I have kept it free And pure, a consecration unto Thee: I bless Thee, O my God!	I have been drawn still closer to Thy shrine, Wellspring of love, the unfathom'd, the divine, I bless Thee, O my God!
If my soul's utterance hath by Thee been fraught With an awakening power—if Thou hast made Like the wing'd seed, the breathings of my thought, And by the swift winds bid them be convey'd To lands of other lays, and there become Native as early melodies of home: I bless Thee, O my God!	That hope hath ne'er my heart or song forsaken, High hope, which even from mystery, doubt, or dread, Calmly, rejoicingly, the things hath taken Whereby its torchlight for the race was fed: That passing storms have only fann'd the fire Which pierced them still with its triumphal spire, I bless Thee, O my God!
Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath, Not for a place 'midst kingly minstrels dead, But that, perchance, a faint gale of Thy breath, A still small whisper, in my song hath led One struggling spirit upwards to Thy throne, Or but one hope, one prayer,—for this alone I bless Thee, O my God!	Now art Thou calling me in every gale, Each sound and token of the dying day; Thou leav'st me not—though early life grows pale, I am not darkly sinking to decay; But, hour by hour, my soul's dissolving shroud Melts off to radiance, as a silvery cloud. I bless Thee, O my God!
That I have loved—that I have known the love Which troubles in the soul the tearful springs, Yet, with a colouring halo from above, Tinges and glorifies all earthly things, Whate'er its anguish or its woe may be, Still weaving links for intercourse with Thee: I bless Thee, O my God!	And if this earth, with all its choral streams, And crowning woods, and soft or solemn skies, And mountain sanctuaries for poet's dreams, Be lovely still in my departing eyes— 'Tis not that fondly I would linger here, But that Thy footprints on its dust appear: I bless Thee, O my God!
That by the passion of its deep distress, And by the o'erflowing of its mighty prayer, And by the yearning of its tenderness, Too full for words upon their stream to bear,	And that the tender shadowing I behold, The tracery veining every leaf and flower, Of glories cast in more consummate mould, No longer vassals to the changeful hour; That life's last roses to my thoughts can bring

Rich visions of imperishable spring ;  
I bless Thee, O my God !

Yes ! the young, vernal voices in the  
skies

Woo me not back, but, wandering  
past mine ear,  
Seem heralds of the eternal melodies,  
The spirit-music, imperturb'd and  
clear—

The full of soul, yet passionate no  
more :

Let *me*, too, joining those pure strains,  
adore !

I bless Thee, O my God !

Now aid, sustain me still. To Thee I  
come—

Make Thou my dwelling where Thy  
children are !

And for the hope of that immortal  
home,

And for Thy Son, the bright and  
morning Star,

The Sufferer and the Victor-King of  
death,

I bless Thee with my glad song's  
dying breath !

I bless Thee, O my God !

["I have lately written what I consider one of  
my best pieces—'A Poet's Dying Hymn.' It  
appeared in the last number of *Blackwood*,"  
(April 1832.)—*Letter from Mrs. Hemans.*

"It is impossible to read this affecting poem  
without feeling how distinctly it breathes the in-  
ward echoes of the soul to the frequent warnings  
of the Summoner ; those presentiments which  
must have long silently possessed her, here for  
the first time finding utterance. Still more  
strongly does it evidence that subdued and  
serene frame of mind, into which her once viva-  
cious temperament and painfully vibrating sen-  
sibilities were now so gently and happily sub-  
siding."—*Memor.*, p. 254.]

## THE FUNERAL DAY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

Many an eye  
May wail the dimming of our shining star.  
SHAKESPEARE.

A GLORIOUS voice hath ceased !

Mournfully, reverently—the funeral  
chant

Breathe reverently ! There is a  
dreamy sound,

A hollow murmur of the dying year,  
In the deep woods. Let it be wild  
and sad !

A more Æolian, melancholy tone  
Than ever wail'd o'er bright things  
perishing !

For *that* is passing from the darken'd  
land,

Which the green summer will not  
bring us back—

Though all her songs return. The  
funeral chant

Breathe reverently ! They bear the  
mighty forth,

The kingly ruler in the realms of  
mind ;

They bear him through the household  
paths, the groves,

Where every tree had music of its own  
To his quick ear of knowledge taught  
by love—

And he is silent ! Past the living  
stream

They bear him now ; the stream  
whose kindly voice,

On alien shores, his true heart burn'd  
to hear—

And he is silent ! O'er the heathery  
hills,

Which his own soul had mantled  
with a light

Richer than autumn's purple, now  
they move—

And he is silent !—he, whose flexile  
lips

Were but unseal'd, and lo ! a thousand  
forms,

From every pastoral glen and fern-  
clad height,

In glowing life upsprang,—vassal  
and chief,

Rider and steed, with shout and  
bugle-peal,

Fast-rushing through the brightly  
troubled air,

Like the Wild Huntsman's band.  
And still they live,

To those fair scenes imperishably  
bound,

And, from the mountain-mist still  
flashing by,

Startle the wanderer who hath listen'd  
there

To the seer's voice : phantoms of  
colour'd thought,

Surviving him who raised, O elo-  
quence !

O power, whose breathings thus could  
wake the dead !

Who shall wake *thee*? lord of the  
buried past!  
And art thou *there*—to those dim  
nations join'd,  
Thy subject-host so long? The  
wand is dropp'd,  
The bright lamp broken, which the  
gifted hand  
Touch'd, and the genii came! Sing  
reverently  
The funeral chant! The mighty is  
borne home,  
And who shall be his mourners?  
Youth and age,  
For each hath felt his magic—love  
and grief,  
For he hath communed with the  
heart of each:  
Yes—the free spirit of humanity  
May join the august procession, for  
to him  
Its mysteries have been tributary  
things,  
And all its accents known. From  
field or wave,  
Never was conqueror on his battle-  
bier,  
By the veil'd banner and the muffled  
drum,  
And the proud drooping of the crested  
head,  
More nobly follow'd home. The last  
abode,  
The voiceless dwelling of the bard  
is reach'd:  
A still, majestic spot, girt solemnly  
With all the imploring beauty of  
decay;  
A stately couch 'midst ruins! meet  
for him  
With his bright fame to rest in, as a  
king  
Of other days, laid lonely with his  
sword  
Beneath his head. Sing reverently  
the chant  
Over the honour'd grave! The  
*grave*!—oh, say  
Rather the shrine!—an altar for thy  
love,  
The light, soft pilgrim steps, the  
votive wreaths  
Of years unborn—a place where leaf  
and flower,  
By that which dies not of the sove-  
reign dead,

Shall be made holy things, where  
every weed  
Shall have its portion of the inspiring  
gift  
From buried glory breathed. And  
now what strain  
Making victorious melody ascend  
High above sorrow's dirge, befits  
the tomb  
Where he that sway'd the nations  
thus is laid—  
The crown'd of men?  
A lowly, lowly song.

Lowly and solemn be  
Thy children's cry to Thee,  
Father divine!  
A hymn of suppliant breath,  
Owning that life and death  
Alike are Thine!

A spirit on its way,  
Sceptred the earth to sway,  
From Thee was sent:  
Now call'st Thou back Thine own—  
Hence is that radiance flown—  
To earth but lent.

Watching in breathless awe,  
The bright head bow'd we saw,  
Beneath Thy hand!  
Fill'd by one hope, one fear,  
Now o'er a brother's bier  
Weeping we stand.

How hath he pass'd!—the lord  
Of each deep bosom-chord,  
To meet Thy sight,  
Unmantled and alone,  
On Thy bless'd mercy thrown,  
O Infinite!

So, from his harvest-home,  
Must the tired peasant come,  
So, in one trust,  
Leader and king must yield  
The naked soul reveal'd  
To Thee, All Just!

The sword of many a fight—  
What *then* shall be its might?  
The lofty lay  
That rush'd on eagle wing—  
What shall its memory bring?  
What hope, what stay?

O Father ! in that hour,  
When earth all succouring power  
Shall disavow ;  
When spear, and shield, and crown  
In faintness are cast down—  
Sustain us, Thou !

By Him Who bow'd to take  
The death-cup for our sake,  
The thorn, the rod ;  
From Whom the last dismay  
Was not to pass away—  
Aid us, O God !

Tremblers beside the grave,  
We call on Thee to save,  
Father divine,  
Hear, hear our suppliant breath !  
Keep us, in life and death,  
Thine, only Thine !

# THE PRAYER IN THE WILDER- NESS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF  
CORREGGIO'S

In the deep wilderness unseen she  
pray'd  
The daughter of Jerusalem ; alone  
With all the still, small whispers of  
the night,  
And with the searching glances of  
the stars,  
And with her God, alone : she lifted  
up  
Her sweet, sad voice, and, trembling  
o'er her head,  
The dark leaves thrill'd with prayer  
—the tearful prayer  
Of woman's quenchless, yet repen-  
tant love.

Father of Spirits, hear !  
Look on the inmost heart to Thee  
reveal'd,  
Look on the fountain of the burning  
tear,  
Before Thy sight in solitude unseal'd !

Hear, Father ! hear, and aid !  
If I have loved too well, if I have  
shed,  
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal  
head,  
Gifts on Thy shrine, my God ! more  
fitly laid ;

If I have sought to live  
But in *one* light, and made a human  
eye  
The lonely star of mine idolatry,  
Thou that art Love ! oh, pity and  
forgive !

Chasten'd and school'd at last,  
No more, no more my struggling  
spirit burns,  
But, fix'd on Thee, from that wild  
worship turns—  
What have I said ?—the deep dream  
is not past !

Yet hear !—if *still* I love,  
Oh ! still too fondly—if, for ever seen,  
An earthly image comes my heart  
between  
And Thy calm glory, Father ! throned  
above ;

If still a voice is near  
(E'en while I strive these wanderings  
to control),  
An earthly voice disquieting my soul  
With its deep music, too intensely  
dear ;

O Father ! draw to Thee  
My lost affections back !—the dream-  
ing eyes  
Clear from their mist—sustain the  
heart that dies,  
Give the worn soul once more its  
pinions free !

I must love on, O God !  
This bosom must love on !—but let  
Thy breath  
Touch and make pure the flame that  
knows not death,  
Bearing it up to heaven—love's own  
abode !

Ages and ages past, the wilderness,  
With its dark cedars, and the thrill-  
ing night,  
With her clear stars, and the mys-  
terious winds,  
That wait all sound, were conscious  
of those prayers.

How many such hath woman's burst-  
ing heart  
*Since then*, in silence and in darkness  
breathed,  
Like the dim night-flower's odour, up  
to God !

PRISONERS' EVENING SERVICE

A SCENE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

From their spheres  
The stars of human glory are cast down,  
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,  
Princes and emperors, and the crown and palms  
Of all the mighty, wither'd and consumed !  
Nor is power given to lowliest innocence  
Long to protect her own.—WORDSWORTH.

SCENE.—*Prison of the Luxembourg in Paris, during the Reign of Terror*

D'AUBIGNÉ, *an aged Royalist—*  
BLANCHE, *his daughter, a young girl.*

*Blanche.* What was your doom,  
my father ? In thine arms  
I lay unconsciously through that  
dread hour.

Tell me the sentence ! Could our  
judges look,  
Without relenting, on thy silvery  
hair ?

Was there not mercy, father ? Will  
they not

Restore us to our home ?

*D'Aubigné.* Yes, my poor child !  
They send us home.

*Blanche.* Oh, shall we gaze again  
On the bright Loire ? Will the old  
hamlet spire,

And the grey turret of our own  
château,

Look forth to greet us through the  
dusky elms ?

Will the kind voices of our villagers,  
The loving laughter in their children's  
eyes,

Welcome us back at last ? But how  
is this ?

Father ! thy glance is clouded—on  
thy brow

There sits no joy !

*D'Aubigné.* Upon my brow, dear  
girl !

There sits, I trust, such deep and  
solemn peace

As may befit the Christian who re-  
ceives,

And recognises in submissive awe,  
The summons of his God.

*Blanche.* Thou dost not mean—  
No, no ! it cannot be ! Didst thou  
not say

They sent us home ?

*D'Aubigné.* Where is the spirit's  
home ?

Oh ! most of all, in these dark, evil  
days,

Where should it be—but in that  
world serene,

Beyond the sword's reach and the  
tempest's power.

—Where, but in heaven ?

*Blanche.* My father !

*D'Aubigné.* We must die.

We must look up to God, and calmly  
die.

Come to my heart, and weep there !  
For awhile

Give nature's passion way ; then  
brightly rise

In the still courage of a woman's heart.  
Do I not know thee ? Do I ask too  
much

From mine own noble *Blanche* ?

*Blanche.* (falling on his bosom.)

Oh ! clasp me fast !

Thy trembling child ! Hide, hide  
me in thine arms—

Father !

*D'Aubigné.* Alas ! my flower,  
thou'rt young to go—

Young, and so fair ! Yet were it  
worse, methinks,

To leave thee where the gentle and  
the brave,

The loyal-hearted and the chivalrous,  
And they that loved their God, have

all been swept,

Like the sere leaves, away. For  
them no hearth

Through the wide land was left in-  
volute,

No altar holy ; therefore did they  
fall,

Rejoicing to depart. The soil is  
steep'd

In noble blood ; the temples are  
gone down ;

The voice of prayer is hush'd, or  
fearfully

Mutter'd, like sounds of guilt. Why,  
who would live

Who hath not panted, as a dove, to  
flee,

To quit for ever the dishonour'd soil,  
The burden'd air ! Our God upon

the Cross—

Our king upon the scaffold—let us  
think



Of *these*—and fold endurance to our hearts,  
And bravely die !

*Blanche.* A dark and fearful way !  
An evil doom for thy dear, honour'd head !

O thou, the kind, the gracious ! whom all eyes

Bless'd as they look'd upon ! Speak yet again—

Say, will they part us ?

*D'Aubigné.* No, my *Blanche* ; in death,

We shall not be divided.

*Blanche.* Thanks to God !

He, by Thy glance, will aid me—I shall see

His light before me to the last. And when—

Oh, pardon these weak shrinkings of thy child !—

When shall the hour befall ?

*D'Aubigné.* Oh ! swiftly now,  
And suddenly, with brief, dread interval,

Comes down the mortal stroke. But of that hour

As yet I know not. Each low throbbing pulse

Of the quick pendulum may usher in Eternity !

*Blanche.* (*kneeling before him.*) My father ! lay thy hand

On thy poor *Blanche's* head, and once again

Bless her with thy deep voice of tenderness—

Thus breathing saintly courage through her soul,

Ere we are call'd.

*D'Aubigné.* If I may speak through tears !—

Well may I bless thee, fondly, fervently,

Child of my heart ! thou who dost look on me

With thy lost mother's angel eyes of love !

Thou, that hast been a brightness in my path,

A guest of heaven unto my lonely soul,

A stainless lily in my widow'd house,

There springing up, with soft light round thee shed,

For immortality ! Meek child of God !

I bless thee—He will bless thee ! In His love

He calls thee now from this rude stormy world

To thy Redeemer's breast ! And thou wilt die,

As thou hast lived—my duteous, holy *Blanche* !

In trusting and serene submissiveness, Humble, yet full of heaven.

*Blanche.* (*rising.*) Now is there strength

Infused through all my spirit. I can rise

And say, " Thy will be done ! "

*D'Aubigné.* (*pointing upwards.*) See'st thou, my child !

Yon faint light in the west ? The signal star

Of our due vesper service, gleaming in

Through the close dungeon grating ! Mournfully

It seems to quiver ; yet shall this night pass,

This night alone, without the lifted voice

Of adoration in our narrow cell, As if unworthy fear or wavering faith

Silenced the strain ? No ! let it waft to heaven

The prayer, the hope, of poor mortality,

In its dark hour once more ! And we will sleep,

Yes—calmly sleep, when our last rite is closed.

[*They sing together.*]

#### PRISONERS' EVENING SONG

We see no more in Thy pure skies,  
How soft, O God ! the sunset dies ;

How every colour'd hill and wood  
Seems melting in the golden flood :

Yet, by the precious memories won  
From bright hours now for ever gone,

Father ! o'er all Thy works, we know,  
Thou still art shedding beauty's

glow ;  
Still touching every cloud and tree

With glory, eloquent of Thee ;  
Still feeding all Thy flowers with light,

Though man hath barr'd it from our sight.

We know Thou reign'st, the Un-  
changing One, the All-just !  
And bless Thee still with free and  
boundless trust !

We read no more, O God ! Thy  
ways

On earth, in these wild, evil days.  
The red sword in the oppressor's  
hand

Is ruler of the weeping land ;  
Fallen are the faithful and the pure,  
No shrine is spared, no hearth  
secure. [past,

Yet, by the deep voice from the  
Which tells us these things cannot  
last—

And by the hope which finds no ark  
Save in Thy breast, when storms  
grow dark—

We trust Thee ! As the sailor  
knows

That in its place of bright repose  
His pole-star burns, though mist  
and cloud

May veil it with a midnight shroud,  
We know Thou reign'st, All-holy One,  
All-just !

And bless Thee still with love's own  
boundless trust.

We feel no more that aid is nigh,  
When our faint hearts within us  
die.

We suffer—and we know our doom  
Must be one suffering till the tomb.  
Yet, by the anguish of Thy Son

When His last hour came darkly  
on ;

By His dread cry, the air which  
rent

In terror of abandonment ;  
And by His parting word, which  
rose

Through faith victorious o'er all  
woes—

We know that Thou mayst wound,  
mayst break

The spirit, but wilt ne'er forsake !  
Sad suppliants whom our brethren  
spurn,

In our deep need to Thee we turn !  
To Whom but Thee ? All-merciful,  
All-just !

In life, in death, we yield Thee bound-  
less trust !

# HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUN- TAINERS IN TIMES OF PERSECUTION

Thanks be to God for the mountains !  
—Howitt's *Book of the Seasons*.

For the strength of the hills we bless  
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God !  
Thou hast made Thy children mighty,  
By the touch of the mountain-sod,  
Thou hast fix'd our ark of refuge

Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod ;  
For the strength of the hills we bless  
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God !

We are watchers of a beacon  
Whose light must never die ;

We are guardians of an altar  
'Midst the silence of the sky :

The rocks yield founts of courage,  
Struck forth as by Thy rod ;

For the strength of the hills we bless  
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God !

For the dark, resounding caverns,  
Where Thy still, small voice is  
heard ;

For the strong pines of the forests,  
That by Thy breath are stirr'd ;

For the storms, on whose free pinions  
Thy spirit walks abroad ;

For the strength of the hills we bless  
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God !

The royal eagle darteth

On his quarry from the heights,  
And the stag that knows no master,

Seeks there his wild delights ;

But we, for Thy communion,

Have sought the mountain-sod ;

For the strength of the hills we bless  
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God !

The banner of the chieftain

Far, far below us waves ;

The war-horse of the spearman

Cannot reach our lofty caves :

Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold  
Of freedom's last abode ;

For the strength of the hills we bless  
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God !

For the shadow of Thy presence,  
 Round our camp of rock outspread ;  
 For the stern defiles of battle,  
 Bearing record of our dead ;  
 For the snows and for the torrents,  
 For the free heart's burial-sod ;  
 For the strength of the hills we bless  
 Thee,  
 Our God, our fathers' God !

### PRAYER AT SEA AFTER VICTORY

The land shall never rue,  
 So England to herself do prove but true.  
SHAKESPEARE.

THROUGH evening's bright repose  
 A voice of prayer arose,  
 When the sea-fight was done  
 The sons of England knelt,  
 With hearts that now could melt,  
 For on the wave her battle had been  
 won.

Round their tall ship, the main  
 Heaved with a dark red stain,  
 Caught not from sunset's cloud ;  
 While with the tide swept past  
 Pennon and shiver'd mast,  
 Which to the Ocean Queen that day  
 \* had bow'd,

But free and fair on high,  
 A native of the sky,  
 Her streamer met the breeze ;  
 It flow'd o'er fearless men,  
 Though, hush'd and childlike then,  
 Before their God they gather'd on the  
 seas.

Oh ! did not thoughts of home  
 O'er each bold spirit come,  
 As from the land sweet gales ?  
 In every word of prayer  
 Had not some hearth a share,  
 Some bower, inviolate 'midst Eng-  
 land's vales ?

Yes ! bright, green spots that lay  
 In beauty far away,  
 Hearing no billow's roar,  
 Safer from touch of spoil,  
 For that day's fiery toil,  
 Rose on high hearts, that now with  
 love gush'd o'er,

A solemn scene and dread !  
 The victors and the dead,

The breathless burning sky !  
 And, passing with the race  
 Of waves that keep no trace,  
 The wild, brief signs of human vic-  
 tory !

A stern, yet holy scene !  
 Billows, where strife hath been,  
 Sinking to awful sleep ;  
 And words, that breathe the sense  
 Of God's omnipotence,  
 Making a minster of that silent deep.

Borne through such hours afar,  
 Thy flag hath been a star,  
 Where eagle's wings ne'er flew :  
 England ! the unprofaned,  
 Thou of the earth unstain'd,  
 Oh ! to the banner and the shrine be  
 true !

### THE INDIAN'S REVENGE

#### SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A MORAVIAN MISSIONARY

[Circumstances similar to those on which this scene is founded are recorded in *Carne's Narrative of the Moravian Missions in Greenland*, and gave rise to the dramatic sketch.]

But by my wrongs and by my wrath,  
 To-morrow Areouski's breath  
 That fires yon heaven with storms of death,  
 Shall light me to the foe !  
Indian Song in *Gertrude of Wyoming*.

SCENE.—*The shore of a Lake sur-  
 rounded by deep woods. A solitary  
 cabin on its banks, overshadowed  
 by maple and sycamore trees. HERR-  
 MANN, the missionary, seated alone  
 before the cabin. The hour is  
 evening twilight.*

Herrmann. Was that the light  
 from some lone, swift canoe  
 Shooting across the waters ?—No, a  
 flash

From the night's first, quick firefly,  
 lost again  
 In the deep bay of cedars. Not a  
 bark

Is on the wave ; no rustle of a breeze  
 Comes through the forest. In this  
 new, strange world,

Oh ! how mysterious, how eternal,  
 seems

The mighty melancholy of the woods !  
 The desert's own great spirit, infinite !

Little they know, in mine own father-  
land,

Along the castled Rhine, or e'en  
amidst

The wild Harz mountains, or the  
sylvan glades

Deep in the Odenwald—they little  
know

Of what is solitude ! In hours like  
this,

There, from a thousand nooks, the  
cottage hearths

Pour forth red light through vine-  
hung lattices,

To guide the peasant, singing cheerily,  
On the home-path ; while round his

lowly perch,

With eager eyes awaiting his return,  
The cluster'd faces of his children

shine

To the clear harvest moon. Be still,  
fond thoughts !

Melting my spirit's grasp from  
heavenly hope

By your vain, earthward yearnings.  
O my God !

Draw me still nearer, closer unto Thee,  
Till all the hollow of these deep desires

May with Thyself be fill'd ! Be it  
enough

At once to gladden and to solemnise  
My lonely life, if for Thine altar here

In this dread temple of the wilderness,  
By prayer, and toil, and watching, I

may win

The offering of one heart, one human  
heart,

Bleeding, repenting, loving !

Hark ! a step,

An Indian tread ! I know the stealthy  
sound—

'Tis on some quest of evil, through  
the grass

Gliding so serpent-like.

(*He comes forward, and meets an  
Indian warrior armed.*)

Enonio, is it thou ? I see thy form  
Tower stately through the dusk, vet

scarce mine eye

Discerns thy face.

Enonio. My father speaks my  
name.

Herrmann. Are not the hunters  
from the chase return'd ?

The night-fires lit ? Why is my son  
abroad ?

Enonio. The warrior's arrow knows  
of nobler prey

Than elk or deer. Now let my father  
leave

The lone path free.

Herrmann. The forest way is long  
From the red chieftain's home. Rest

thee awhile

Beneath my sycamore, and we will  
speak

Of these things further.

Enonio. Tell me not of rest !

My heart is sleepless, and the dark  
night swift.

I must begone.

Herrmann (*solemnly*). No, warrior !  
thou must stay !

The Mighty One hath given me  
power to search

Thy soul with piercing words—and  
thou must stay,

And hear me, and give answer ! If  
thy heart

Be grown thus restless, is it not be-  
cause

Within its dark folds thou hast  
mantled up

Some burning thought of ill ?

Enonio (*with sudden impetuosity*).

How should I rest ?—

Last night the spirit of my brother  
came,

An angry shadow in the moonlight  
streak,

And said, "*Avenge me !*" In the  
clouds this morn

I saw the frowning colour of his  
blood—

And that, too, had a voice. I lay at  
noon

Alone beside the sounding waterfall,  
And through its thunder-music spake

a tone—

A low tone piercing all the roll of  
waves—

And said "*Avenge me !*" Therefore  
have I raised

The tomahawk, and strung the bow  
again,

That I may send the shadow from  
my couch,

And take the strange sound from the  
cataract,

And sleep once more.

Herrmann. A better path, my  
son !

Unto the still and dewy land of sleep,  
 My hand in peace can guide thee—  
     c'en the way  
 Thy dying brother trod. Say, didst  
 thou love  
 That lost one well?  
*Enonio.* Know'st thou not we  
     grew up  
 Even as twin roes amidst the wilder-  
     ness?  
 Unto the chase we journey'd in one  
     path;  
 We stemm'd the lake in one canoe;  
     we lay  
 Beneath one oak to rest. When fever  
     hung  
 Upon my burning lips, my brother's  
     hand  
 Was still beneath my head; my  
     brother's robe  
 Cover'd my bosom from the chill  
     night air—  
 Our lives were girdled by one belt of  
     love  
 Until he turn'd him from his father's  
     gods.  
 And then my soul fell from him—  
     then the grass  
 Grew in the way between our parted  
     homes;  
 And wheresoe'er I wander'd, then it  
     seem'd  
 That all the woods were silent. I  
     went forth—  
 I journey'd, with my lonely heart,  
     afar,  
 And so return'd—and where was he?  
     The earth  
 Own'd him on more.  
*Herrmann.* But thou thyself, since  
     then,  
 Hast turn'd thee from the idols of thy  
     tribe,  
 And, like thy brother, bow'd the  
     suppliant knee  
 To the one God.  
*Enonio.* Yes! I have learn'd to  
     pray  
 With my white father's words, yet all  
     the more  
 My heart, that shut against my  
     brother's love,  
 Hath been within me as an arrowy  
     fire,  
 Burning my sleep away. In the  
     night hush,  
 'Midst the strange whispers and dim  
     shadowy things  
 Of the great forests, I have call'd  
     aloud,  
 "Brother! forgive, forgive!" He  
     answer'd not—  
 His deep voice, rising from the land  
     of souls,  
 Cries but "*Avenge me!*"—and I go  
     forth now  
 To slay his murderer, that when next  
     his eyes  
 Gleam on me mournfully from that  
     pale shore,  
 I may look up, and meet their glance,  
     and say,  
 "I have avenged thee!"  
*Herrmann.* Oh! that human love  
 Should be the root of this dread  
     bitterness,  
 Till heaven through all the fever'd  
     being pours  
 Transmuting balsam! Stay, Enonio!  
     stay!  
 Thy brother calls thee not! The  
     spirit world,  
 Where the departed go, sends back  
     to earth  
 No visitants for evil. 'Tis the might  
 Of the strong passion, the remorseful  
     grief  
 At work in thine own breast, which  
     lends the voice  
 Unto the forest and the cataract,  
 The angry colour to the clouds of  
     morn,  
 The shadow to the moonlight. Stay,  
     my son!  
 Thy brother is at peace. Beside his  
     couch,  
 When of the murderer's poison'd  
     shaft he died,  
 I knelt and pray'd; he named his  
     Saviour's name,  
 Meekly, beseechingly; he spoke of  
     thee  
 In pity and in love.  
*Enonio (hurriedly).* Did he not  
     say  
 My arrow should avenge him?  
*Herrmann.* His last words  
 Were all forgiveness.  
*Enonio.* What! and shall the man  
 Who pierced him with the shaft of  
     treachery,  
 Walk fearless forth in joy?

*Herrmann.* Was he not once  
Thy brother's friend? Oh! trust  
me, not in joy  
He walks the frowning forest. Did  
keen love,  
Too late repentant of its heart estranged,  
Wake in thy haunted bosom, with its  
train

Of sounds and shadows—and shall  
he escape?

Enonio, dream it not! Our God, the  
All-just,

Unto Himself reserves this royalty—  
The secret chastening of the guilty  
heart,

The fiery touch, the scourge that  
purifies,

Leave it with him! Yet make it not  
thy hope:

For that strong heart of thine—oh!  
listen yet—

Must, in its depths, o'ercome the very  
wish

For death or torture to the guilty one,  
Ere it can sleep again.

*Enonio.* My father speaks  
Of change, for man too mighty.

*Herrmann.* I but speak  
Of that which hath been, and again  
must be,

If thou wouldst join thy brother, in  
the life

Of the bright country where, I well  
believe,

His soul rejoices. *He* had known  
such change:

He died in peace. He, whom his  
tribe once named

The Avenging Eagle, took to his  
meek heart,

In its last pangs, the spirit of those  
words

Which, from the Saviour's cross, went  
up to heaven—

"Forgive them, for they know not  
what they do!

Father, forgive!"—And o'er the  
eternal bounds

Of that celestial kingdom, undefiled,  
Where evil may not enter, he, I deem,

Hath to his Master pass'd. He waits  
thee there—

For love, we trust, springs heaven-  
ward from the grave,

Immortal in its holiness. He calls

His brother to the land of golden light  
And ever-living fountains—couldst  
thou hear

His voice o'er those bright waters, it  
would say,

"My brother! oh! be pure, be  
merciful!

That we may meet again."

*Enonio (hesitating).* Can I return  
Unto my tribe, and unavenged?

*Herrmann.* To Him,  
To Him return, from Whom thine  
erring steps

Have wander'd far and long! Re-  
turn, my son,

To thy Redeemer! Died He not in  
love—

The Sinless, the Divine, the Son of  
God—

Breathing forgiveness 'midst all  
agonies?

And *we*, dare *we* be ruthless? By His  
aid

Shalt thou be guided to thy brother's  
place

'Midst the pure spirits. Oh! retrace  
the way [heart

Back to thy Saviour! He rejects no  
E'en with the dark stains on it, if  
true tears

Be o'er them shower'd. Ay! weep,  
thou Indian chief!

For, by the kindling moonlight, I  
behold

Thy proud lips working—weep,  
relieve thy soul!

Tears will not shame thy manhood,  
in the hour

Of its great conflict.

*Enonio (giving up his weapons to  
HERRMANN).* Father! take the  
bow,

Keep the sharp arrows till the hunters  
call

Forth to the chase once more. And  
let me dwell

A little while, my father! by thy  
side,

That I may hear the blessed words  
again—

Like water-brooks amidst the sum-  
mer hills—

From thy true lips flow forth; for in  
my heart [sound

The music and the memory of their  
Too long have died away.

*Herrmann.* Oh, welcome back,  
 Friend, rescued one! Yes, thou  
 shalt be my guest,  
 And we will pray beneath my sycamore  
 Together, morn and eve; and I will  
 spread  
 Thy couch beside my fire, and sleep  
 at last—  
 After the visiting of holy thoughts—  
 With dewy wings shall sink upon  
 thine eyes!  
 Enter my home, and welcome, welcome  
 back,  
 To peace, to God, thou lost and found  
 again!

*(They go into the cabin together.—  
 HERRMANN, lingering for a moment  
 on the threshold, looks up to the  
 starry skies.)*

Father! that from amidst yon glorious  
 worlds  
 Now look'st on us, Thy children!  
 make this hour  
 Blessed for ever! May it see the  
 birth  
 Of Thine own image in the unfathom'd  
 deep  
 Of an immortal soul,—a thing to  
 name  
 With reverential thought, a solemn  
 world!  
 To Thee more precious than those  
 thousand stars  
 Burning on high in Thy majestic  
 heaven!

#### EVENING SONG OF THE WEARY

FATHER of heaven and earth!  
 I bless Thee for the night,  
 The soft, still night!  
 The holy pause of care and mirth,  
 Of sound and light!  
 Now, far in glade and dell,  
 Flower-cup, and bud, and bell,  
 Have shut around the sleeping wood-  
 lark's nest;  
 The bee's long murmuring toils  
 are done,  
 And I, the o'erwearied one,  
 O'erwearied and o'erwrought,  
 Bless Thee, O God! O Father of the  
 oppress'd!

With my last waking thought,  
 In the still night!  
 Yes! e'er I sink to rest,  
 By the fire's dying light,  
 Thou Lord of earth and heaven!  
 I bless Thee, Who hast given,  
 Unto life's fainting travellers, the  
 night—  
 The soft, still, holy night.

#### THE DAY OF FLOWERS

##### A MOTHER'S WALK WITH HER CHILD

One spirit—His  
 Who wore the platted thorn with bleeding brows,  
 Rules universal nature. Not a flower  
 But shows some touch, in freckle, freak, or stain,  
 Of His unrivall'd pencil. He inspires  
 Their balmy odours and imparts their hues,  
 And bathes their eyes with nectar,  
 Happy who walks with Him!—COWPER.

COME to the woods, my boy!  
 Come to the streams and bowery  
 dingles forth,  
 My happy child! The spirit of  
 bright hours  
 Woos us in every wind; fresh wild-  
 leaf scents,  
 From thickets, where the lonely  
 stockdove broods,  
 Enter our lattice; fitful songs of joy  
 Float in with each soft current of the  
 air;—  
 And we will hear their summons;  
 we will give  
 One day to flowers, and sunshine, and  
 glad thoughts,  
 And thou shalt revel 'midst free  
 nature's wealth,  
 And for thy mother twine wild  
 wreaths; while she,  
 From thy delight, wins to her own  
 fond heart  
 The vernal ecstasy of childhood back.  
 Come to the woods, my boy!

What! wouldst thou lead already to  
 the path  
 Along the copsewood brook? Come,  
 then! in truth  
 Meet playmate for a child, a blessed  
 child  
 Is a glad, singing stream, heard or  
 unheard,  
 Singing its melody of happiness  
 Amidst the reeds, and bounding in  
 free grace

To that sweet chime. With what a  
     sparkling life  
 It fills the shadowy dingle!—now the  
     wing  
 Of some low-skimming swallow  
     shakes bright spray  
 Forth to the sunshine from its dimpled  
     wave;  
 Now, from some pool of crystal  
     darkness deep,  
 The trout springs upward, with a  
     showery gleam  
 And plashing sound of waters. What  
     swift rings  
 Of mazy insects o'er the shallow tide  
 Seem, as they glance, to scatter  
     sparks of light  
 From burnish'd films! And mark  
     yon silvery line  
 Of gossamer, so tremulously hung  
 Across the narrow current, from the  
     tuft  
 Of hazels to the hoary poplar's bough!  
 See, in the air's transparence, how it  
     waves,  
 Quivering and glistening with each  
     faintest gale,  
 Yet breaking not—a bridge for fairy  
     shapes,  
 How delicate, how wondrous!  
                                 Yes, my boy!  
 Well may we make the stream's  
     bright, winding vein  
 Our woodland guide, for He Who  
     made the stream  
 Made it a clue to haunts of loveliness,  
 For ever deepening. Oh, forget Him  
     not,  
 Dear child! That airy gladness  
     which thou feel'st  
 Wafting thee after bird and butterfly.  
 As 'twere a breeze within thee, is not  
     less  
 His gift, His blessing on thy spring-  
     time hours,  
 Than this rich, outward sunshine,  
     mantling all  
 The leaves, and grass, and mossy-  
     tinted stones  
 With summer glory. Stay thy  
     bounding step, [while  
 My merry wanderer!—let us rest a  
 By this clear pool, where, in the  
     shadow flung  
 From alder boughs and osiers o'er its  
     breast,

The soft red of the flowering willow-  
     herb  
 So vividly is pictured. Seems it not  
 E'en melting to a more transparent  
     glow  
 In that pure glass? Oh! beautiful  
     are streams!  
 And, through all ages, human hearts  
     have loved  
 Their music, still accordant with each  
     mood  
 Of sadness or of joy. And love hath  
     grown  
 Into vain worship, which hath left  
     its trace  
 On sculptured urn and altar, gleam-  
     ing still  
 Beneath dim olive boughs, by many a  
     fount  
 Of Italy and Greece. But we will  
     take  
 Our lesson e'en from erring hearts,  
     which bless'd  
 The river deities or fountain nymphs,  
 For the cool breeze, and for the  
     freshening shade,  
 And the sweet water's tune. The  
     One supreme,  
 The All-sustaining, Ever-present God,  
 Who dower'd the soul with immor-  
     tality,  
 Gave also *these* delights, to cheer on  
     earth  
 Its fleeting passage; therefore let us  
     greet  
 Each wandering flower-scent as a  
     boon from Him,  
 Each bird-note, quivering 'midst light  
     summer leaves,  
 And every rich celestial tint unnamed,  
 Wherewith transpierced, the clouds  
     of morn and eve,  
 Kindle and melt away!  
                                 And now, in love,  
 In grateful thoughts rejoicing, let us  
     bend  
 Our footsteps onward to the dell of  
     flowers  
 Around the ruin'd mansion. Thou,  
     my boy!  
 Not yet, I deem, hast visited that  
     lorn  
 But lovely spot, whose loveliness for  
     thee  
 Will wear no shadow of subduing  
     thought—



No colouring from the past. This way our path  
 Winds through the hazels. Mark how brightly shoots  
 The dragon-fly along the sunbeam's line,  
 Crossing the leafy gloom. How full of life,  
 The life of song, and breezes, and free wings,  
 Is all the murmuring shade! and thine, oh *thine*!  
 Of all the brightest and the happiest here,  
 My blessed child! *my* gift of God! that makest  
 My heart o'erflow with summer! Hast thou twined  
 Thy wreath so soon! yet will we loiter not,  
 Though here the bluebell wave, and gorgeously  
 Round the brown, twisted roots of yon scathed oak  
 The heath-flower spread its purple. We must leave  
 The copse, and through yon broken avenue,  
 Shadow'd by drooping walnut foliage, reach  
 The ruin's glade. And lo! before us, fair  
 Yet desolate, amidst the golden day  
 It stands, that house of silence! wedded now  
 To verdant Nature by the o'ermantling growth  
 Of leaf and tendril, which fond woman's hands  
 Once loved to train. How the rich wallflower scent  
 From every niche and mossy cornice floats, [alone]  
 Embalming its decay! The bee  
 Is murmuring from its casement, whence no more  
 Shall the sweet eyes of laughing children shine,  
 Watching some homeward footstep. See! unbound  
 From the old fretted stonework, what thick wreaths  
 Of jasmine, borne by waste exuberance down,  
 Trail through the grass their gleaming stars, and load,  
 The air with mournful fragrance—for it speaks  
 Of life gone hence; and the faint, Southern breath  
 Of myrtle leaves, from yon forsaken porch,  
 Startles the soul with sweetness! Yet rich knots  
 Of garden flowers, far wandering, and self-sown  
 Through all the sunny hollow, spread around  
 A flush of youth and joy, free nature's joy,  
 Undimm'd by human change. How kindly here,  
 With the low thyme and daisies, they have blent!  
 And, under arches of wild eglantine, Drooping from this tall elm, how strangely seems  
 The frail gum cistus o'er the turf to snow  
 Its pearly flower-leaves down! Go, happy boy!  
 Rove thou at will amidst these roving sweets;  
 Whilst I, beside this fallen dial-stone, Under the tall moss-rose tree, long unpruned,  
 Rest where thick clustering pansies weave around  
 Their many-tinged mosaic, 'midst dark grass  
 Bedded like jewels. He hath bounded on,  
 Wild with delight!—the crimson on his cheek  
 Purer and richer e'en than that which lies  
 In this deep-hearted rose-cup! Bright moss-rose!  
 Though now so lorn, yet surely gracious tree!  
 Once thou wert cherish'd! and, by human love,  
 Through many a summer duly visited  
 For thy bloom-offerings, which o'er festal board,  
 And youthful brow, and e'en the shaded couch  
 Of long-secluded sickness, may have shed  
 A joy, now lost. Yet shall there still be joy,

Where God hath pour'd forth beauty,  
and the voice  
Of human love shall still be heard in  
praise  
Over His glorious gifts! O Father!  
Lord!  
The All-beneficent! I bless Thy  
name,  
That Thou hast mantled the green  
earth with flow'rs,  
Linking our hearts to nature! By  
the love  
Of their wild blossoms, our young  
footsteps first  
Into her deep recesses are beguiled—  
Her minster-cells—dark glen and  
forest bower,  
Where, thrilling with its earliest  
sense of Thee,  
Amidst the low, religious whisperings  
And shivery leaf-sounds of the soli-  
tude,  
The spirit wakes to worship, and is  
made  
Thy living temple. By the breath of  
flowers,  
Thou callest us, from city throngs and  
cares,  
Back to the woods, the birds, the  
mountain streams,  
That sing of Thee! back to free  
childhood's heart,  
Fresh with the dews of tenderness!  
Thou bidd'st  
The lilies of the field with placid  
smile  
Reprove man's feverish strivings, and  
infuse  
Through his worn soul a more un-  
worldly life,  
With their soft, holy breath. Thou  
hast not left  
His purer nature, with its fine desires,  
Uncared for in this universe of Thine!  
The glowing rose attests it, the be-  
loved  
Of poet-hearts, touch'd by their  
fervent dreams  
With spiritual light, and made a  
source  
Of heaven-ascending thoug<sup>hts</sup>. E'en  
to faint age  
Thou lend'st the vernal bliss: the  
old man's eye  
Falls on the kindling blossoms, and  
his soul

Remembers youth and love, and  
hopefully  
Turns unto Thee, Who call'st earth's  
buried germs  
From dust to splendour; as the  
mortal seed  
Shall, at Thy summons, from the  
grave spring up  
To put on glory, to be girt with power,  
And fill'd with immortality. Receive  
Thanks, blessings, love, for these, Thy  
lavish boons,  
And, most of all, their heavenward  
influences,  
O Thou that gavest us flowers!  
Return, my boy!—  
With all thy chaplets and bright  
bands, return!  
See, with how deep a crimson eve  
hath touch'd  
And glorified the ruin!—glowworm  
light  
Will twinkle on the dewdrops, ere we  
reach  
Our home again. Come! with thy  
last sweet prayer  
At thy bless'd mother's knee, to-night  
shall thanks  
Unto our Father in His heaven arise,  
For all the gladness, all the beauty  
shed  
O'er one rich day of flowers.

HYMN OF THE TRAVELLER'S  
HOUSEHOLD ON HIS RETURN

## IN THE OLDEN TIME

Joy! the lost one is restored!  
Sunshine comes to hearth and board,  
From the far-off countries old  
Of the diamond and red gold;  
From the dusky archer-bands,  
Roamers of the fiery sands;  
From the desert winds, whose breath  
Smites with sudden, silent death;  
He hath reach'd his home again,  
Where we sing  
In Thy praise a fervent strain,  
God our King!  
Mightiest! unto Thee he turn'd  
When the noonday fiercest burn'd;  
When the fountain-springs were far,  
And the sounds of Arab war  
Swell'd upon the sultry blast,  
And the sandy columns past,

Unto Thee he cried ; and Thou,  
 Merciful ! didst hear his vow !  
 Therefore unto Thee again  
     Joy shall sing  
 Many a sweet and thankful strain,  
     God our King !

Thou wert with him on the main,  
 And the snowy mountain-chain,  
 And the rivers, dark and wide,  
 Which through Indian forests glide :  
 Thou didst guard him from the wrath  
 Of the lion in his path,  
 And the arrows on the breeze,  
 And the dropping poison-trees,  
 Therefore from our household train  
     Oft shall spring  
 Unto Thee a blessing strain,  
     God our King !

Thou to his lone, watching wife  
 Hast brought back the light of life !  
 Thou hast spared his loving child  
 Home to greet him from the wild.  
 Though the suns of Eastern skies  
 On his cheek have set their dyes,  
 Though long toils and sleepless cares  
 On his brow have blanch'd the hairs,  
 Yet the night of fear is flown—  
 He is living, and our own !  
 Brethren ! spread his festal board,  
 Hang his mantle and his sword,  
 With the armour, on the wall—  
 While this long, long silent hall  
 Joyfully doth hear again  
     Voice and string  
 Swell to Thee the exulting strain,  
     God our King !

### THE PAINTER'S LAST WORK

[Suggested by the closing scene in the life of the painter Blake, which is beautifully related by Allan Cunningham.]

Clasp me a little longer on the brink  
 Of life, while I can feel thy dear caress ;  
 And when this heart hath ceased to beat,  
     oh ! think,  
 And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,  
 That thou hast been to me all tenderness,  
 And friend to more than human friendship  
     just—  
 Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,  
 And by the hope of an immortal trust,  
 God shall assuage thy pangs when I am laid in  
     dust !—CAMPBELL.

*The Scene is an English Cottage. The  
 lattice opens upon a Landscape at  
 sunset.*

### EUGENE, TERESA

*Teresa.* The fever's hue hath left  
 thy cheek, beloved !  
 Thine eyes, that make the dayspring  
 in my heart,  
 Are clear and still once more ! Wilt  
 thou look forth ?  
 Now, while the sunset with low  
 streaming light—  
 The light thou lovest—hath made  
 the elm-wood stems  
 All burning bronze, the river molten  
 gold !  
 Wilt thou be raised upon thy couch,  
 to meet  
 The rich air fill'd with wandering  
 scents and sounds ?  
 Or shall I lay thy dear, dear head  
 once more  
 On this true bosom, lulling thee to  
 rest  
 With our own evening hymn ?  
*Eugene.* Not now, dear love !  
 My soul is wakeful—lingering to look  
 forth,  
 Not on the sun, but thee ! Doth the  
 light sleep  
 On the stream tenderly ? and are the  
 stems  
 Of our own elm trees, by its alchemy,  
 So richly changed ? and is the sweet-  
 brier scent  
 Floating around ? But I have said  
 farewell,  
 Farewell to earth, Teresa !—not to  
 thee ;  
 Nor yet to our deep love—nor yet  
 awhile  
 Unto the spirit of mine art, which  
 flows  
 Back on my soul in mastery. One  
 last work !  
 And I will shrine my wealth of glow-  
 ing thoughts,  
 Clinging affections, and undying  
 hopes,  
 All, all in that memorial !  
*Teresa.* Oh, what dream  
 Is this, mine own Eugene ? Waste  
 thou not thus  
 Thy scarce-returning strength ; keep  
 thy rich thoughts  
 For happier days—they will not melt  
 away  
 Like passing music from the lute.  
 Dear friend !

Dearest of friends! thou canst win  
 back at will  
 The glorious visions.  
*Eugene.* Yes! the unseen land  
 Of glorious visions hath sent forth a  
 voice  
 To call me hence. Oh, be thou not  
 deceived!  
 Bind to thy heart no *earthly* hope,  
 Teresa!  
 I must, *must* leave thee! Yet be  
 strong, my love!  
 As thou hast still been gentle.  
*Teresa.* O Eugene!  
 What will this dim world be to me,  
 Eugene!  
 When wanting thy bright soul, the  
 life of all— [on ?  
 My only sunshine? How can I bear  
 How can we part?—we that have  
 loved so well,  
 With clasping spirits link'd so long  
 by grief,  
 By tears, by prayer?  
*Eugene.* E'en *therefore* we can part,  
 With an immortal trust, that such  
 high love  
 Is not of things to perish.  
 Let me leave  
 One record still of its ethereal flame  
 Brightening through death's cold  
 shadow. Once again,  
 Stand with thy meek hands folded on  
 thy breast,  
 And eyes half veil'd, in thine own soul  
 absorb'd,  
 As in thy watchings ere I sink to  
 sleep;  
 And I will give the bending, flower-  
 like grace  
 Of that soft form, and the still sweet-  
 ness throned  
 On that pale brow, and in that quiver-  
 ing smile  
 Of voiceless love, a life that shall  
 outlast  
 Their delicate earthly being. There!  
 thy head  
 Bow'd down with beauty, and with  
 tenderness,  
 And lowly thought—even *thus*—my  
 own Teresa!  
 Oh! the quick-glancing radiance and  
 bright bloom,  
 That once around thee hung, have  
 melted now

Into more solemn light—but holier  
 far,  
 And dearer, and yet lovelier in mine  
 eyes,  
 Than all that summer-flush! For by  
 my couch,  
 In patient and serene devotedness,  
 Thou hast made those rich hues and  
 sunny smiles  
 Thine offering unto me. Oh! I may  
 give  
 Those pensive lips, that clear Ma-  
 donna brow,  
 And the sweet earnestness of that  
 dark eye,  
 Unto the canvas; I may catch the  
 flow  
 Of all those drooping locks, and  
 glorify, [thus—  
 With a soft halo, what is imaged  
 But how much rests unbreathed, my  
 faithful one!  
 What thou hast been to me! This  
 bitter world!  
 This cold, unanswering world, that  
 hath no voice  
 To greet the gentle spirit, that drives  
 back  
 All birds of Eden, which would  
 sojourn here  
 A little while—how have I turn'd  
 away  
 From its keen, soulless air, and in my  
 heart  
 Found ever the sweet fountain of  
 response  
 To quench my thirst for home!  
 The dear work grows  
 Beneath my hand,—the last!  
*Teresa (falling on his neck in tears).*  
 Eugene! Eugene!  
 Break not my heart with thine excess  
 of love!—  
 Oh! must I lose thee—thou that hast  
 been still  
 The tenderest—best!  
*Eugene.* Weep, weep not thus,  
 beloved!  
 Let my true heart o'er thine retain  
 its power  
 Of soothing to the last! Mine own  
 Teresa!  
 Take strength from strong affection!  
 Let our souls,  
 Ere this brief parting, mingle in one  
 strain

Of deep, full thanksgiving, for God's  
rich boon—

Our perfect love ! Oh, blessed have  
we been

In that high gift ! thousands o'er  
earth may pass,

With hearts unfreshen'd by the  
heavenly dew,

Which hath kept *ours* from wither-  
ing. Kneel, true wife !

And lay thy hands in mine.

*(She kneels beside the couch—he prays.)*

Oh, thus receive  
Thy children's thanks, Creator ! for  
the love

Which Thou hast granted, through all  
earthly woes,

To spread heaven's peace around  
them—which hath bound

Their spirits to each other and to Thee,  
With links whereon unkindness ne'er

hath breathed,  
Nor wandering thought. We thank  
Thee, gracious God !

For all its treasured memories, tender  
cares,

Fond words, bright, bright sustaining  
looks, unchanged

Through tears and joy ! O Father !  
most of all,

We thank, we bless Thee, for the price-  
less trust,

Through Thy redeeming Son vouch-  
safed to those

That love in Thee, of union, in Thy  
sight

And in Thy heavens, immortal ! Hear  
our prayer !

Take home our fond affections, puri-  
fied

To spirit-radiance from all earthly  
stain ;

Exalted, solemnised, made fit to  
dwell,

Father ! where all things that are  
lovely meet,

And all things that are pure—for  
evermore

With Thee and Thine !

## A PRAYER OF AFFECTION

BLESSINGS, O Father ! shower—  
Father of Mercies ! round his preci-  
ous head !

On his lone walks and on his thought-  
ful hour,

And the pure visions of his midnight  
bed,

Blessings be shed !

Father ! I pray Thee not  
For earthly treasure to that most  
beloved—

Fame, fortune, power oh ! be his  
spirit proved

By these, or by their absence, at Thy  
will !

But let Thy peace be wedded to his  
lot,

Guarding his inner life from touch of  
ill,

With its dove-pinion still !

Let such a sense of thee,  
Thy watching presence, thy sustain-  
ing love,

His bosom-guest inalienably be,  
That wheresoe'er he move,

A heavenly light serene  
Upon his heart and mien

May sit undimm'd ! a gladness rest  
his own,

Unspeaking, and to the world un-  
known !

Such as from childhood's morning  
land of dreams,

Remember'd faintly, gleams—

Faintly remember'd, and too swiftly  
flown !

So let him walk with Thee,

Made by Thy Spirit free ;

And when Thou call'st him from his  
mortal place,

To his last hour be still that sweetness  
given,

That joyful trust ! and brightly let  
him part,

With lamp clear burning, and un-  
lingering heart,

Mature to meet in heaven

His Saviour's face !

## MOTHER'S LITANY BY THE SICKBED OF A CHILD

SAVIOUR, that of woman born,  
Mother-sorrow didst not scorn—

Thou, with Whose last anguish strove  
One dear thought of earthly love—

Hear and aid !

Low he lies, my precious child,  
With his spirit wandering wild  
From its gladsome tasks and play,  
And its bright thoughts far away—  
Saviour, aid !

Pain sits heavy on his brow,  
E'en though slumber seal it now ;  
Round his lip is quivering strife,  
In his hand unquiet life—  
Aid ! oh, aid !

Saviour ! loose the burning chain  
From his fever'd heart and brain,  
Give, oh ! give his young soul back  
Into its own cloudless track !  
Hear and aid !

Thou that saidst, " Awake ! arise !"  
E'en when death had quench'd the  
eyes—

In this hour of grief's deep sighing,  
When o'erwearied hope is dying,  
Hear and aid !

Yet, oh ! make him Thine, all Thine,  
Saviour ! whether Death's or mine !  
Yet, oh ! pour on human love,

Strength, trust, patience, from above !  
Hear and aid !

### NIGHT HYMN AT SEA

THE WORDS WRITTEN FOR A MELODY  
BY FELTON

NIGHT sinks on the wave,  
Hollow gusts are sighing,  
Sea-birds to their cave  
Through the gloom are flying.  
Oh ! should storms come sweeping,  
Thou, in heaven unsleeping,  
O'er Thy children vigil keeping  
Hear, hear, and save !

Stars look o'er the sea,  
Few, and sad, and shrouded ;  
Faith our light must be,  
When all else is clouded.  
Thou, Whose voice came thrilling,  
Wind and billow stilling,  
Speak once more ! our prayer fulfill-  
ing—  
Power dwells with Thee !

## SONNETS

### FEMALE CHARACTERS OF SCRIPTURE

Your tents are desolate ; your stately steps,  
Of all their choral dances, have not left  
One trace beside the fountains : your full cup  
Of gladness and of trembling, each alike  
Is broken. Yet amidst undying things,  
The mind still keeps your loveliness, and still  
All the fresh glories of the early world  
Hang round you in the spirit's pictured halls,  
Never to change !

#### INVOCATION

As the tired voyager on stormy seas  
Invokes the coming of bright birds  
from shore,  
To waft him tidings, with the gentler  
breeze,  
Of dim, sweet woods that hear no  
billows roar ;  
So, from the depth of days, when  
earth yet wore  
Her solemn beauty and primeval dew,  
I call you, gracious Forms ! Oh,  
come ! restore

Awhile that holy freshness, and  
renew  
Life's morning dreams. Come with  
the voice, the lyre,  
Daughters of Judah ! with the  
timbrel rise !  
Ye of the dark, prophetic, Eastern  
eyes,  
Imperial in their visionary fire ;  
Oh ! steep my soul in that old, glori-  
ous time,  
When God's Own whisper shook the  
cedars of your clime !

#### INVOCATION CONTINUED

AND come, ye faithful ! round Mes-  
siah seen,  
With a soft harmony of tears and  
light  
Streaming through all your spiritual  
mien—  
As in calm clouds of pearly stillness  
bright,

Showers weave with sunshine, and  
transpierce their slight  
Ethereal cradle. From *your* heart  
subdued  
All haughty dreams of power had  
wing'd their flight,  
And left high place for martyr fortitude,  
True faith, long-suffering love. Come  
to me, come!  
And as the seas, beneath your  
Master's tread,  
Fell into crystal smoothness, round  
Him spread  
Like the clear pavement of His  
heavenly home;  
So, in your presence, let the soul's  
great deep  
Sink to the gentleness of infant  
sleep.

### THE SONG OF MIRIAM

A SONG for Israel's God! Spear,  
crest, and helm  
Lay by the billows of the old Red  
Sea,  
When Miriam's voice o'er that sepulchral realm  
Sent on the blast a hymn of jubilee.  
With her lit eye, and long hair floating free,  
Queenlike she stood, and glorious  
was the strain,  
E'en as instinct with the tempestuous  
glee  
Of the dark waters, tossing o'er the  
slain.  
A song for God's own victory! Oh,  
thy lays,  
Bright poesy! were holy in their  
birth;  
How hath it died, thy seraph note of  
praise,  
In the bewildering melodies of  
earth!  
Return from troubling, bitter founts  
—return,  
Back to the life-springs of thy native  
urn!

### RUTH

THE plumelike swaying of the au-  
burn corn,  
By soft winds to a dreamy motion  
fann'd,

Still brings me back thine image—O  
forlorn,  
Yet not forsaken Ruth! I see  
thee stand  
Lone, 'midst the gladness of the  
harvest-band—  
Lone, as a wood-bird on the ocean's  
foam  
Fall'n in its weariness, Thy  
fatherland  
Smiles far away! yet to the sense of  
home—  
That finest, purest, which can re-  
cognise  
Home in affection's glance—for  
ever true  
Beats thy calm heart; and if thy  
gentle eyes  
Gleam tremulous through tears,  
'tis not to rue  
Those words, immortal in their deep  
love's tone,  
"Thy people and thy God shall be  
mine own!"

### THE VIGIL OF RIZPAH

And Rizpah the daughter of Aiah took  
sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock,  
from the beginning of harvest until water dropped  
upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither  
the birds of the air to rest on them by day,  
nor the beasts of the field by night.—*a Sam.*  
xxi. 10.

WHO watches on the mountain with  
the dead,  
Alone before the awfulness of  
night?—  
A seer awaiting the deep spirit's  
might?  
A warrior guarding some dark pass of  
dread?  
No—a lorn woman! On her droop-  
ing head,  
Once proudly graceful, heavy beats  
the rain;  
She recks not—living for the un-  
buried slain,  
Only to scare the vulture from their  
bed.  
So, night by night, her vigil hath she  
kept  
With the pale stars, and with the  
dews hath wept:  
Oh! surely some bright Presence  
from Above  
On those wild rocks the lonely one  
must aid!

E'en so ; a strengthener through all  
 form and shade,  
 The "unconquerable angel, might-  
 iest Love !

#### THE REPLY OF THE SHUNAM- MITE WOMAN

And she answered, I dwell among mine own  
 people.—2 *Kings* iv. 13.

" I DWELL among mine own,"—oh,  
 happy thou !

Not for the sunny clusters of the  
 vine,  
 Not for the olives on the mountain's  
 brow,  
 Nor the flocks wandering by the  
 flowery line  
 Of streams, that make the green  
 land where they shine  
 Laugh to the light of waters—not for  
 these,  
 Nor the soft shadow of ancestral trees,  
 Whose kindly whisper floats o'er  
 thee and thine—  
 Oh ! not for *these* I call thee richly  
 blest,  
 But for the meekness of thy woman's  
 breast,  
 Where that sweet depth of still con-  
 tentment lies ;  
 And for thy holy, household love,  
 which clings  
 Unto all ancient and familiar  
 things,  
 Weaving from each some link for  
 home's dear charities,

#### THE ANNUNCIATION

LOWLIEST of women, and most glori-  
 fied !

In thy still beauty sitting calm and  
 lone,  
 A brightness round thee grew—and  
 by thy side,  
 Kindling the air, a form ethereal  
 shone,  
 Solemn, yet breathing gladness.  
 From her throne  
 A queen had risen with more imperial  
 eye,  
 A stately prophetess of victory  
 From her proud lyre had struck a  
 tempest's tone,  
 For such high tidings as to *thee* were  
 brought,

Chosen of heaven ! that hour :  
 but thou, oh ! thou  
 E'en as a flower with gracious rains  
 o'erfraught,  
 Thy virgin head beneath its crown  
 didst bow,  
 And take to thy meek breast the all  
 holy word,  
 And own thyself *the handmaid of the*  
*Lord.*

#### THE SONG OF THE VIRGIN

YET as a sunburst flushing mountain-  
 snow,  
 Fell the celestial touch of fire ere  
 long  
 On the pale stillness of thy thoughtful  
 brow,  
 And thy calm spirit lighten'd into  
 song.  
 Unconsciously, perchance, yet free  
 and strong  
 Flow'd the majestic joy of tuneful  
 words,  
 Which living harps the choirs of  
 heaven among  
 Might well have link'd with their  
 divinest chords.  
 Full many a strain, borne far on  
 glory's blast,  
 Shall leave, where once its haughty  
 music pass'd,  
 No more to memory than a reed's  
 faint sigh ;  
 While thine, O childlike Virgin !  
 through all time  
 Shall send its fervent breath o'er  
 every clime,  
 Being of God, and therefore not to  
 die.

#### THE PENITENT ANOINTING, CHRIST'S FEET

THERE was a mournfulness in angel  
 eyes,  
 That saw thee, woman ! bright in  
 this world's train,  
 Moving to pleasure's airy melodies,  
 Thyself the idol of the enchanted  
 strain.  
 But from thy beauty's garland,  
 brief and vain,  
 When one by one the rose-leaves had  
 been torn ;



When thy heart's core had quiver'd  
to the pain  
Through every life-nerve sent by  
arrowy scorn ;  
When thou didst kneel to pour sweet  
odours forth  
On the Redeemer's feet, with many  
a sigh,  
And showering teardrop, of yet richer  
worth  
Than all those costly balms of  
Araby ;  
Then was there joy, a song of joy in  
heaven,  
For thee, the child won back, the  
penitent forgiven !

#### MARY AT THE FEET OF CHRIST

OH ! bless'd beyond all daughters of  
the earth !

What were the Orient's thrones to  
that low seat

Where thy hush'd spirit drew celestial  
birth,

Mary ! meek listener at the  
Saviour's feet ?

No feverish cares to that divine  
retreat

Thy woman's heart of silent worship  
brought,

But a fresh childhood, heavenly  
truth to meet

With love, and wonder, and sub-  
missive thought.

Oh ! for the holy quiet of thy breast,  
'Midst the world's eager tones and  
footsteps flying,

Thou, whose calm soul was like a  
wellspring, lying

So deep and still in its transparent  
rest,

That e'en when noontide burns upon  
the hills,

Some one bright solemn star all its  
lone mirror fills.

#### THE SISTERS OF BETHANY AFTER THE DEATH OF LAZARUS

ONE grief, one faith, O sisters of the  
dead !

Was in your bosoms—thou, whose  
steps, made fleet

By keen hope fluttering in the heart  
which bled,

Bore thee, as wings, the Lord of  
Life to greet ;

And thou, that duteous in thy still  
retreat

Didst wait His summons, then with  
reverent love

Fall weeping at the bless'd Deliver-  
er's feet,

Whom e'en to heavenly tears thy woe  
could move.

And which to *Him*, the All-seeing and  
All-just,

Was loveliest—that quick zeal, or  
lowly trust ?

Oh ! question not, and let no law be  
given

To those unveilings of its deepest  
shrine,

By the wrung spirit made in out-  
ward sign :

Free service from the heart is all in all  
to heaven.

#### THE MEMORIAL OF MARY

Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this  
gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there  
shall also this, that this woman hath done, be  
told for a memorial of her.—*Math. xxvi. 13.*  
—See also *John xii. 3.*

THOU hast thy record in the mon-  
arch's hall,

And on the waters of the far mid-  
sea ;

And where the mighty mountain  
shadows fall,

The Alpine hamlet keeps a thought  
of thee !

Where'er, beneath some Oriental  
tree,

The Christian traveller rests—  
where'er the child

Looks upward from the English  
mother's knee,

With earnest eyes in wondering  
reverence mild,

There art thou known—where'er the  
Book of light

Shows hope and healing, there, beyond  
all blight,

Is borne thy memory, and all praise  
above.

Oh ! say what deed so lifted thy  
sweet name,

Mary ! to that pure, silent place of  
tame ?

One lowly offering of exceeding  
love.

### THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM AT THE CROSS

LIKE those pale stars of tempest-  
hours, whose gleam  
Waves calm and constant on the  
rocking mast,  
Such by the Cross doth your bright  
lingering seem,  
Daughters of Zion! faithful to  
the last!  
Ye, through the darkness o'er the  
wide earth cast  
By the death-cloud within the  
Saviour's eye,  
E'en till away the heavenly spirit  
pass'd,  
Stood in the shadow of His agony.  
O blessed faith! a guiding lamp,  
that hour  
Was lit for woman's heart! To her,  
whose dower  
Is all of love and suffering from her  
birth,  
Still hath your act a voice—through  
fear, through strife,  
Bidding her bind each tendril of her  
life  
To that which her deep soul hath  
proved of holiest worth.

### MARY MAGDALENE AT THE SEPULCHRE

WEEPER! to thee how bright a morn  
was given  
After thy long, long vigil of despair,  
When that high Voice which burial-  
rocks had riven  
Thrill'd with immortal tones the  
silent air!  
Never did clarion's royal blast  
declare  
Such tale of victory to a breathless  
crowd,  
As the deep sweetness of *one* word  
could bear  
Into thy heart of hearts, O woman!  
bow'd  
By strong affection's anguish! *one*  
low word—  
"Mary!" and all the triumph  
wrung from death  
Was thus reveal'd; and thou, that  
so hadst err'd,

So wept, and been forgiven, in  
trembling faith  
Didst cast thee down before the all-  
conquering Son,  
Awed by the mighty gift thy tears  
and love had won!

### MARY MAGDALENE BEARING TIDINGS OF THE RESUR- RECTION

THEN was a task of glory all thine own,  
Nobler than e'er the still, small  
voice assign'd  
To lips in awful music making known  
The stormy splendours of some  
prophet's mind.  
"Christ is arisen!"—by thee, to  
wake mankind,  
First from the sepulchre those words  
were brought!  
Thou wert to send the mighty  
rushing wind  
First on its way, with those high  
tidings fraught—  
"Christ is arisen!" Thou, *thou*, the  
sin-enthral'd!  
Earth's outcast, heaven's own ran-  
som'd one, wert call'd  
In human hearts to give that  
rapture birth:  
Oh, raised from shame to brightness!  
*there* doth lie  
The tenderest meaning of *His*  
ministry,  
Whose undespairing love still  
own'd the spirit's worth.

## SONNETS, DEVOTIONAL AND MEMORIAL

### THE SACRED HARP

How shall the harp of poesy regain  
That old victorious tone of prophet-  
years—  
A spell divine o'er guilt's perturb-  
ing fears,  
And all the hovering shadows of the  
brain?  
Dark, evil wings took flight before  
the strain,  
And showers of holy quiet, with  
its fall,  
Sank on the soul. Oh! who may  
now recall

The mighty music's consecrated  
 reign?  
 Spirit of God! Whose glory once  
 o'erhung  
 A throne, the ark's dread cherubim  
 between,  
 So let Thy presence brood, though  
 now unseen,  
 O'er those two powers by whom the  
 harp is strung,  
 Feeling and Thought! till the re-  
 kindled chords,  
 Give the long-buried tone back to  
 immortal words.

#### TO A FAMILY BIBLE

WHAT household thoughts around  
 thee, as their shrine,  
 Cling reverently? Of anxious  
 looks beguiled,  
 My mother's eyes upon thy page  
 divine  
 Each day were bent—her accents,  
 gravely mild,  
 Breathed out thy lore: whilst I, a  
 dreamy child,  
 Wander'd on breezelike fancies oft  
 away,  
 To some lone tuft of gleaming  
 springflowers wild,  
 Some fresh-discover'd nook for wood-  
 land play,  
 Some secret nest. Yet would the  
 solemn Word,  
 At times, with kindlings of young  
 wonder heard,  
 Fall on thy waken'd spirit, there to  
 be  
 A seed not lost,—for which, in  
 darker years,  
 O Book of Heaven! I pour, with  
 grateful tears,  
 Heart-blessings on the holy dead  
 and thee!

#### REPOSE OF THE HOLY FAMILY FROM AN OLD ITALIAN PICTURE

UNDER a palm tree, by the green, old  
 Nile,  
 Lull'd on His mother's breast, the  
 fair child lies,  
 With dovelike breathings, and a  
 tender smile  
 Brooding above the slumber of His  
 eyes;

While, through the stillness of the  
 burning skies,  
 Lo! the dread works of Egypt's  
 buried kings,  
 Temple and pyramid, beyond Him  
 rise, [things.  
 Regal and still as everlasting  
 Vain pomps! from Him, with that  
 pure, flowery cheek,  
 Soft shadow'd by His mother's  
 drooping head,  
 A new-born spirit, mighty, and yet  
 meek,  
 O'er the whole world like vernal  
 air shall spread;  
 And bid all earthly grandeurs cast  
 the crown,  
 Before the suffering and the lowly,  
 down.

#### PICTURE OF THE INFANT CHRIST WITH FLOWERS

ALL the bright hues from Eastern  
 garlands glowing,  
 Round the young child luxuriantly  
 are spread;  
 Gifts, fairer far than Magian kings,  
 bestowing  
 In adoration, o'er His cradle shed.  
 Roses, deep-fill'd with rich mid-  
 summer's red,  
 Circle His hands: but, in His grave,  
 sweet eye,  
 Thought seems e'en now to wake,  
 and prophesy [head.  
 Of ruder coronals for that meek  
 And thus it was! a diadem of thorn  
 Earth gave to Him Who mantled  
 her with flowers;  
 To Him Who pour'd forth blessings  
 in soft showers  
 O'er all her paths, a cup of bitter  
 scorn!  
 And *we* repine, for whom that cup  
 He took,  
 O'er blooms that mock'd our hope,  
 o'er idols that forsook!

#### ON A REMEMBERED PICTURE OF CHRIST

AN ECCE HOMO BY LEONARDO DA  
 VINCI

I MET that image on a mirthful day  
 Of youth; and, sinking with a  
 still'd surprise,

Thy pride of life, before those  
 holy eyes,  
 In my quick heart died thoughtfully  
 away,  
 Abash'd to mute confession of a  
 sway  
 Awful, though meek. And now  
 that, from the strings  
 Of my soul's lyre, the tempest's  
 mighty wings  
 Have struck forth tones which then  
 unawaken'd lay;  
 Now that, around the deep life of my  
 mind,  
 Affections, deathless as itself, have  
 twined,  
 Oft does the pale, bright vision  
 still float by;  
 But more divinely sweet, and speak-  
 ing *now*  
 Of One Whose pity, throned on that  
 sad brow,  
 Sounded all depths of love, grief,  
 death, humanity!

### THE CHILDREN WHOM JESUS BLESSED

HAPPY were they, the mothers, in  
 whose sight  
 Ye grew, fair children! hallow'd  
 from that hour  
 By your Lord's blessing. Surely  
 thence a shower  
 Of heavenly beauty, a transmitted  
 light  
 Hung on your brows and eyelids,  
 meekly bright,  
 Through all the after years, which  
 saw ye move  
 Lowly, yet still majestic, in the might,  
 The conscious glory of the Saviour's  
 love!  
 And honour'd be all childhood, for  
 the sake  
 Of that high love! Let reverent  
 care  
 Watch to behold the immortal spirit  
 wake,  
 And shield its first bloom from  
 unholy air;  
 Owning, in each young suppliant  
 glance, the sign  
 Of claim upon a heritage divine.

H.P.

### MOUNTAIN SANCTUARIES

He went up to a mountain apart to pray.  
 A CHILD 'midst ancient mountains I  
 have stood,  
 Where the wild falcons make their  
 lordly nest  
 On high. The spirit of the solitude  
 Fell solemnly upon my infant  
 breast,  
 Though then I pray'd not; but deep  
 thoughts have press'd  
 Into my being since it breathed  
 that air,  
 Nor could I *now* one moment live the  
 guest  
 Of such dread scenes, without the  
 springs of prayer  
 O'erflowing all my soul. No minsters  
 rise  
 Like them in pure communion with  
 the skies,  
 Vast, silent, open unto night and  
 day;  
 So might the o'erburden'd Son of  
 Man have felt,  
 When, turning where inviolate  
 stillness dwelt,  
 He sought high mountains, there  
 apart to pray.

### THE LILIES OF THE FIELD

Consider the lilies of the field.  
 FLOWERS! when the Saviour's calm,  
 benignant eye  
 Fell on your gentle beauty—when  
 from you  
 That heavenly lesson for all hearts  
 He drew,  
 Eternal, universal, as the sky—  
 Then, in the bosom of your purity,  
 A voice He set, as in a temple-  
 shrine,  
 That life's quick travellers ne'er  
 might pass you by  
 Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle  
 divine.  
 And though too oft its low, celestial  
 sound  
 By the harsh notes of work-day Care  
 is drown'd,  
 And the loud steps of vain, unlisten-  
 ing Haste,  
 Yet, the great ocean hath no tone  
 of power

M M

Mightier to reach the soul, in  
thought's hush'd hour,  
Than yours, ye Lilies! chosen thus  
and graced!

### THE BIRDS OF THE AIR

And behold the birds of the air.

YE, too, the free and fearless birds of  
air,

Were charged that hour, on mission-  
ary wing,

The same bright lesson o'er the seas  
to bear,

Heaven-guided wanderers, with  
the winds of spring.

Sing on, before the storm and after,  
sing!

And call us to your echoing woods  
away

From worldly cares; and bid our  
spirits bring

Faith to imbibe deep wisdom from  
your lay.

So may those blessed vernal strains  
renew

Childhood, a childhood yet more pure  
and true

E'en than the first, within the  
awaken'd mind;

While sweetly, joyously, they tell of  
life,

That knows no doubts, no question-  
ings, no strife,

But hangs upon its God, uncon-  
sciously resign'd.

### THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON

And he that was dead sat up and began to  
speak.

*He that was dead rose up and spoke—*  
He spoke!

Was it of that majestic world un-  
known?

Those words, which first the bier's  
dread silence broke,

Came they with revelation in each  
tone?

Were the far cities of the nations gone,  
The solemn halls of consciousness  
or sleep,

For man uncurtain'd by that spirit  
lone,

Back from their portal summon'd  
o'er the deep?

Be hush'd, my soul! the veil of  
darkness lay

Still drawn; thy Lord call'd back  
the voice departed

To spread His truth, to comfort His  
weak-hearted,

Not to reveal the mysteries of its  
way.

Oh! take that lesson home in silent  
faith,

Put on submissive strength to *meet*,  
not *question*, death!

### THE OLIVE TREE

THE palm—the vine—the cedar—  
each hath power

To bid fair Oriental shapes glance  
by;

And each quick glistening of the  
laurel bower

Wafts Grecian images o'er fancy's  
eye.

But thou, pale Olive! in *thy*  
branches lie

Far deeper spells than prophet-grove  
of old

Might e'er enshrine: I could not  
hear thee sigh

To the wind's faintest whisper, nor  
behold

One shiver of thy leaves' dim, silvery  
green,

Without high thoughts and solemn,  
of that scene

When, in the garden, the Redeemer  
pray'd—

When pale stars look'd upon His  
fainting head,

And angels, ministering in silent  
dread,

Trembled, perchance, within *thy*  
trembling shade.

### THE DARKNESS OF THE CRUCI- FIXION

ON Judah's hills a weight of darkness  
hung,

Felt shudderingly at noon: the  
lark had driven

A Guest divine back to the gates of  
heaven—

A Life, Whence all pure founts of  
healing sprung,

All grace, all truth. And when, to  
anguish wrung,

From the sharp Cross the enlight-  
 -ning spirit fled,  
 O'er the forsaken earth a pall of  
 dread  
 By the great shadow of that death  
 was flung.  
 O Saviour! O Atoner!—Thou that  
 fain  
 Wouldst make Thy temple in each  
 human heart,  
 Leave not such darkness in my soul  
 to reign;  
 Ne'er may Thy presence from its  
 depths depart,  
 Chased thence by guilt! Oh! turn  
 not *Thou* away,  
 The bright and Morning Star, my  
 guide to perfect day!

## PLACES OF WORSHIP

God is a spirit

SPIRIT! Whose life-sustaining pres-  
 -ence fills  
 Air, ocean, central depths by man  
 untried,  
 Thou for Thy worshippers hast  
 sanctified  
 All place, all time! The silence of  
 the hills  
 Breathes veneration,—founts and  
 choral rills  
 Of Thee are murmuring,—to its  
 inmost glade,  
 The living forest with Thy whisper  
 thrills,  
 And there is holiness in every  
 shade.  
 Yet must the thoughtful soul of man  
 invest  
 With dearer consecration those  
 pure fanes,  
 Which, sever'd from all sound of  
 earth's unrest,  
 Hear nought but suppliant or  
 adoring strains  
 Rise heavenward. Ne'er may rock  
 or cave possess  
 Their claim on human hearts to  
 solemn tenderness.

OLD CHURCH IN AN ENGLISH  
PARK

CROWNING a flowery slope, it stood  
 alone

In gracious sanctity. A bright rill  
 wound,  
 Caressingly, about the holy ground;  
 And warbled, with a never-dying  
 tone,  
 Amidst the tombs. A hue of ages  
 gone  
 Seem'd, from that ivied porch, that  
 solemn gleam  
 Of tower and cross, pale-quivering  
 on the stream,  
 O'er all the ancestral woodlands to be  
 thrown—  
 And something yet more deep. The  
 air was fraught  
 With noble memories, whispering  
 many a thought  
 Of England's fathers: loftily  
 serene,  
 They that had toil'd, watch'd,  
 struggled, to secure,  
 Within such fabrics, worship free  
 and pure,  
 Reign'd there, the o'ershadowing  
 spirit of the scene.

## A CHURCH IN NORTH WALES

BLESSINGS be round it still! that  
 gleaming fane,  
 Low in its mountain glen! Old,  
 mossy trees  
 Mellow the sunshine through the  
 untinted pane;  
 And oft, borne in upon some fitful  
 breeze,  
 The deep sound of the ever-pealing  
 seas,  
 Filling the hollows with its anthem-  
 -tone,  
 There meets the voice of psalms!  
 Yet not alone  
 For memories lulling to the heart as  
 these,  
 I bless thee, 'midst thy rocks, grey  
 house of prayer!  
 But for *their* sakes who unto thee  
 repair  
 From the hill-cabins and the ocean-  
 shore.  
 Oh! may the fisher and the moun-  
 -taineer  
 Words to sustain earth's toiling  
 children hear,  
 Within thy lowly walls, for ever-  
 more!

## LOUISE SCHEPLER

[Louise Schepler was the faithful servant and friend of the pastor Oberlin. The last letter addressed by him to his children for their perusal after his decease, affectingly commemorates her unwearied zeal in visiting and instructing the children of the mountain hamlets, through all seasons, and in all circumstances of difficulty and danger.]

A FEARLESS journeyer o'er the mountain snow

Wert thou, Louise! The sun's  
decaying light

Oft, with its latest, melancholy glow,  
Redden'd thy steep, wild way:  
the starry night

Oft met thee, crossing some lone  
eagle's height,

Piercing some dark ravine: and  
many a dell

Knew, through its ancient rock-  
recesses well,

Thy gentle presence, which hath  
made them bright

Oft in mid-storms—oh! not with  
beauty's eye,

Nor the proud glance of genius  
keenly burning;

No! pilgrim of unwearying charity!

Thy spell was *love*—the mountain  
deserts turning

To blessed realms, where stream and  
rock rejoice

When the glad human soul lifts a  
thanksgiving voice!

## TO THE SAME

For thou, a holy shepherdess and  
kind,

Through the pine forests, by the  
upland rills,

Didst roam to seek the children of  
the hills,

A wild, neglected flock! to seek, and  
find,

And meekly win! there feeding each  
young mind

With balms of heavenly eloquence:  
not *thine*,

Daughter of Christ! but His,  
Whose love divine

Its own clear spirit in thy breast had  
shrined,

A burning light! Oh! beautiful, in  
truth,

Upon the mountains are the feet  
of those

Who bear His tidings! From thy  
morn of youth,

For this were all thy journeyings;  
and the close

Of that long path, heaven's own  
bright Sabbath-rest,

Must wait thee, wanderer! on thy  
Saviour's breast.

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